THE BATTLE OF THE SUNDAY TALKING HEADS By David Brock

MAY 18, 1998

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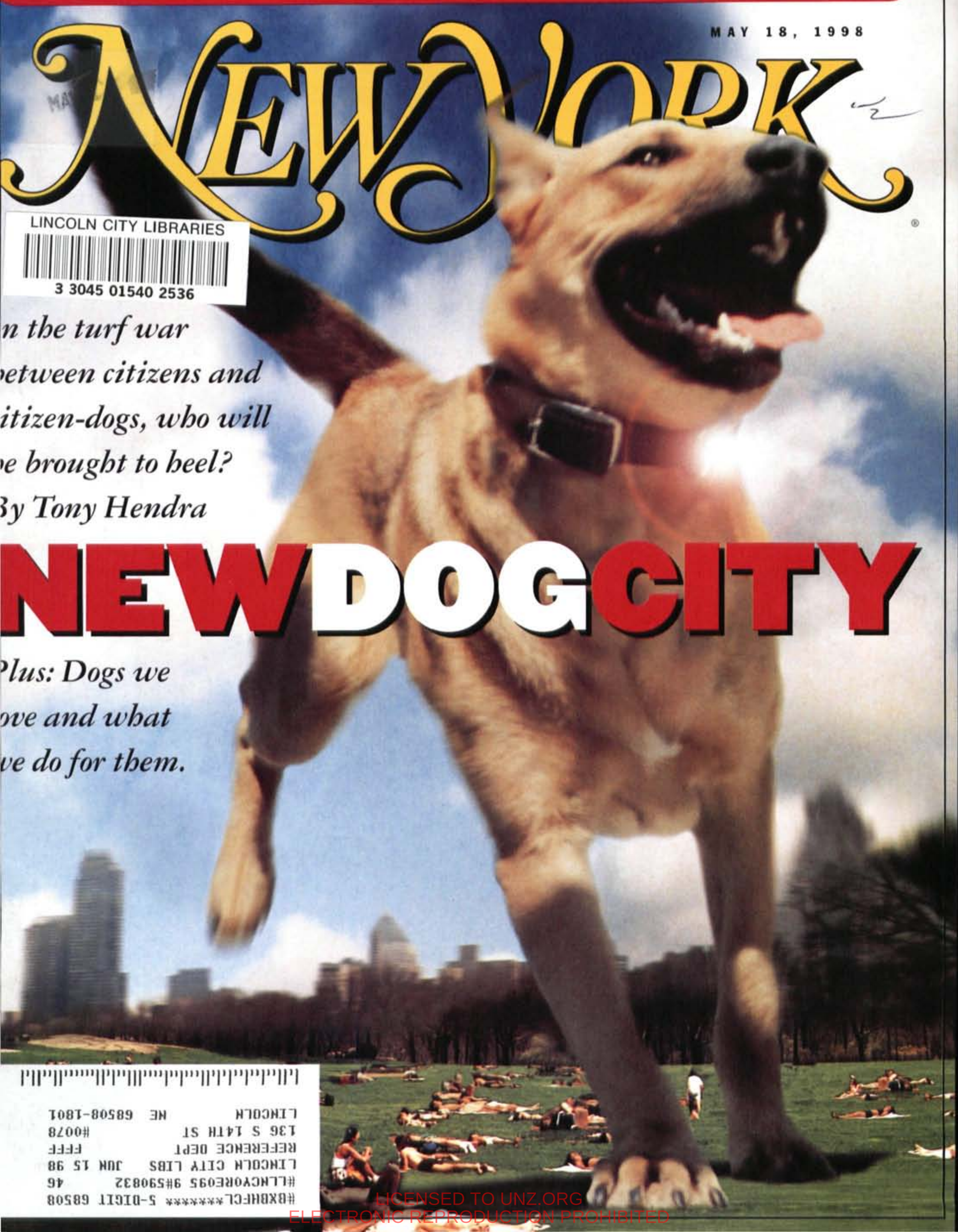

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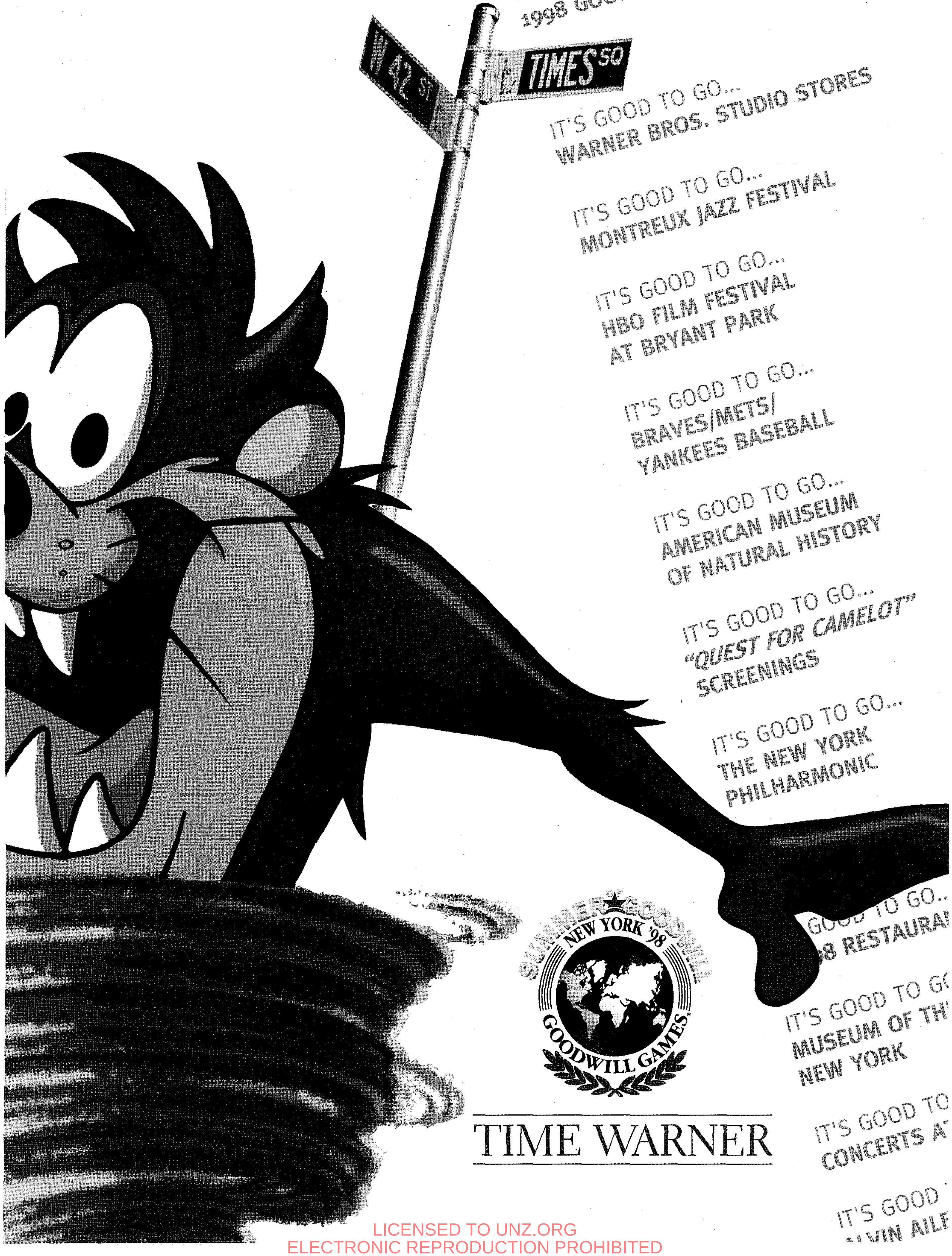

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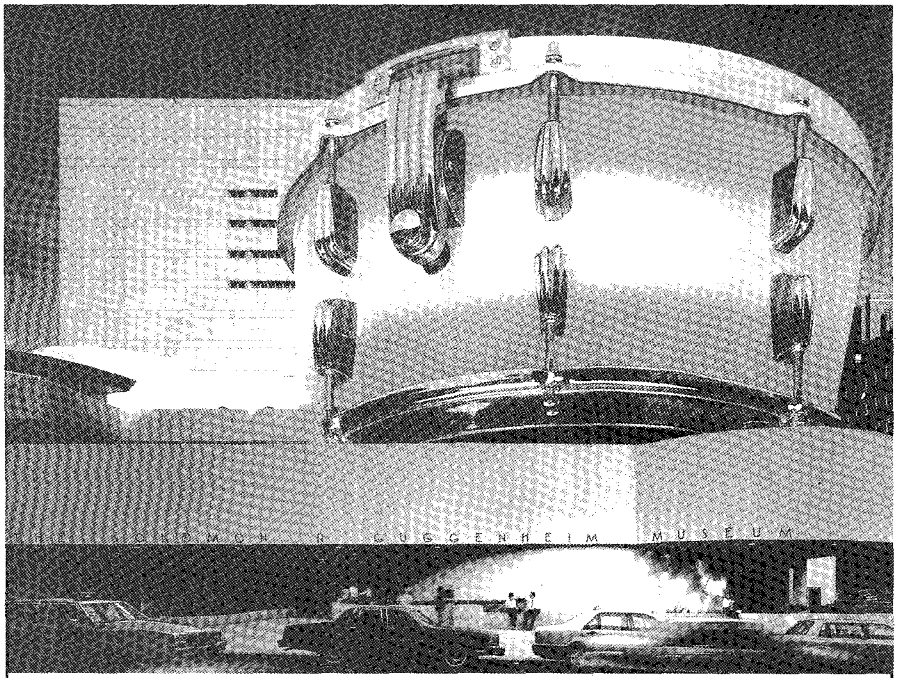

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Tampering With Tradition

Debate over who should be able to call Israel home, and where one should be able to celebrate Passover; an interim solution to New York's freight problem.

BEMOANING ISRAEL'S MAINTENANCE of traditional religious standards regarding marriage, divorce, and conversion, Reform leader Rabbi Eric Yoffie invokes the memory of Israel's first prime minister ["America's Jews: Israel's Lost Tribe?," by Craig Horowitz, April 27]. The telling irony is that it was none other than Ben-Gurion who, in 1947, established the current religious status quo in Israel—in the prime minister's own words, "to prevent, God forbid, the splitting of the Jewish people."

What Ben-Gurion realized then (and truly thoughtful Jews of all affiliations still do now) is that a multitude of Jewish religious standards regarding personal status issues in a Jewish state will necessarily, and tragically, beget a multiplicity of Jewish peoples. The American Reform and Conservative movements seem little troubled by that scenario; their apparent sole interest is to force the multiple-Judaisms model on to Israel—against the wishes of the Israeli electorate, and whatever the social consequences.

Rabbi Avi Shafran
Director of Public Affairs,
Agudath Israel of America
MANHATTAN

IN THE CLOSING PARAGRAPHS OF CRAIG Horowitz's article, he refers to "a family fight" between the American Jewish and Israeli communities. I suggest this fight is, in reality, a transition in which the nature of their relationship is shifting.

In 1993, I was privileged to chair a new international program called Partnership 2000: Creating Connections, designed to create the kinds of intensive, positive, people-to-people links to which Horowitz refers. Working together under the umbrella of the United Jewish Appeal, the Jewish Agency for Israel, and Keren Hayesod, we matched communities worldwide with 27 regions in Israel.

Partnership 2000's greatest successes are being realized though grassroots involvement around the world. I do believe we are laying the groundwork for an open, accessible, interdependent global Jewish community for years to come.

Judith Stern Peck
Chair of the Board, UJA-Federation NY
MANHATTAN

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WHAT IS IN STORE FOR ISRAEL IN THE NEXT 50? Israel is not an asylum for the oppressed Jews but a citadel, its moat the billions in U.S. foreign aid. As we become less dependent on crude oil, the U.S. will lose its motivation, the moat will dry up, and Israel will be overwhelmed by its foes. Israel must join, rather than stand aloof from, the rest of the world's oppressed. Should it exist? Not as a theocracy. A good start would be to change its name and assume a secular state of mind. It must divide the land so that all in contention have a place on the planet they can call home.

Don Sloan, M.D.
MANHATTAN

New Rites

WHILE I FOUND DEBRA NUSSBAUM COHEN'S "The Spiritual City: Kosher for Passover?" sensitive and evenhanded, I was disturbed to see the piece illustrated by a photograph of two matzos arranged in the form of a cross [April 20]. Your photo suggests that Christian celebration of the Seder necessarily promotes an appropriation of a ritual central to Jewish life and history rather than an attempt to learn from the parent tradition and construct bridges between communities. Indeed, the reader might construe it as the "playing with sacred religious symbols" descried by Rabbi A. James Rudin in the article.

Sister Celia Deutsch
BROOKLYN

ARE WE REALLY APPLYING "A CHRISTOLOGICAL overlay" to the traditional Jewish Seder? We don't think so. We believe that the Passover lamb of the Jewish faith pointed to the Messiah Jesus, the sacrificial Lamb of God who was slain on Calvary's mountain. Some people have asked if we get extra points when a Jewish person accepts Jesus at one of our Seders. No, because God wants everyone to be saved. But we do believe that He rejoices in a special way whenever a Jewish person realizes that Jesus, the Christian Savior, is also the long-promised Messiah of the Jews.

Marilyn Lebowitz
Director of Membership Services,
Calvary Baptist Church
MANHATTAN

On the Rails

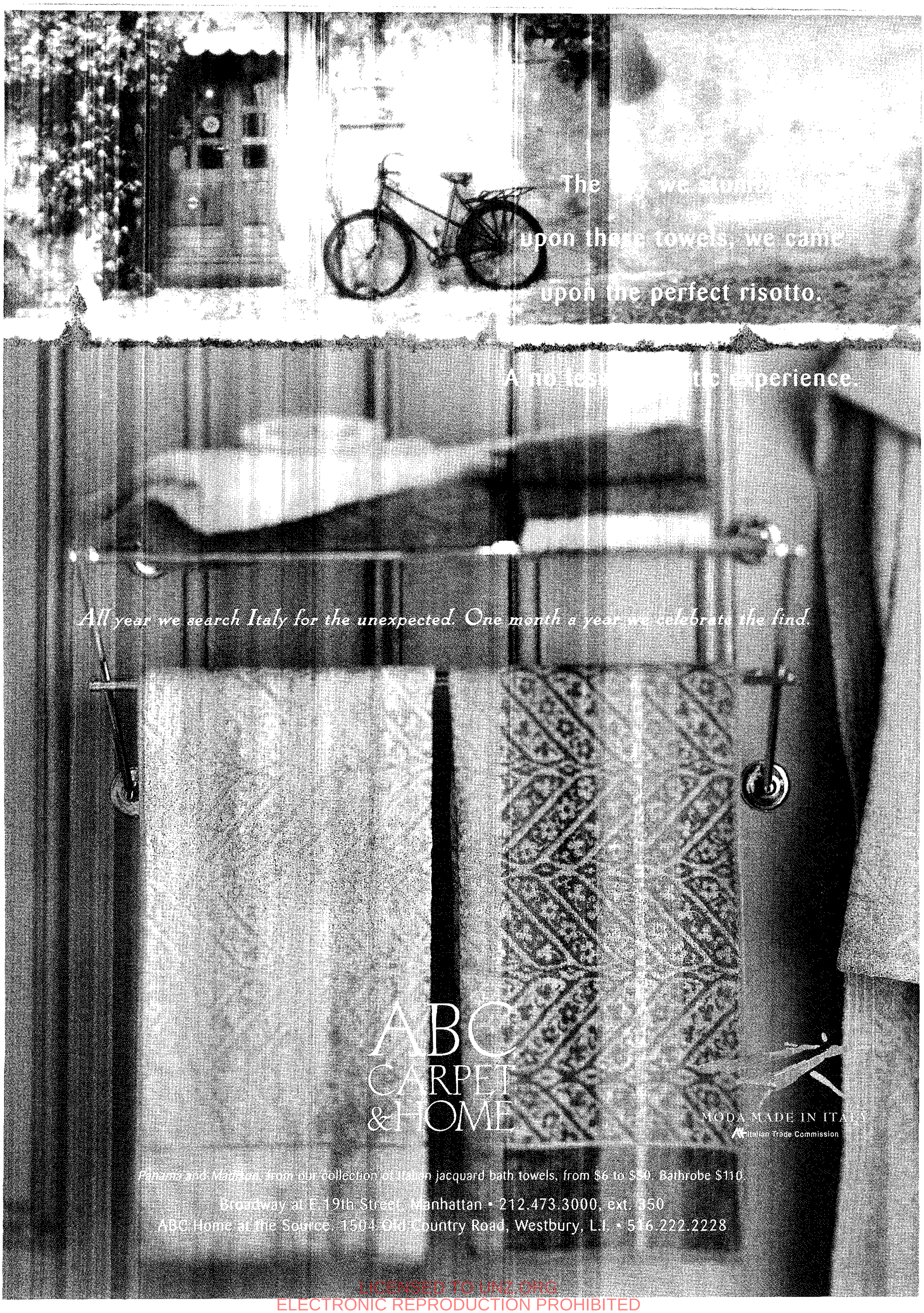
IN "BOOM TOWN," MARK JACOBSON EXplores both the history and the potential of New York City's infrastructure but gives short shrift to the New York Cross Harbor Railroad [March 16]. The NYCHRR is a relatively small but uniquely situated "hub" short-line freight railroad that has already begun to transport increasing volumes of goods throughout the region and will expand its market reach in the near future. Its signature operation consists of float-barging railfreight cars between Brooklyn and Jersey City, via tug-propelled rail barges. These barges carry about twelve rail cars per trip, equivalent to 42 tractor-trailer loads.

The Cross Harbor's infrastructure-rehabilitation agenda is appropriately juxtaposed with the rail-freight-tunnel proposal advocated by Representative Jerrold Nadler. The Cross Harbor Freight Study will examine both engineering- and economic-feasibility issues concerning the proposed tunnel. The Cross Harbor's rail-freight system should be viewed as a practical interim development solution.

Added urgency for the revitalization of NYCHRR's unique freight-rail system can be found in the impending Conrail merger. Norfolk Southern and CSX Transportation are expected to enter this region with much higher volumes of rail freight. The NYCHRR is viewed as a central, logical, and likely conduit for these anticipated freight flows.

Gregory C. Kisloff
New York Cross Harbor Railroad
BROOKLYN

Correction Due to a production error, some issues of *New York* incorrectly suggest that Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center has few cancer support groups ("Recite Your Mantra and Call Me in the Morning," May 11). In fact, the hospital currently has 54 support groups for cancer patients and their families.



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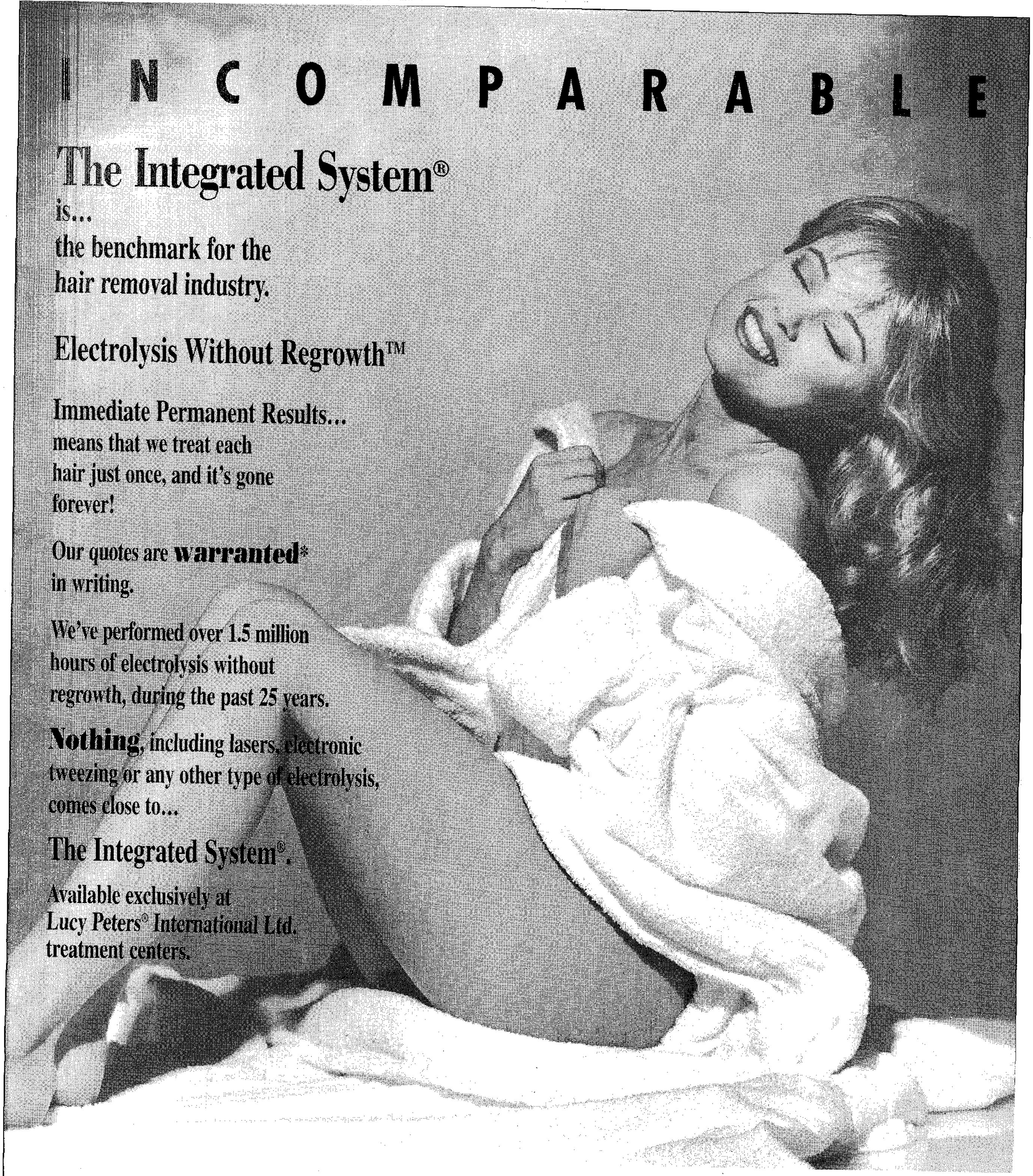

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

SLOANE LOAN COMES BACK TO HAUNT

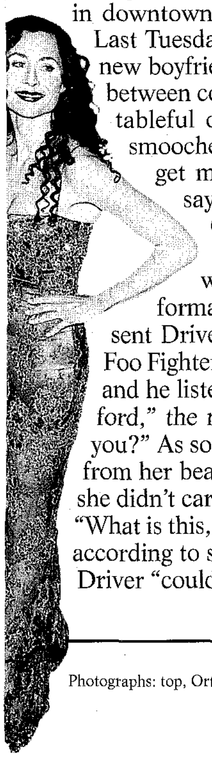
Political socialite turned real-estate maven **Kathy Sloane** is getting a lesson in finance—namely, that debts have a long shelf life. Sloane, the wife of former Louisville, Kentucky, mayor **Harvey Sloane** and now a prominent luxury-apartment broker at Brown, Harris, Stevens, is facing a lawsuit alleging that she owes $194,180 to a Louisville clothing store, according to a story in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Florence Hytken, owner of the local Hytken's, died recently, and in the wake of the store's closing, her estate has uncovered a 33-page bill totaling that amount owed by Sloane. The bill tallies purchases she made, on store credit, from 1978 to 1991; Sloane apparently racked up $125,000 in clothing between 1985 and 1988 alone. "She was thought of as a very prominent customer who eventually would pay," says an attorney for the Hytken estate. Sloane responded to the article with a letter claiming that the store never offered proof of purchase but that she had tried to settle the matter four years ago. The store is asking that Sloane be forced to repay the debt and 8 percent annual interest accrued since the time of the purchases. An attorney for Sloane says he expects the matter to be settled shortly, potentially because of a statute of limitations. "It's been a long time since the Sloanes lived in Kentucky," he says. It won't be the first time Sloane has faced down a debt: A suit filed in New York last year alleged that the Sloanes owed the estate of another prominent Louisvillian, Mary Bingham, a wealthy socialite, $100,000 in personal loans. "There were divergent opinions as to the nature of that money, whether or not it was a gift," says Sloane's attorney. "But the matter has now been settled."

L.L. COOL J: ACTING BY OZ-MOSIS

His sitcom *In the House* may not have made him a star actor, but **L.L. Cool J** isn't sitting around waiting for parts to come to him. Instead, the rapper recently called the casting directors of HBO's gritty prison series *OZ* and expressed his desire to appear in an episode. The drama's creator, **Tom Fontana,** was delighted to write a part with the musician in mind, although the character he created, Jiggy Walker, turns L.L.'s nice-guy image on its head. "Jiggy is in jail for manslaughter, but while he's there, he reveals that he's the crack dealer for the state's governor," says Fontana. "High jinks and hilarity ensue." Members of the show's cast had no problem adapting to their special guest star, but they did have to make one minor adjustment. "It never occurred to us that he has a real name," says Fontana. "So when he asked us to call him James, we were all a little taken aback. I never thought of him as a Jim." (In fact, his nom de rap stands for Ladies Love Cool James.) Jim's episode will air in July.

L.L. Cool J:
Not in Kansas anymore

MINNIE'S NO MOUSE WHEN PRESSED

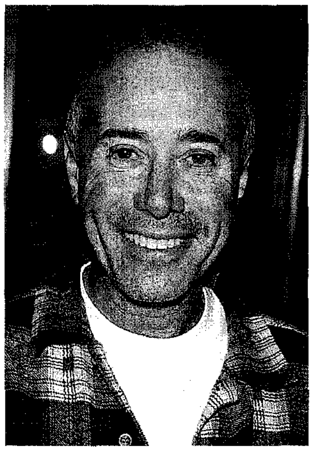


Warning to **Minnie Driver:** Not everyone sitting next to you in downtown restaurants is in your circle of friends. Last Tuesday night, Driver was making out with her new boyfriend, Foo Fighters drummer **Taylor Hawkins,** between courses at Veruka. As luck would have it, a tableful of media machers were dining near the smoochers. "You couldn't send a tip sheet out and get more press," reports one eyewitness, who says a rare mix of editors and reporters from CNN, *Quest, Entertainment Weekly, Spin, Cosmo, New York,* and *The New Yorker* were avidly following the passionate performance. Producer **Clifford Streit** thoughtfully sent Driver a warning note. "Dear Minnie and the Foo Fighter," it began. "Sitting opposite you are . . . " and he listed eight media affiliations. "And me, Clifford," the note ended. "P.S. Which Foo Fighter are you?" As soon as Driver was able to tear herself away from her beau, she walked over to Streit's table to say she didn't care who saw her NC-17-rated performance. "What is this, a press cluster-fuck?" Driver asked Streit, according to several other diners. But Streit insists that Driver "couldn't have been nicer."

STARLETS CONFRONT THE NAKED TRUTH

Even **Meryl Streep** wouldn't go this far in the name of method acting. After selling the rights to her script *Let's Talk About Sex* to Fine Line for an impressive $4 million, actress-director-writer **Troy Beyer** promptly headed to Miami with co-stars **Rande Ingerman**, an Italian actress, and *Friends* regular **Paget Brewster**, to start filming. Beyer thought it would be a good idea for the three lead actresses to live together for two and a half weeks in a cramped apartment, to foster the feeling that they were close, lifelong friends. But when Brewster arrived at the apartment, Ingerman decided to really strip away all pretenses. "The doorbell rings, and Rande starts ripping off her Gucci," says Beyer. "I said, 'Rande, what the hell are you doing?' and Rande just said, 'This is the real me, no egos, just the bare bones.' " But Ingerman got a shock of her own. "Paget just took one look at Rande naked and started stripping down, too. Then they both looked at me," says a wary Beyer. "I said no way, I know both of you just fine, thanks." After some "naked bonding," the two women got dressed and the trio headed to Denny's. "We'd had enough flesh for one day," says Beyer.

Photographs: top, Ortega/Sipa; bottom, Frank Trapper/Sygma.



David Geffen:
Construction Jobs

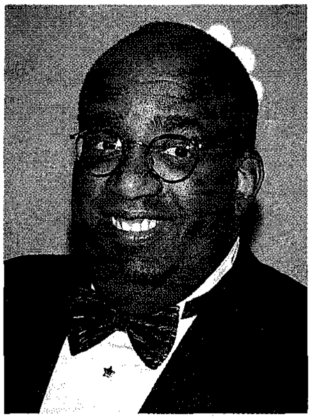
GEFFEN'S BIG APPLE BARGAIN

Trust **David Geffen** to find a real steal, even in this real-estate market. The baby-faced billionaire needed a New York crash pad while his apartment on Fifth Avenue is being redone by **Charles Gwathmey,** a project that's expected to last until October. Rather than officially sublet a suitably grand Central Park West apartment, Geffen just borrowed one from his buddy **Steve Jobs.** The San Remo co-op Jobs owns is said to be very quietly on the market for $15 million or so. Jobs, whose home base is in Palo Alto, never actually moved to Central Park West, although he reportedly spent $15 million on his I. M. Pei renovation. In fact, according to real-estate sources, the five-plus years Jobs spent on construction inspired the San Remo to limit future renovations to a mere 120 days.

Nan Kempner:
Up and out

WOODSTOCK ROCKS ON FOR AL ROKER

Woodstock is still giving **Al Roker** bad flashbacks. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the festival of love in 1994 gave rise to a flurry of improbable lawsuits, one of which is threatening *Today*'s funny weatherman with a court date soon. Roker was getting his picture taken backstage at about the time that bassist **Rob Wasserman** (**Bob Weir**'s partner) claims he tripped over a tent rope and broke his arm, resulting in a $10 million lawsuit that's scheduled to begin in Manhattan's State Supreme Court on May 18. Last year, the concert promoter subpoenaed Roker, who showed up for his deposition as scheduled. "They weren't there," sighs Roker. Explains the promoter's lawyer, **Alex Drago,** "We never heard from him, [so] I assumed he wasn't going to show up." Wasserman's lawyer, **Lee Bantle**, says he may still subpoena Roker, but the weatherman can't imagine his testimony will have much impact. "I don't really remember much, other than being glad to get out," says Roker. "Getting muddy and jumping into a mosh pit doesn't seem like my idea of a good time. Had I done so, there probably would have been other litigation."



Al Roker:
After the fall

POOL SINKS DOWN; NAN SPRINGS UP

SINK OR SWIM: It looked like the pool at Chelsea Piers was about to take the term deep end to a new level. According to a source within the complex, at its western tip the pier was slowly sinking into the Hudson from the weight of the pool, which contains more than 100,000 gallons of water. "We have done some structural work to reinforce the substructure," admits **Harvey Spevak**, general manager of Chelsea Piers Sports Center, which opened three years ago. "I don't have a comment on the time frame, but we knew we had to do some work and we've done the work accordingly. There are no safety issues. Our members are our No. 1 priority."

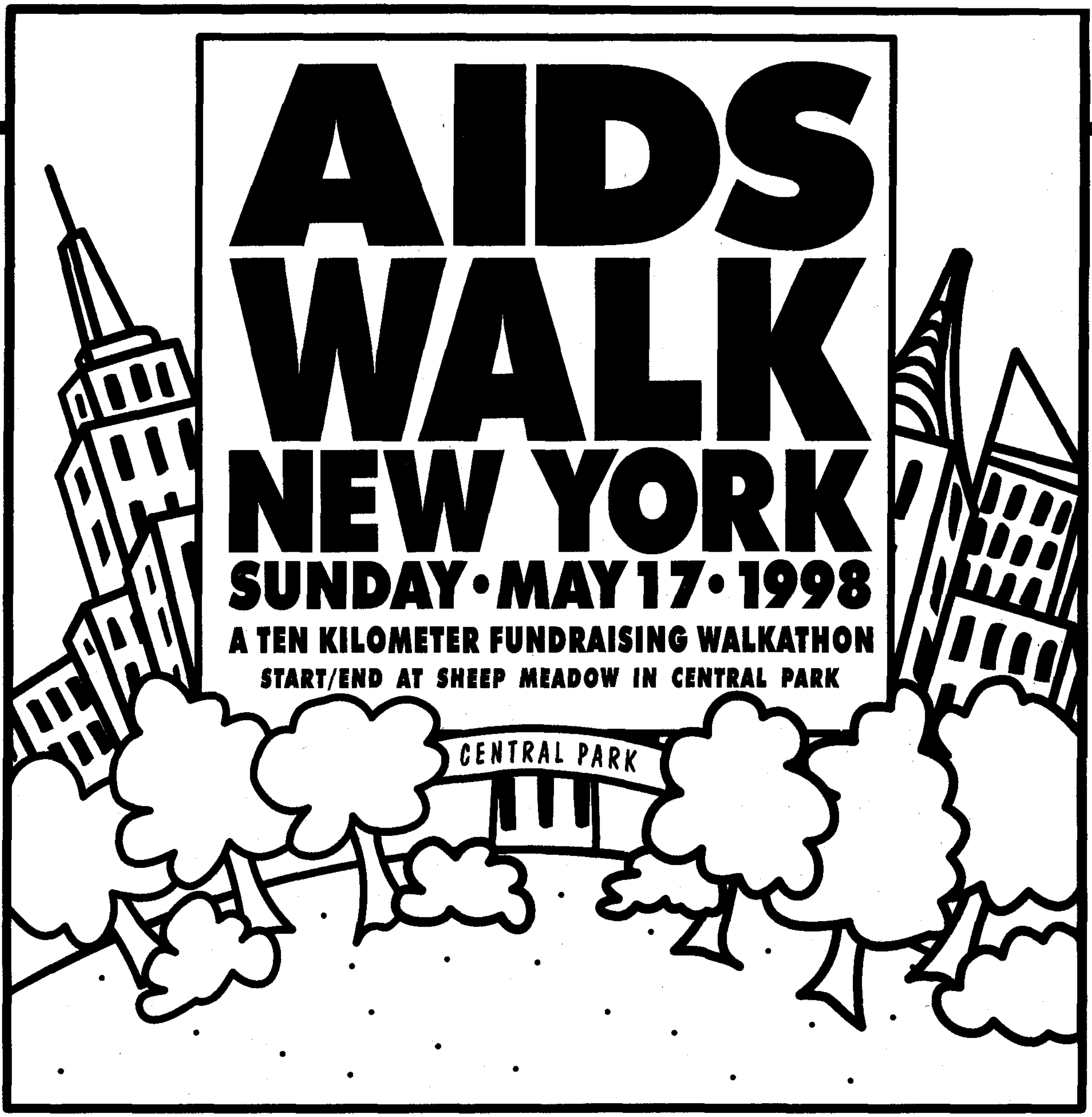
NAN-SENSE: No one was surprised that **Nan Kempner** showed up at **Liz Smith** and **Parker Ladd**'s Literacy Partners gala last week even though she'd just had hip-replacement surgery six weeks earlier. "I could be home and make myself miserable," laughed the indefatigable socialite. "This way, I'm out and making everyone else miserable." But she did surpass expectations when she hit the dance floor with her date, man-about-town **Johnny Galliher**. "I lurch a little bit, but my leg is really doing very well, isn't it?" said Kempner. "They're not used to doing hips on people who came straight to the hospital from the yoga class."

Additional reporting: Kate Coyne

TRAVELER MIFFED OVER RAJ REDUX

Its motto may be "Truth in travel," but these days *Condé Nast Traveler* is waging a campaign for truth in advertising. Last year, the magazine featured a spread depicting a model standing in the doorway of a raj's palace in Udaipur wearing a long gown and posing with her arms outstretched. Imagine the staff's surprise when *Traveler*'s sister publication *Vogue* hit the stands this month featuring an ad for the design label St. John, in which a model appears in the same doorway, in the same pose, wearing a similar gown. "We were totally ripped off," snaps one *Traveler* insider. "This isn't about *Vogue*—this ad is running everywhere." The magazine's publisher, **Lisa Henriques Hughes,** is more diplomatic: "I'm flattered but flabbergasted. I just wish they'd advertise with us, in that case. It seems odd to drag a fashion crew around the world to duplicate something and then not support the magazine you're duplicating." **Kelly Gray,** president of St. John, says the Udaipur jaunt is merely a coincidence. "To be honest, we don't read *Traveler,*" she says. As for the identical pose, Gray explains, "anytime you stick a model in a low, arched Moroccan-style doorway, she's going to put her arms up like that." Quips the *Traveler* insider, "Yeah, *right*. And I have an identical twin wandering around somewhere that I don't know about." Gray now admits she's gleaned some inspiration from the contretemps. "We never used *Traveler* for location ideas before," she says. "But now that this has been pointed out to us, we'll be following them more closely."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Gregory Pace/Sygma; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Gregory Pace/Sygma



AIDS WALK NEW YORK

SUNDAY • MAY 17 • 1998

A TEN KILOMETER FUNDRAISING WALKATHON

START/END AT SHEEP MEADOW IN CENTRAL PARK

BENEFITING

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS

GMHC

TO REGISTER CALL

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Created by Miller, Zeichik and Associates, Inc./Craig R. Miller Producer

Photo courtesy of Craig Cutler

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For the price of this belt you could buy an entire library for a third-grade classroom.
to READ

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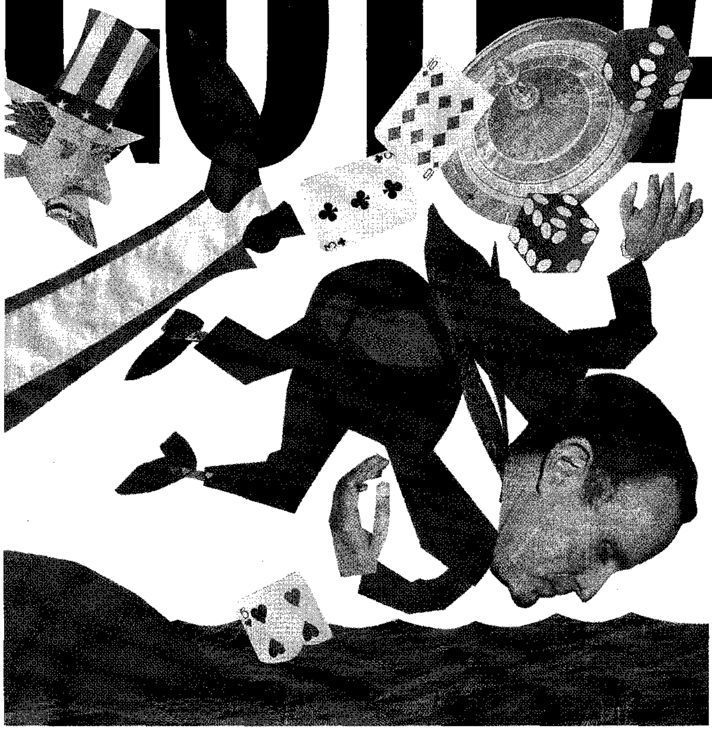
GOTHAM



Dealing Rudy Out

Will the city lose its say over Governors Island?

CAROLYN MALONEY AND Jerry Nadler know as well as anyone that picking a fight with Rudy Giuliani is a strategy of last resort, if that. But it is evidently the one on which these two U.S. representatives have settled. Next week, they will propose that a federal commission decide the fate of Governors Island—thereby cutting the mayor out of the planning process.

The bill they will introduce into Congress is a stunning political gambit, one that contradicts the primary directive of federal representatives: to bring projects home. And it shows that Maloney and Nadler so doubt the mayor's ability to come up with an acceptable plan for the island that they're willing to cede local control of the process just to get it out of his hands.

Hopes were much higher back in 1994, when the president promised Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan that New York could buy the island for a dollar. Instead of relishing the bargain, however, Mayor Giuliani complained about the annual maintenance charges, which he put at $30 million to $40 million. "The city's position is, and has been, 'Give us the island *and* give us the money to maintain it,' " says Maloney. "Imagine trying to sell that plan to a Congress that doesn't much like New York in the first place." To make matters worse, the Office of Management and Budget has already put the revenue from the island's sale in the federal budget of 2002—not for $1 but for $500 million.

Late last year, the mayor's office suggested that the city might install a gambling casino on the island to pay for its upkeep—an idea that sent the city's political Establishment into apoplexy. Many observers, however, considered it a mere scare tactic designed to force Congress to pay the maintenance instead. Either way, it's led only to stalemate.

The mayor's office has been holding private discussions with planners and developers and says that the casino plan remains on the table. A senior Giuliani official also confirms that representatives from Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens amusement park have inspected the island. Other ideas are still under consideration, the source says. But a promising plan to have NYU and Columbia use the island for classrooms, dormitories, and sports is going nowhere. Sources say NYU pres-

(continued on page 14)

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

The Slur That Dare Not Speak Its Name

"The police department's most senior chaplain is retiring amid controversy over whether he used a slur when referring to a gay prosecutor."
—*Associated Press*

"Mr. Kalaidjian used an anti-gay slur to refer to Thomas Hickey."
—*New York* Times

"Kalaidjian . . . said, 'Whoops, I almost called him what he is, that fag.' "
—Daily News

"The reverend . . . would not say whether he used the slur."
—Newsday

"I should have just called him a jerk, but yes, I did use the word fag."
—*New York* Post

"I have a problem with anybody who uses a derogatory racial, sexual, or ethnic comment."
—*Police Commissioner Howard Safir*

"If you call anybody a fag or a faggot, that's just a term guys use. It doesn't mean anything."
—*William Kalaidjian*

"I have said it both to my cousin Nick and my late uncle Hughey . . . both gay."
—*New York* Post*'s Steve Dunleavy*

CAMEO

Teen Spirit Is Smelly

SCREAMING, CRYING, UNDERWEAR-THROWING. As any 12-year-old worth her oversize jeans can tell you, a sighting of Hanson—the overly pretty trio of singing Oklahoman brothers—is a worthy occasion for hysteria. Repeated sightings of Hanson, as occurred this week between the adenoidal towheads' two New York concert dates, are a potential cause for a riot. But by the boys' second show, their star was already beginning to fade: Jesse Camp, MTV's newest on-air personality, arrived unexpectedly and touched off a frenzy of squeals, cat-calls, and chants of *We love you!* He quickly retreated. After a mere two weeks in the limelight, he was graciously reluctant to steal the show from such seasoned performers. The brothers redeemed themselves onstage. But you had to wonder how long it would all last. One day you're 15; the next, you're history.

stration by Stephen Kroninger. Photograph by Barry King/Gamma Liaison.

Governors *continued from page 13*

ident Jay Oliva has privately complained that the mayor's office has not bothered returning his phone calls in months.

"We just got tired of sitting around waiting for something to happen," says a source close to Nadler. Giuliani would get only two appointees on the eleven-member panel (Governor Pataki gets two more). In six months, they would deliver recommendations to the president, and Governors Island's fate would be decided. "Who knows, maybe they decide on a casino, although I doubt it," says Nadler. "It's a process, that's all, and it's quick."

The mayor's office takes a much dimmer view of the proposal. "This is the old bureaucratic story," says the Giuliani official. "When politicians don't want to make a decision, they form a commission. We've already done most of the work the commission would do."

The commission bill faces many hurdles. In Washington, a Nadler-Maloney team is considered something less than a powerhouse. What's more, they'll need Moynihan's support to get their bill on the president's desk, and though he has discussed the proposal in positive terms, he has so far withheld support. "We'd like to see more from the governor and the mayor, and then maybe we won't need a commission," says Tony Bullock, Moynihan's chief of staff. "But the longer it drags on, the better an idea the commission becomes."

Still, Moynihan's restraint gives the mayor an opportunity to assert control of this issue. Will Giuliani accuse everybody of plotting against his great city? Or will he acknowledge that the planning process for Governors Island—if in fact there is one—must be changed before it drags on any longer and alienates any more important political players? He has his chance to dream up a new arrangement that will satisfy Moynihan and many others, and leave Nadler and Maloney looking like failed grandstanders. That would be embarrassing for them, but they'd have spurred the mayor to action, which is what they set out to do in the first place.

HUGO LINDGREN

MUSEUMS

Bowling For Dührers

The secret lanes in the Frick's basement.

WHEN SAMUEL SACHS II signed on as director of the Frick Collection last September, he knew the museum had a distinguished collection of Western art. It wasn't until some months later, however, that he learned it also had an antique two-lane bowling alley. The unmechanized lanes were built in 1913, back when such amusements were de rigueur for any halfway-decent mansion. But as the fashion changed, the Frick's were re-floored and forgotten.

Sachs vowed to continue the process, already under way, of restoring the lanes to their former glory. But it soon became clear that while skilled craftsmen and quality materials are merely expensive, pinsetters—real live ones, just like in the old days—no longer exist. Sachs had almost given up hope of finding anyone when he met David Arthur Wales.

Wales and Sachs in the Frick's bowling alley.

The 33-year-old transplanted Australian painter isn't a pinsetter by profession, though the lost art isn't the most obscure stop on his career path: He has been a "mail-order flatterer" and acted in infomercials and karaoke videos. "I applied recently to be a butler at the St. Regis," he says. "But I haven't ever done anything like this before."

To perfect the technique of resetting the pins and then quickly ducking out of the way, Wales practiced with one of the Frick guards after hours. "I've got it down to about ten seconds. I'm actually rather impressed. There's something wonderfully Dickensian about it."

The grandly restored room, on the other hand, is straight out of Edith Wharton: hand-carved wood paneling, period fixtures, and mother-of-pearl buttons labeled VALET, BUTLER, and PANTRY. Open only for museum functions, the alley made its debut on March 4, in a party for the collection's patrons. "How often do you get to play on a nearly antique bowling alley?" asks Sachs. "With Mr. Wales's help, the lanes worked quite admirably."

From the far end of the lanes, Wales adds, "The pay's not bad, and after the party, I got to polish off some leftover 1928 Sauternes—really a very nice drop. So for me, it's quite a step into another world." JOHN BOWE

DEMOGRAPHICS

How the Other One Percent Lives

WE'D BETTER HOPE FITZGERALD WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE VERY RICH BEING DIFferent from you and me. For one thing, his literary reputation can't survive very many more setbacks. And for another, the very rich—as revealed in *A Portrait of the Affluent in America Today*, U.S. Trust's annual survey of the richest one percent of Americans—are a bundle of obvious contradictions and icky idiosyncrasies. Among the highlights:

- **93%** cite willingness to work hard as an extremely important source of financial success.
- **25%** value money because it makes it possible not to work too hard.
- **11%** believe education funding should be eliminated or cut, to reduce federal spending.
- **51%** have set up brokerage accounts for their children to teach them the value of money.
- **34%** have helped their children obtain a credit card, for which they pay the bills, to teach them the value of money.
- **43%** believe graduate students should receive no weekly allowance.
- **57%** believe the average weekly allowance for a graduate student should be $36.30.
- **51%** require their children to do the laundry.
- **9%** list plastic surgery as a "non-academic advantage" they have given their children.
- **57%** believe "street smarts" are a very important attribute of an investment professional.
- **20%** cite the frequency of visits or calls as an important influence on children's inheritance.
- **12%** cite "who fights with you less" as an important influence on children's inheritance.
- **28%** cite "plain old good luck" as a factor in their success.
- **1%** of respondents' assets will be left to their pets (assuming no living spouse).

Photograph by Bernd Auers. Illustration from CSA Archi

AIR APPARENT

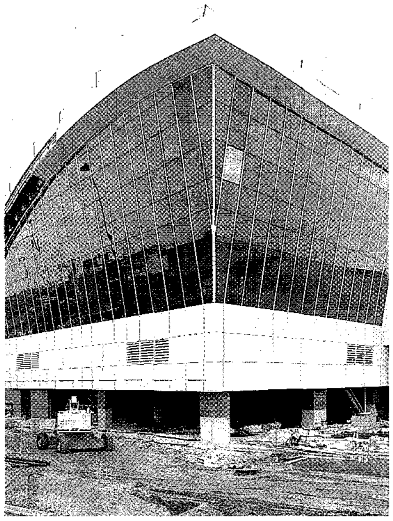
Terminal 1 launches a new era at JFK.

AFTER WE CLIMB THE shaky construction stairs to the roof of a parking garage rising directly across the airport roadway from Terminal 1, I stand in the rain holding my umbrella over the photographer's fancy four-by-five view camera. Michael, the photographer, has his head under the black cloth draped over the viewfinder. He is, presumably, framing the perfect photo of the brand-new airline terminal, the first to open at JFK in 27 years. Time passes. The rain falls harder. I shift the umbrella from arm to arm. Finally, I say, "Please don't be turning into Ansel Adams on me." Michael complains that the view of the building is so boring he doesn't want to waste film on it.

I'm annoyed, but I can't really argue with him. From the outside, Terminal 1, designed by William Nicholas Bodouva + Associates, an architecture firm that specializes in airports, doesn't look like much. The glass-walled curved rectangle of a building—"kind of like a smile," says Bodouva project manager Charles Kronk—is complex enough that it couldn't have been done without computer-aided design. But from our perfect vantage point, it's nowhere near as powerful as Eero Saarinen's pre-computer-era TWA terminal, to which Terminal 1 pays gentle homage.

As good as Saarinen was at the grand gesture, however, he paid little mind to accommodating the realities of air travel. Over the years, the irregularly shaped interior of his terminal has generally confused passengers, who, in their harried state, tend to prefer simple point-A-to-point-B sight lines. So that's what Bodouva's architects focused on, working from the inside out. "We wanted a nice dress on the lady," explains Dieter Bergt, CEO of Terminal One Management, "but we wanted a good body first."

The architects also wanted to correct another flaw that runs through the sprawling JFK campus: the lack of windows and natural light. The painfully prosaic International Arrivals Building, for one, is distinguished by long, fluorescent-lit corridors that portend a rendezvous with a municipal filing room, not an idling aircraft.



While the replacement for the International Arrivals Building, a.k.a. Terminal 4, is now under construction, it won't open its doors until at least 2000. Meanwhile, Terminal 1 will begin receiving passengers on May 28.

Its very existence seems like a miracle. After the Port Authority's JFK 2000 plan, which featured a spectacular domed central terminal and futuristic people movers, went bust in 1990, Lufthansa, Air France, Japan Airlines, and Korean Air decided they couldn't take it anymore. Setting aside cultural differences, they pooled their resources, leased the site of the old Eastern terminal, and swiftly built a $435 million facility.

Kennedy Airport lightens up with the new, glass-skinned Terminal 1.

Less than a month before the travelers arrive in 747-size herds, the air in the terminal is thick with plaster dust. Key amenities are indicated only by phrases like BREWPUB spray-painted on plywood, where, presumably, a bar will soon stand. Where is everything? I'm told that the waiting-area seats will be delivered only days before the terminal opens. Almost overnight, a brewpub, a wine bar, a McDonald's, and a Genki Sushi (which serves raw fish on a conveyor belt) will materialize. Snazzy information-age newsstands, complete with Internet access, will spring up like mushrooms. And the Perrier-sponsored water walls will magically begin to flow. Instant civilization!

Even if the low-slung exterior is unremarkable, this terminal, by local standards, represents a revolution. The glass skin, designed to bring daylight into almost every corner of the building, even the ground-floor customs area, looks most impressive from the inside. Viewed from the food-court balcony, the main hall is a light-flooded valley, a great open space occupied by the corrugated-stainless-steel check-in islands, which from above resemble yurts. The lofty ceiling is supported by exposed steel trusses. While we've seen girders and stainless before, what's radical here is the very idea that a new terminal at JFK is only weeks from opening and not only is it nice and seemingly functional, it's got a sushi bar. If only you could fly Air France or Korean Air from New York to, say, Cleveland. KARRIE JACOBS

tographs by Michael Kenneth Lopez.

THE JURY

DELIBERATIONS AND VERDICTS FROM THE STREET

Viagra Falls This week, the members of our jury—the four very opinionated, very diverse New Yorkers who each month weigh in on a subject of current interest—consider the new anti-impotence drug. (They find the concept attractive, but they're slow to get excited about the product.) JOHN BOWE

YASUKO YOKOSHI
37; choreographer; lives in Williamsburg

● **Viagra? Who?** Oh, yeah, that one that everyone wants to take. I think **it's crazy**. Even people who aren't impotent are taking it. It shows the **excessive enthusiasm for male potency**. I can't imagine what people should care *more* about, but they just shouldn't care about this so much. To induce more sexual desire by taking a drug, if you're doing it like people smoke pot, **that's ridiculous—men or women**. But when I'm old, and my husband or boyfriend can't get it up, yeah, that's okay if he takes it.

BERNARD LIVINGSTON
87; retired lawyer and author; lives on the Upper West Side

● **I used to be quite a man about town**. I've had two wives, three long-term affairs, and dozens of one-night stands. I'm not exactly impotent, but **I'm toned down quite a bit**. You have to be cautious. The drug-makers' eye is more on the Dow Jones than on people's health. Remember what happened with Phen-Fen? I'd hate to see men sprouting three testicles. I'm also worried it means we'll say good-bye to foreplay and all that delicious stuff. And some **old guys like me could try it and collapse and die.**

HECTOR MARTINEZ
31; restaurant owner; lives in Williamsburg

● Like any miracle, it's got two sides. **What if people get addicted** to all this extra sexual power? It's going to liberate some people to go have an affair with someone they're not supposed to. On the other hand, it's good for the people who really need it, 'cause they spend a lot of energy on so many other things than sex to compensate. Especially married people, **if they have more sexual satisfaction**, they get along better, so **they're probably going to treat their kids better**, which would be a good benefit.

YOLANDE ROUSSEAU
65; seamstress; lives in Bedford-Stuyvesant

● I heard of it once or twice on the TV, yes. In my opinion, **sex is not everything.** Nobody wants to get old. I don't want to get old. I can understand people wanting to hang on. But for me, personally, **I wouldn't take it.** My husband died two years ago, and he was just fine—very vibrant. I'm gonna be 66. **What do I want a man in my life for?** I have it all. The main thing I need in my life is a driver's license. Maybe they'll make some pill to take care of that. But seriously, I say go for it. **Do what you want.**

THE SCENE

Lamarama

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

'STRAIGHT AHEAD, YOUR Holiness," the paparazzi shouted as the Dalai Lama greeted spiritual leaders and publicists at Cipriani. "My God, you're like a rock star now!" said Juliet Hollister, of the Temple of Understanding. • Appropriately, a man in a sharp suit was inviting Baba Ganapati to Woodstock for "a spiritual version of Universal Studios." Meanwhile, Swami Satchidanda extolled the virtues of the euro: "This means that there will be harmony on earth by the year 2000." • Until then, there's always Jocelyne Wildenstein. "I believe in the universal energy of man," she said, stooping to shake hands with Ravi Shankar.

Betsey Johnson and Vivienne Tam at the opening of Johnson's Wooster Street store.

The Very Reverend Dean James Parks Morton, Juliet Hollister, the Dalai Lama, and Ravi Shankar at a benefit for the Interfaith Center of New York and the Temple of Understanding, held at Cipriani 55 Wall Street.

Libby Pataki, Gore Vidal, and Barbara Bush at Lincoln Center for a Literacy Partners gala.

At Life on the opening night of the GEN ART Film Festival, Elina Lowensohn, Adrien Brody, and Isaac Hayes.

Tony Shafrazi, Dennis Hopper, and Steven Dorff at the New Museum's gala, also at Cipriani.

Photographs by Michael Kenneth Lopez

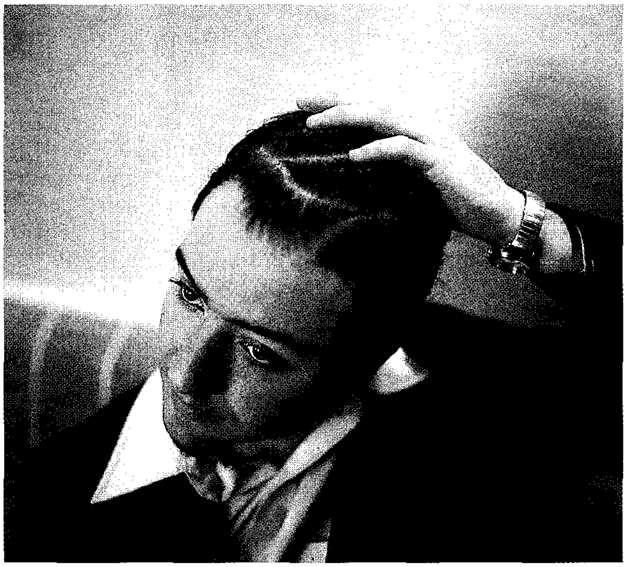
GOTHAMSTYLE

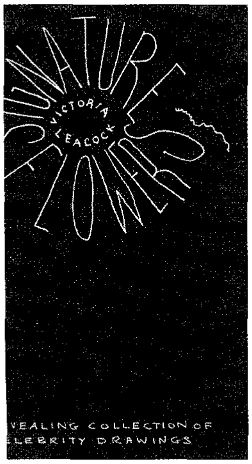
EDITED BY DANY LEVY

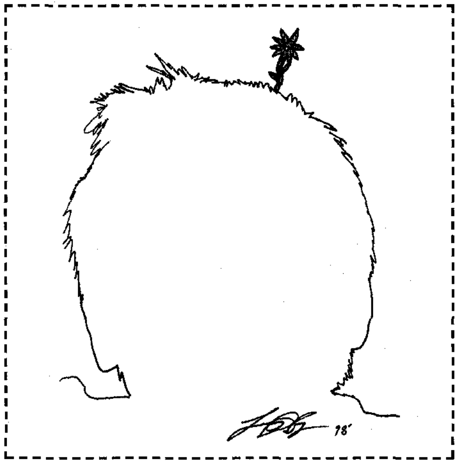
A Stitch in Time

The very latest twist in tonsorial fashion—shown here on Miguel Calvo, the designer and co-owner of Global 33—eschews high-tech treatments for an old-fashioned needle and thread. Small clumps of hair are sectioned off, twisted into patterns, and sewn together to keep them in place. "It is inspired by constant change, flux, infinite change," says Aurora Crowley of Patricia Field's salon, who refers to the three-hour, $160-and-up process as "energy design." (Ward at Bumble and Bumble's been known to pull out the sewing kit for runway shows, too.)

"It hurts when you sleep, and you're always really aware of it," says Calvo—though, he notes, "it's like a little girl who wears her ponytails too tight. It's like an instant face-lift."







Clip 'n' Save

A new artifact for Leomaniacs: The flower DiCaprio drew the night of the Academy Awards, which he spent sitting in a friend's SoHo apartment—not sulking, thank you, just not in the mood to go out, *all right*? The drawing will appear in Victoria Leacock's upcoming book *Signature Flowers* (Broadway Books, due out this fall), which also includes flora by celebrities such as Princess Grace, Martin Scorsese, Andy Warhol, Norman Mailer, and Shawn Colvin.

It's a Wrap

To go along with the pedal-pushers and wedgie sandals so trendy this season, triangular head scarves have started appearing in some rather posh incarnations. And though they may sound like the sort of thing one wears for spring cleaning, when rendered in such materials as mock croc and glittery stretch Lycra (by Lola; $125 at Bergdorf Goodman), the accessories look more Audrey Hepburn—in *Funny Face*, perhaps—than Aunt Jemima. Colette Malouf's leather and python head scarves ($108 at Henri Bendel) come with velvet-ish lining. Then again, at S. Feldman Housewares, a basic dishrag goes for $2.99.

BODY TYPE

If You've Got Time To Read This, It's Not for You

Sure, a twenty-minute scalp massage is lovely, but who's got the time? In what might be the beauty world's equivalent of a drive-thru, several salons have started offering lightning-fast procedures that minimize the time customers spend in the chair (while leaving the amount of money they spend largely unaffected). AKS offers a surprisingly efficient 30-minute "Beauty Flash" facial for $55. And Color & Cut's Natasha Galeev promises that her shampoo-and-blow-dry combo will take "twenty minutes, at the very most. More like twelve." The Warren-Tricomi salon's maniacally speedy "Fast-Forward Haircut" takes approximately twelve minutes, during which time customers' hair is wetted down, shaped, and blow-dried, then quickly snipped by stylist Tricomi—all for $165, or a mere $13.75 a minute. A new high-speed drying machine makes it possible to color hair in seven minutes, which at $200 comes to $28.57 a minute. KATE COYNE

otographs: clockwise from top, R. Jerome Ferraro; Kobal Collection (2).

HOLLYWOOD NIKKI FINKE

The Hardware Man

Flush with cash, Sony is planning a major shopping spree, a move certain to throw the spotlight on Howard Stringer, better known as a behind-the-scenes operative.

THERE'S A STUDIEDLY SELF-DEPRECATING story Howard Stringer loves to tell. How, as a 9-year-old scholarship student from Wales attending a fancy English boarding school, he was bullied mercilessly by the upper-class boys. He responded by becoming something of a chameleon, able to adapt and fit in by making himself so likable that no one could resist him.

Fast-forward to last summer. Just weeks after starting work in a somewhat vaguely defined senior-executive role at Sony, Stringer showed up for the kickoff dinner at investment banker Herbert Allen's annual Sun Valley, Idaho, media mogulfest with his new boss, Sony Corporation president Nobuyuki Idei. What surprised everyone wasn't just that the pair, clad in identical *Men in Black* T-shirts, looked like interracial Hardy Boys. Rather, it was that Stringer had so quickly ingratiated himself with a Japanese employer who enjoyed a Godzilla-like reputation for chewing up and spitting out American executives (understandable, considering Sony's rotten U.S. experience of profligate management, movie bombs, and a $3.2 billion write-down).

Talking the talk: Stringer was named chairman of Sony Pictures Entertainment.

That's the secret of Stringer's success—an ability to get along with some of the world's most impossible corporate despots. "People were telling me Sony was a difficult place to work," Stringer told me last week. "I mean, *good Lord,* I worked for Bill Paley and Larry Tisch, not to mention the phone companies. There aren't a lot of safe havens in the media environment at the moment."

Clearly, however, Stringer has found one. Last week, Sony unexpectedly announced that the former documentary producer—already president and COO of Sony Corporation of America, chairman of Sony Electronics, and chairman of Sony of Canada—had been given yet another title: chairman of Sony Pictures Entertainment, the movie, television, and video side of the company, a position that had gone unfilled since the forced exit in 1994 of producer Peter Guber.

ALONG WITH BEING LIKABLE, HOWARD Stringer might just be the luckiest man alive. A little over a year ago he was down and out in media. The onetime CBS prince had been busted to peon virtually overnight, the victim of a Wallenda-like fall as poster boy for Tele-TV, an interactive telephone-TV programming venture that never got off the ground. Deeply depressed and facing limited job prospects in New York and Hollywood, Stringer actually considered assuming the top spot at a British TV channel—the status equivalent of UHF in Hartford, Connecticut.

But then Jeff Sagansky, an old friend and colleague from CBS who himself had been reborn at Sony, offered to introduce Stringer to Idei. Stringer also had the backing of Pete Peterson, the Blackstone Group chairman who has been Sony's Wall Street guru forever. There was only the glimmer of a job at the time, and Sony's top management was known to hem and haw for months before hiring anyone. Yet Idei didn't hesitate with Stringer. "Maybe it's something about two island people, but we got along. Because I don't make waves," Stringer says. "I would be shot in Hollywood for the way I handled myself. Everyone told me: Go ask for this; go ask for that. I didn't make big demands. I didn't ask for anything." Godzilla, meet the chameleon.

Sony desperately needed a tech head honcho based in Manhattan, and Stringer, thanks to two years of dense discussions about set-top boxes and hybrid fiber optics, walked the walk and talked the talk. Nothing frightens Sony more than the prospect of losing another Beta-vs.-VHS battle. Stringer's predecessor was physicist Mickey Schulhof, but Schulhof failed miserably in achieving Idei's ultimate objective, which is making sure that the digital standardization for the new millennium places Sony's proprietary technology at the forefront on *every* front—HDTV, DVD, satellites, cellular phones, computers, you name it.

Not long ago, Sony was the industry standard because its hardware—everything from Trinitrons to Walkmans to Discmans to PlayStations—was simply better than everyone else's. Today not only is the competition fiercer and the formats more diverse, but decades of Sony arrogance in the marketplace and intransigence in negotiations have taken their toll: Witness the way film studios lapped up Toshiba's DVD format—the digital replacement for videocassettes—

Photograph by Rafael Fuchs/Outline

and almost bested Sony, *again*, until a compromise standard was hashed out.

Enter Stringer. "Howard may have limited business skills, but he is somebody who other people like to do business with, and that counts for a lot," says one insider. "People trust him." Indeed, anyone who thinks Stringer is a mere figurehead underestimates his survival instincts. "Howard said to me once that he has more influence than people think he does," one of his tycoon pals told me. "But he would rather leave it like this, without people knowing. He likes staying out of the line of fire."

IT'S VERY HARD TO FIND A FIRST-RATE ENtertainment executive willing, at the peak of his career, to work for someone else, much less a parent company second-guessing every move from Tokyo. (Sagansky himself resigned February 16 after Idei reorganized the international business and revoked Sagansky's direct authority to make deals.) But the path of independence is also a high-profile gamble fraught with financial and professional risk. Too young to become éminences grises, too fearful to strike out on their own, some moguls sit tight, take the money, and run in place.

"Howard manages up really well," says an executive who knows Stringer's situation intimately. "He does what he's told. Howard would have made a great diplomat. He's not somebody who says, 'Well, *I* think . . .' "

When he's not talking to Idei or Sony chairman (and now Idei's co-CEO) Norio Ohga from his Sony-headquarters aerie at 550 Madison Avenue, Stringer is organizing meet-and-greets for his bosses with the cable and computer elite, like Intel's Andy Grove, TCI's John Malone, and, of course, Microsoft's Bill Gates. Sony is hungry. The company is about to embark on a worldwide hunt for big game in the telecommunications, computer, and entertainment fields. The timing is a direct result of the almost unimaginable reversal of the company's showbiz fortunes. Sony as a whole just reported worldwide profits of $1.67 billion for fiscal 1998. Internally generated estimates show that SPE's combined motion-picture, TV, and video business generated gross profits between $350 million and $400 million, compared with only $25 million in fiscal '97.

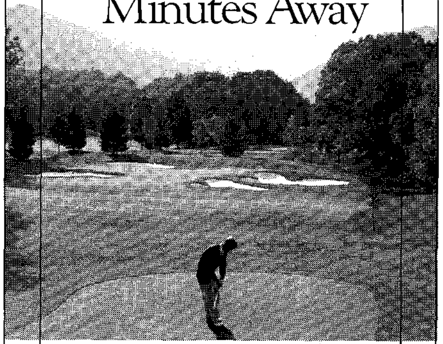
Flush with cash from successful TV series (*Mad About You, Party of Five*), blockbuster films (*Men in Black, My Best Friend's Wedding*), and hit CDs (Mariah Carey), Idei has personally taken over Sony's acquisitions strategy, with Peterson as his key adviser and Credit Suisse First Boston and Morgan Stanley Dean Witter enlisted as well—and Howard Stringer as the point man. Several scenarios, based on what-ifs, are in play, and not just well-rehearsed (though possibly real) rumors about a takeover of TCI or a broadcast network. What if the Feds decide that breaking up Microsoft or Intel is the only way to end their Information Age duopoly? Well, Sony could step in to buy up the pieces.

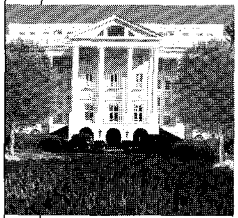
And why, the argument now goes, should Sony limit itself to Hollywood? After all, with Japan facing economic crisis and its economy accounting for more than 30 percent of Sony's business, "to grow they have to get out," an insider explains. Moreover, Sony needs to lessen its reliance on the beleaguered Japanese banks that traditionally have financed the company's expansion.

What this means is that to make acquisitions, Sony has to literally swallow companies whole and run the risk of tripping the gag reflex. One of Idei's stated goals is to take SPE public on Wall Street (you can buy Sony Corp. stock only if you're Japanese). This would give the parent company at least $10 billion to finance new deals.

Insiders, as well as analysts, agree that the time to make that public offering is now. *Godzilla*, opening May 20 on more than 6,000 screens, could have a near–$100 million, record-setting opening. *The Mask of Zorro*, later in the summer, has generated good buzz, and an as-yet-untitled Christmas dramedy starring Julia Roberts and Susan Sarandon also has heat. But beyond that, the studio has only half its target of 20 to 24 internally produced films in the pipeline for the next calendar year because of the congenital cautiousness of John Calley (who was bumped up from president and COO to president and CEO of SPE on the same day Stringer was promoted). As a result, Sony insiders expect fiscal 1999 gross profits to dip to $140 million, and predict a rebound in fiscal 2000.

By all accounts, Stringer couldn't care less what movies Calley green-lights as long as they keep making money for Sony and don't dare disrupt Idei's grand plans. Because despite what wags may wonder ("What is it exactly that Howard *does* all day?"), Stringer doesn't have time for the turf wars of his disgraced predecessors. As Idei's digital decoder—half nerd, half psychic—Stringer has the added pressure of having to divine Sony's future, and divine right. ■





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THE NATIONAL INTEREST HANNA ROSIN

Washington Unplugged

The Year 2000 panic has stricken Capitol Hill and suddenly made technology seem like a very scary concept. Cyber booster Al Gore may have a lot to answer for.

ANYONE WALKING INTO THE press conference late would have guessed that Washington had been invaded by aliens, or at the very least that an outbreak of Ebola was sweeping through Capitol Hill. There at the front of the hearing room stood top senators, Democrats and Republicans, gathered before the American flag to warn us about our nation's impending doom. "If it is not properly handled, there will be a significant economic downturn," augured Senator Bob Bennett of Utah. "And there is no leeway in terms of time." Those who didn't flee the room in panic would soon learn that "it" referred to what geeks call Y2K, and what the rest of us know as the Year 2000 Problem.

This is the language of Washington now, in the era of Whitewater, fund-raising scams, and sex scandals: Legislators have gotten used to presenting their once mundane, wonkish duties in cinematic terms. Suddenly, senators are parroting the techno-idolatrous jargon that generals bandy about in war rooms. "We're moving to a triage approach," says a spokesman for Bennett: "We don't have enough manpower, so we have to detect what are the critical mission systems."

The more Washington talks about how to properly handle technology, the more convoluted the issues become. Y2K, for example, is one of those panic-inducing puzzles; the closer you get to it, the further it recedes. In such baffling situations, politicians like Al Gore have made a habit of turning to Silicon Valley for guidance. And the techies happily oblige, feeding politicians a narrow, self-interested line that is presented as universal truth. Silicon Valley is becoming Washington's next Hollywood, as techno-geeks are fêted like stars and everybody sits mesmerized as they spew forth their political theories.

Y2K will be the next test case of this strange relationship. Washington is now in full deployment mode. In January, the president appointed a Y2K czar, John Koskinen, whose primary job seems to be calming everyone else down. Bennett held seven hearings last year and decided he'd only scratched the surface. So he convinced Senate leaders to create a Special Committee on the Year 2000 problem. The committee will analyze not just government computer systems but every sector potentially affected by Y2K.

Some of this hyperactivity is necessary. Archaic computer systems in most government agencies require a total overhaul to be able to process the year 2000. It makes sense for Congress to handle this problem, since it does have jurisdiction over them. But why would Congress spend its time studying how to fix cell phones, cars, banks, basically anything that ticks? After all, GM and AT&T and Citibank are well aware of the problem, and have hired armies of computer programmers to handle it.

The fact is that concerning technology, politicians are as incompetent as the rest of us, unless they can see it in their own terms. And that's where Al Gore comes in. The Republican National Committee is flirting with the idea of pinning the Year 2000 bug on the vice-president. If he gets the credit for being a techno-geek, goes the argument, he should also get the blame. Why wasn't his crack Reinventing Government team on top of this? "Al Gore is pushing himself as the high-tech candidate," says Jim Lucier of Americans for Tax Reform, the group trying to sell the idea to the RNC. "But he'll find it difficult to run as a credible candidate that year with all the mounting confusion around him." Lucier is sending around an article on why the "Computer-Nerd-in-Chief" was ignoring the problem that "threatens to blow up the bridge to the 21st [century]."

The Republicans are on to something, but they need to refine their argument. Tarring Gore with Y2K is a cheap political hit, but the larger issue of his relationship with Silicon Valley could prove to be an Achilles heel. For years now, Gore has presented himself as an agent of the future, a generally safe and effective political strategy. He's closely allied himself with the high-tech industry in a way that would seem tawdry if it were, say, Wall Street or the automobile manufacturers. In this case, it's permissible as a matter of healthy self-education. Gore keeps a permanent cyber-cabinet, a group of about eighteen high-tech executives who advise him on the information superhighway. The meetings are supposed to be informative and philosophical; companies are not allowed to raise individual concerns, and *lobby* is a dirty word. As they see it, they're merely informing our nation's leaders on the economy of the future. But they've already convinced Gore, for example, to give up on the Internet tax and to grant them a hearing

Illustration by Scott Menchin. Photograph by Sachs/CNP/Archive Photos

on encryption. The executives bristle when they're called a special-interest group. But that's exactly what they are.

Gore isn't the only politician who does this. Every month or so, groups of legislators trek out to Silicon Valley for what techno-geeks call "seminars on the new economy." But it is Gore who has most assiduously packaged himself as a high-tech savant, and that's why he's vulnerable should Republicans succeed in scaring everyone to death over the impending computer mega-crash.

What makes Gore's intimacy with Silicon Valley even more dubious is that Washington has no structure to regulate the high-tech industry. There is no FCC or FDA or federal highway commission that oversees computers. Mostly, the government tackles the industry ad hoc, with measures like the Justice Department suit against Microsoft. And even here, their actions are ineffectual. The Justice Department suit is over Windows 95, an operating system that's about to be defunct. Once the Windows 98 suit is ready, Microsoft will be up to Windows 2000. Washington will always be playing catch-up.

> *" . . . Gore has assiduously packaged himself as a high-tech savant, and that's why he'll be particularly vulnerable if the Republicans succeed in scaring everyone to death over the impending computer mega-crash . . ."*

The awkwardness goes both ways. Silicon Valley's ham-handed attempts at negotiating Washington are legendary. The big companies hire lobbyists straight out of a Who's Who on Capitol Hill, with no regard to their technological expertise. Robert Bork and Bob Dole have been hired by Microsoft competitors to start something called the "Project to Promote Competition and Innovation in the Digital Age." Neither of them seems to care much about technology. Dole once walked into his campaign office and asked "what noises that damn box was making today," recalls one of his aides at the time. Microsoft, meanwhile, hired an all-star cast of Washington hacks—Michael Deaver, Vin Weber, Grover Norquist.

Washington politicians have always tinkered with the what-ifs of technology. Remember Newt Gingrich's laptops for the poor? Or, more recently, Gore's plan to put cameras in space? To date, the proposals have remained at the level of giddy child's play, a gee-whiz-isn't-this-neat kind of game. When it comes to computers, politicians have acted to varying degrees like Buchanan populists—outsiders surveying a new frontier. They used to do it with wonder-struck curiosity.

Pretty soon, the mood will darken. As the year goes on, you will no doubt hear more and more warnings about the fateful first day of the Year 2000. President Clinton could end his next State of the Union with emergency evacuation plans; your local congressman could set up shelters. And New Year's Eve, 1999, will find us all seized by panic. ■

bi•o•di•ver•si•ty

(bī′ō-dĭ-vûr′sĭ-tē) *n.* The spectacular variety of life on Earth, and the essential interdependence among all living things. (*See* the new **Hall of Biodiversity** opening May 30 at the **American Museum of Natural History**.)

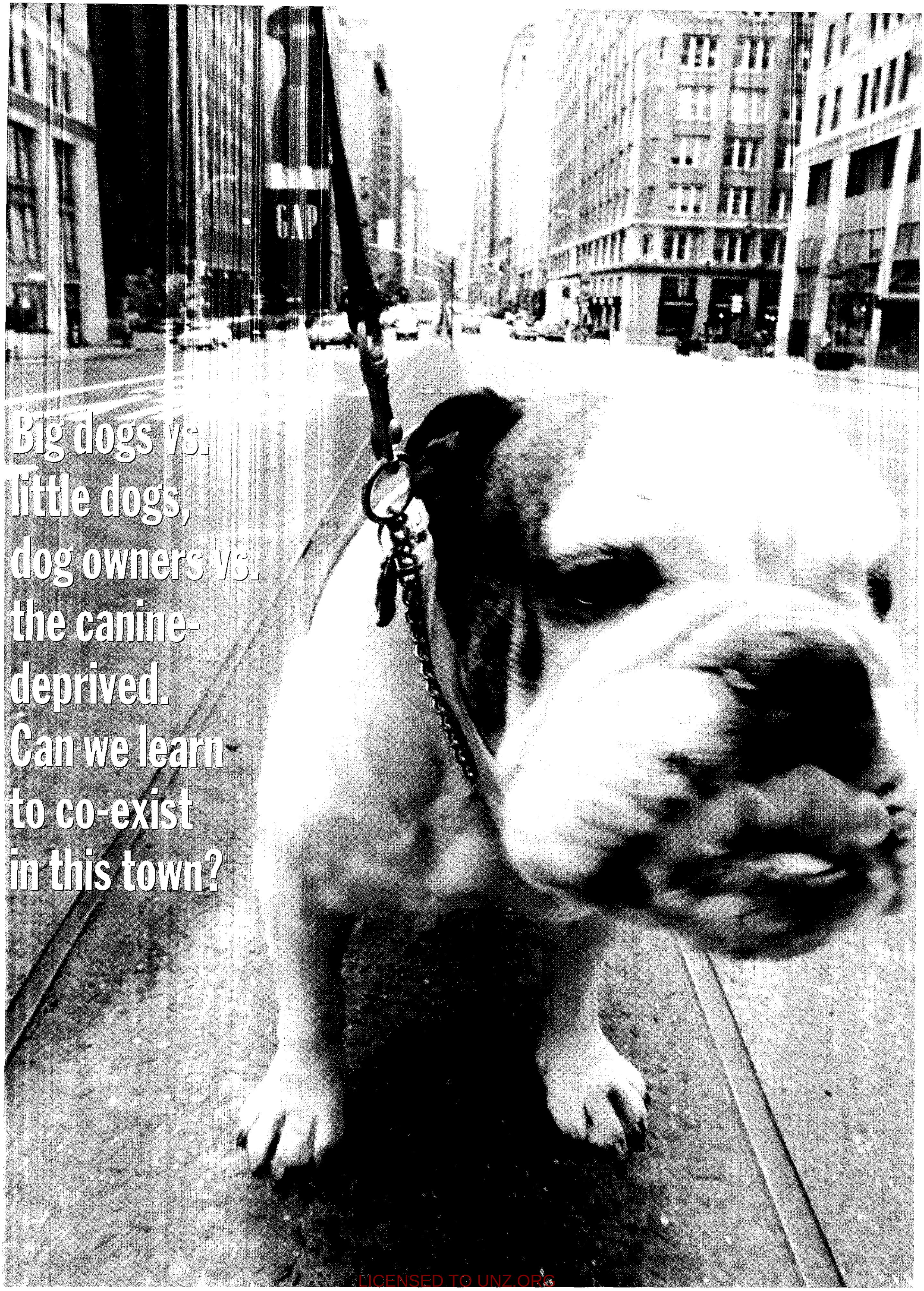
Central Park West at 79th Street, New York City www.amnh.org

TURF WAR

"Auschwitz!" snaps the less-than-fully-haired dog lover as he views the fenced-in South Lawn at the 72nd Street entrance to Riverside Park. He points to the Parks Department prohibition on the fence: QUIET ZONE: NO RADIOS, NO TEAM SPORTS, NO BARBECUES—and, most important—NO DOGS. He ratchets up from snap to snarl: "Auschwitz-on-the-Hudson!" • He declines to give his name and turns to leave, barking polysyllabic commands at two fully haired golden retrievers. Lucy comes to heel; Max continues hunting the elusive Upper West Side black truffle deep beneath the battered roots of a maple tree. I make the observation that his analogy is perhaps a tad intemperate. It was, after all, at Auschwitz that dogs, specifically German shepherds, were encouraged by their SS handlers to rip Jewish prisoners to pieces. He tells me to fuck off. I continue my ramble up the delightful strip of riparian real estate and several minutes later arrive at the Holocaust memorial near 83rd Street, upon whose discreet plaque an adorable poodle, her hind legs in demi-plié position, is releasing a bladderful of piss. • Another fine morning in Riverside Park. • Turf battles in the city's parks between dogs and people (or more fairly between dog people and ordinary people) are neither uncommon nor new. The Parks Department has correspondence going back half a century from canophile New Yorkers demanding or cajoling special treatment for pets frolicking in the city's commons. Almost all involve allowing them off the leash either in specific places or at specific times. Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of Central Park, foresaw that his splendiferous *rus in urbe* would be a magnet for dogs; he promulgated strict regulations about leashing that were subsequently adopted by the city and remain in force today throughout the system. • Betsy Barlow Rogers, founder of the Central Park Conservancy and the leading force in the park's transformation from seventies moonscape to nineties grandeur, says administrators are "always under pressure to give away pieces of the park to special interests . . . many of them extraordinarily worthy." (One of her favorite examples: a proposal at the end of World War I to re-create the trenches of Verdun in North Meadow.) At the beginning of Rogers's fifteen-year tenure (she resigned in 1996), Parks quietly began enforcing the leash laws after decades of non-observance. This became a major factor in the dramatic restoration of Central Park's green spaces. • But now dogs are becoming one of the department's biggest physical-management problems—it's not simply the damage they do but the added enforcement the refuseniks, whose numbers are increasing, make necessary. • Ten to fifteen years ago, observes Adrian Benepe, the no-nonsense Parks

BY TONY HENDRA

PHOTOGRAPH BY KRISTINE LARSEN



Big dogs vs. little dogs, dog owners vs. the canine-deprived. Can we learn to co-exist in this town?

commissioner for Manhattan, the parks were rife with crises: crime, drug dealing, graffiti, homeless encampments, rotting infrastructure. Many were resolved. "The dog problem is the only real problem we have," he says.

And it's getting bigger:

What is strikingly new, says Benepe, is the size of the breeds people are buying. For many decades, the typical New York dog tended to be a handbag baby—Pekingese, Maltese, Yorkie, Pomeranian, etc.—no doubt because rules against pets in apartments were pervasive and strict, and the little fellas were easier to smuggle in and out. Now, says Benepe, he and his staff are seeing bigger and bigger dogs coming into the parks: the obvious retrievers, German shepherds, St. Bernards, Rottweilers, huskies, and Labs, but also Rhodesian Ridgebacks, Irish wolfhounds, Great Danes. Several of these appear on the American Kennel Club's top ten breeds of last year (the top two are Labs and Rotts). The Big Dog syndrome can be seen as an invasion of suburbiana into the city's culture—the priorities of Westport, White Plains, and Saddle River abroad in Central Park. Benepe, however, believes they're "a fashion statement."

Henry, a corporate lawyer who lives "in the Eighties just off Park," laughingly agrees. Henry had a good year in '97 and bought himself a colossal Great Dane we'll call Dog Doe. But it's not just fashion, says Henry; he likes "the feeling of walking along the street with a big dog in tow." Perhaps it's akin to that earlier-nineties chic: being trailed by a large bodyguard with a wire in his ear. Or perhaps—*big dog* being current media slang for an Alpha-male overachiever—owning one makes you, by association, the meanest predator in the pack. Like sports utes, these often dangerous, always expensive dogs are symbols of boom times: They mirror the bulging pecs of an economy on steroids. Henry also bought a Range Rover last year, mainly to have something to transport Dog Doe around in. Big cur, big car.

Henry's self-image is his own business, his choice of cur—and car—a private one. Until he goes outside. Then it becomes a public affair. Benepe points out that New Yorkers, charmed by the unquestionable grace and heft of these animals—many well in excess of 100 pounds—fail to realize that they're working dogs, bred to be hunters, trackers, shepherds, and guards. (The Rhodesian ridgeback, for example, was bred to protect livestock and hunt lions.) No matter how steely your buns, if you're a lissome 110 pounds, you're going to have trouble holding back a Siberian husky whose vocation in life is pulling fully loaded sleds with large Alaskans standing on them.

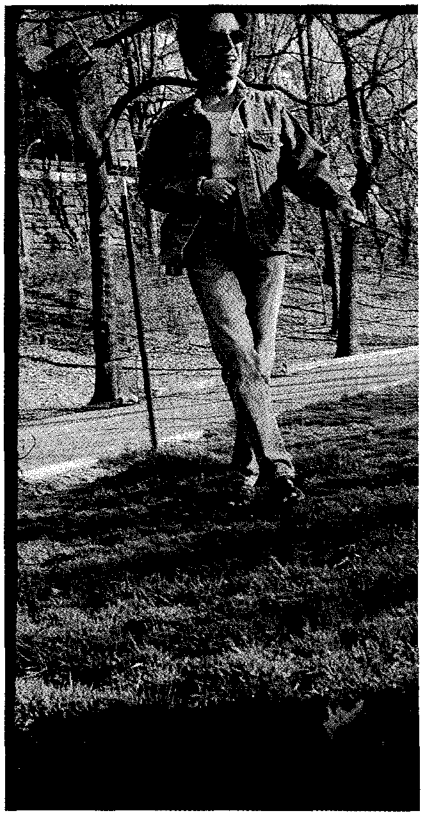
"People are almost compelled to let them off the leash, because they need so much more exercise [and space]," says Benepe. Dog owners make these choices and then expect their fellow New Yorkers to live with the consequences. "They say to us, 'You need to allow us to exercise hunting dogs in crowded nineteenth-century parks.' "

NEW YORKERS WHO GREW UP IN THE late fifties, sixties, and early seventies—okay, boomers—were accustomed to minimally managed parks whose work force, hidebound by union rules, did desultory maintenance. The most significant influence on the parks, up until then, had been Robert Moses, a modernizing commissioner who installed projects like skating rinks in Central Park that would have made Olmsted shudder. Moses's guiding principle was: If the People want it, it's probably fine.

By the mid-seventies, this anything-goes attitude had reached the point where you could do pretty much whatever you liked in the parks, according to your lights, short of mass murder. (Individual murder was frowned upon but tolerated.) A generation of dog owners came to see the parks as giant dog runs, and who could blame them? There was no grass in Sheep Meadow in those days, no flower beds and saplings to be destroyed, little wildlife beyond rats to be slaughtered. And, of course, far fewer users. Indeed, it was said that the presence of dogs at all hours helped to make the parks a little less dangerous.

Then along came Rogers. She was quite the opposite of Moses. Her vision was Olmsted's vision. Restoring Central Park's myriad natural components, all of which Olmsted had designed as deliberately as if he were building a cathedral, was her priority. Getting the park back to the nineteenth century would make it new again. This approach was open to the criticism that it was mainly for the benefit of the Park's rich neighbors on Fifth Avenue and Central Park West. But Rogers, like Olmsted, was a true democrat: "The Park is for all the people." No one group could be allowed exclusive use of it or any part of it.

The Rogers way worked. At Harlem Meer, heroin gave way to herons. A newly burnished angel rose over a gleaming Bethesda Fountain—formerly known as the largest outdoor urinal in New York City. As grass and trees were replaced, and hydrology upgraded, the awesome contrasts and contours of the original design reappeared. People came flooding back. And with them came much less freedom of movement for Rover.



Photograph by Kristine Larsen.

Central Park's rebirth was so dramatic ıat, says current commissioner Henry tern (himself the owner of a golden reiever named Boomer), Rogers's restortive approach has been adopted ıroughout the system. When last fall it ame to be the turn of easygoing Washıgton Square, and new lawns sprang in) being where dogs and dopers had late' tarried, tempers got extremely short.

"They want to make the park into some ind of grass museum," snapped one heesed-off dog matron—the common rection of a certain kind of liberal New 'orker confronted by what is essentially a atrician aesthetic. The twin prongs of ıe Rogers strategy—intense restoration ɔllowed by vigilant maintenance—reuire vigorous enforcement. This is ound to create new conflicts with those onditioned by decades of anything-goes, 'ho see their "freedoms" shrinking.

One result: militant canophiles like ıe Urban Canine Conservancy (Central ark), You Gotta Have Bark (Prospect ark), and FLORAL (Riverside Park) agiıting over the past year or so for the department to set aside some of its more bucolic spots—e.g., the southern half of Sheep Meadow—for the pets to run free. These somewhat impractical proposals conceal a longer-term agenda: to get rid of leash laws altogether.

IN ONE SENSE, THIS IS QUITE LITERALLY a turf battle. Meadowland and lawns make up only a small fraction of the park system's 27,000 acres. Grass is therefore at a high premium; but it is grassland that dog owners want for their animals. Other than team sports (which are restricted to specific areas), no casual use of our common space destroys turf like unleashed dogs. That happy tumbleweed of gamboling fur that so delights the New York canophile of a dewy morn conceals myriad claws ripping the grass out by the roots; this is particularly the case when the grass is dormant or wet. And when Max or Princess or Sugarpie pauses for a quick tinkle or dump, the exhausted blades and the soil beneath them are clobbered yet again and, less retrievably, poisoned by their ultra-acidic waste. The costs here can be significant. Example: It took $17 million to restore turf in the Great Lawn. Just to repair dog damage in the relatively small Riverside Park last year cost almost $100,000 (on top of regular restoration and maintenance); the citywide estimate is at least half a million. Yet we all foot the bill. Dog-license money supports the licensing agency itself; dog tickets go into the city's general coffer. Rover's freedom isn't free.

The problem isn't just cosmetic. Dogless people—bike owner, skate owner, or mere kid owner—quickly learn to dread the honeyed assertion "It's okay! He's really friendly . . ." *Friendly* doesn't quite cover the genome of a pony-size wolfhound with the dentition of a teenage alligator. Flesh will be bitten, bones broken, picnic food stolen, small bodies exposed to ringworm, hookworm, and strep throat from slobbery tongues. A variant—Rover Semi-Unleashed—is the widespread use of the Flexi-leash, a tripwire that allows Rover's owner to be anywhere up to a kilometer away from Rover. (If you square its length and multi-

"Hardly a square inch of Riverside Park has not been ripped up, pissed on, and crapped on to the point of infertility by countless doggie loins."

otograph by Sylvia Plachy.

DREAM ROVER

She toys with canine hearts—but whose is breaking? A true story.

BY NANCY JO SALES

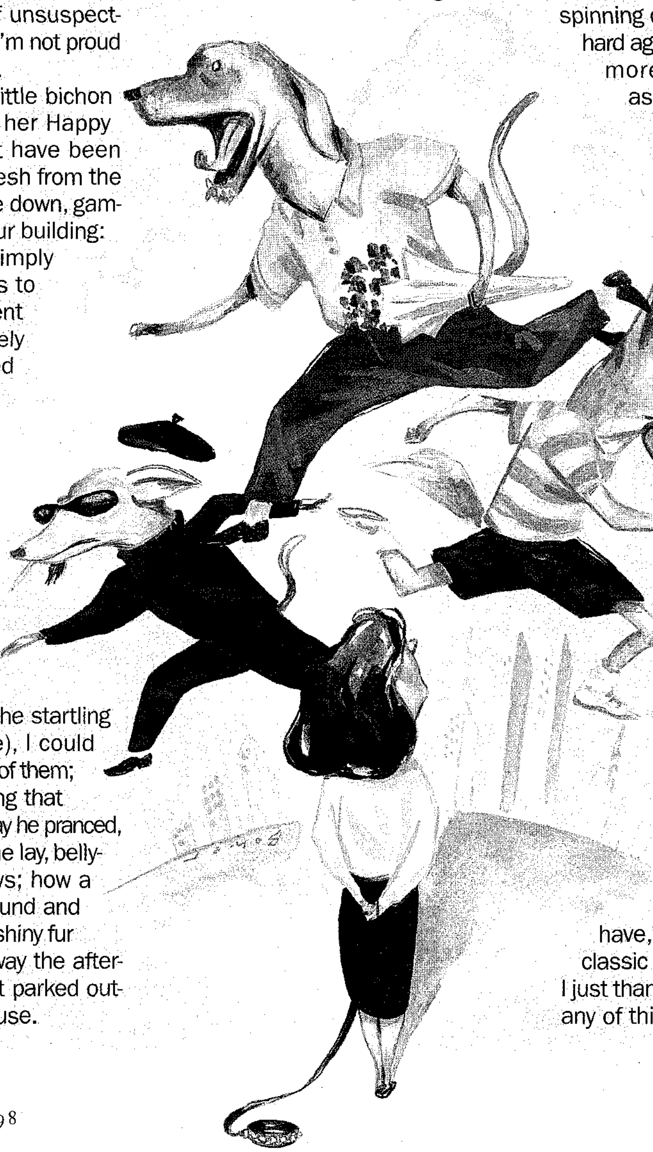
I love dogs. Who can resist their bottomless eyes; their alive, wet noses; their behinds that waggle at the slightest provocation; the way they look in a bandanna? I feel about dogs much the same way I do about men—companionable creatures, with a knack for catching a Frisbee—and if I were rich, I'd have a country house with about ten or twenty of them around at all times (the dogs, I mean), and I would toss steaks to them off the porch and watch them go wild with joy at our carefree existence. But alas, I'm a city dweller with responsibilities that preclude three trips a day into the concrete jungle to scoop up steaming poo. Maybe the truth is I'm not ready to commit, to wed my life to some wonderful dog's. And so—I confess—I'm a dog adulterer. I use dogs, those warm, furry friends of unsuspecting neighbors and strangers. I'm not proud of it; I just can't help myself.

It all started with a cute little bichon frise named Coco. I called her Happy Dog. What heart would not have been melted by the sight of her, fresh from the groomers and fluffy as goose down, gamboling around the lobby of our building: "Happy Dog! It's you!" To simply kneel down before Coco was to be rained on with damp, urgent kisses. Her owner was a lovely gay man who always showed great patience as I lay sprawled across the lobby floor, transported by his animal companion. But then, sad day, they moved to Chicago, and I was despondent. Coco was really gone.

I took to lurking around the dog run at Washington Square Park in the hope of glimpsing some canine that could make me love again. The startling truth was (promiscuous me), I could imagine myself with every one of them; each had a special something that triggered my inner awww: the way he pranced, stick in his mouth; the way she lay, belly-down, peacefully licking paws; how a pack of them would tear around and around in a flash of legs and shiny fur . . . I found myself whiling away the afternoons like Humbert Humbert parked outside the Little Red Schoolhouse.

Until one day: "Uh—which one is *your* dog?" I'd been found out. The owner of a Rottweiler the size of a small freezer was addressing me in the tones of a corrections officer. "I—I don't have a dog," I confessed. "Then you're not supposed to be here," he hissed. "People who don't have dogs don't understand them. You might *upset* the dogs."

After that, dog owners grew nimbuses. I'd see them walking their charges and wonder at their wise glow, that able–to–manage–living–in–New York–and–still–have–a–dog glow, exceeded in brightness only by the lighted crowns surrounding those with actual offspring, real children of their own. The dog owners seemed well aware of their higher state—with what beatific pity they regarded me squatting to the sidewalk to nuzzle their Fidos! I began to ponder what it was about me that made me . . . dogless. Deep down, I knew I did "upset the dogs." One look from me and the curs were straining at their leashes, their owners barking—"Down, Jack, stop!" Was it because in me, dogs recognized a kindred spirit—a creature with, shall we say, a certain lack of control, an animal who did not sleep at regular hours and who was likely to snatch French fries off someone's plate, a girl who just wanted to have fun? "You can't get a dog," my friends sighed, adding delicately, "you're not *ready* for a dog."



Would I ever be ready? I wanted to know. I started dating a man because I loved his dog. I picked the two of them up in Central Park one day, me winking at Lucky as the man babbled on about his business on the Web or something. He was soon throwing me very dark looks as I whipped a mealy tennis ball across his apartment, mornings, giggling at all of Lucky's corny old jokes (refusing to give the ball back, etc.). "Here's your eggs," he spat, my plate circling the table like a spinning quarter, Lucky's lam's dish flung hard against the wall. "Do you love Lucky more than me?" the man finally asked. And had it been just a childish plea for reassurance, I would have lied, but I could only whisper, shame-faced, "Yes." "He's a lucky dog," he said, with a sniffle.

"You'll never see him again!" the man announced when the relationship fizzled soon after. But I couldn't stay away from Lucky. I fell to wandering past the apartment just to catch a glimpse of the scruffy mutt whimpering down at me, clunky paws pushed up against the windowpane. "I still love ya, boy!" I mouthed from the street, waving. And then one day I spotted him—Lucky, lashed to a parking meter while the man shopped in the Janovic Plaza for paint! Our reunion was glorious, but too short, as the man burst out of the store, brandishing heavy cans at me. I never saw Lucky again.

"You only love dogs you can't have," a girlfriend told me gently. "It's classic avoidance of intimacy." Textbook. I just thank God my cats don't know about any of this. They'd kill me.

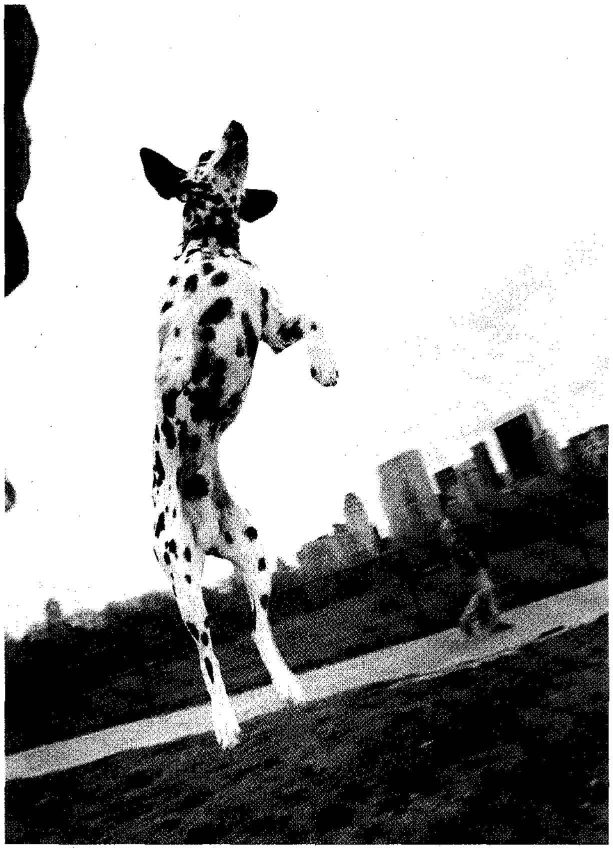
Illustration by Tim Bower.

ply it by π, you'll get the acreage to which he/she believes he/she holds current title.) The reality here is not the cheery apology he/she yells as you crash to the ground; the booby-trap expresses, as so much else in our urban habits, hostility. Rover Semi-Unleashed is a weapon.

A subset of dog-as-weapon: dog-as-deterrent. Almost 40 percent of dog owners buy dogs, big dogs, because of fear of crime. At home, these animals may provide security; outside, off-leash, they can be a deadly menace. Parks officials say attacks by big dogs on smaller dogs are multiplying, but fast-moving dogs (and owners) are rarely apprehended.

The least admitted, most antisocial motive for letting Rover off the leash is that you won't "notice" when Rover takes a dump. The preferred M.O. is to maintain (a) a minimum 50-yard lead on Rover and (b) an air of intense distraction, as if you're utterly swept away by the Symphonie Pathetique of your inner life. You will soon develop the uncanny ability to turn as soon as the turds have been deposited, and to whistle irritably for your pet, feigning ignorance of his whereabouts.

NONE OF THESE NUISANCES ARE ALtogether new. In some form, they've always existed in a densely packed, vertically organized city. But the harshness of the discourse is alarmingly new. Among militant canophiles, Holocaust imagery is rampant and by no means confined to the West Side. PEP (Park Enforcement Patrol) officers are routinely heckled when enforcing the laws as "Gestapo," "Nazis," and "Brownshirts" (actually, their shirts are green, and they're unarmed). Charles McKinney, the administrator of Riverside Park, is referred to in flyers as "a dictator." One somewhat confused canophile, enraged by the "storm trooper" tactics of the PEP officers arresting her, gave her name as Eva Braun. Carolyn Dolgenos, who was arrested two years ago by PEP officers in Central Park during a celebrated fracas over her unleashed bichons frises, compared herself, according to the *Times,* to "Jews in the concentration camps." She also likened her arrest to that of "blacks in the South," an interesting take given that both the arresting officers were black and Ms. Dolgenos is a countess (which is to say she's married to a count). Racism is sometimes quite overt: A West Side flyer giving tips on how to deal with PEP officers, a large number of whom are black or Hispanic, sneered, "Remember: it takes an average of 30 minutes to write a summons. Spelling is hard for them."



Then there are the obscenities. Many letters received by Parks from people who have been harassed by unleashed dogs cite foul language on the part of their owners. Laura Meyer, dog lover and chair of the Parks Committee of Community Board No. 8, which serves the Upper East Side, says of Carl Schurz Park, "You ask people to pick up after their dog and [they] shout obscenities at you." Big Dog and Tourette's syndromes appear to be clinically linked. Passionate dog lovers like to think of themselves as gentle, genial, outdoorsy folks made even more gentle and genial by the love of a good dog. But let that love or its object be challenged and they adopt a snarling, bared-teeth defensive mode just this side of actual canine behavior. (Indeed, on several occasions, PEP officers have been bitten by dog lovers in the course of making arrests.) Call it Rover Rage.

"Unprecedented claims are being made for dogs. We're entering the Age of the Dog As Person, the Dog As Other, possibly even the Dog As Citizen."

TO BE FAIR, ROVER RAGE IS MORE than just another wave of urban venting. It arises from a deeply felt conviction that great injustice is being done, that rights akin to, if not equal to, human rights are being trampled on. It's here that the non-canophile enters territory entirely new and unfamiliar—*terra indognita.* Unprecedented claims are being made for dogs that only a few years ago would have been regarded as preposterous, satirical, or the ravings of cranks but are now widely discussed, disseminated, and accepted. The cozy sentimentality of Lassie, Snoopy, and Toto, the cutesy-poo of Muffy and Fluffy in matching boleros, is dismissed as exploitative and/or condescending. We're entering the Age of the Dog As Person, the Dog As Other, possibly even the Dog As Citizen. Jeffrey Masson, author of *Dogs Never Lie About Love,* takes this to his own extreme: The Dog As Living Saint.

Extreme dog advocacy has spawned its own literary genre. Total immersion in it quickly reveals that while everyone pays lip service to scientifically "demonstrating" canine consciousness, a leap of faith in the Dog As Other has already been made. What is being formulated here is religion. "The dog is love," writes Masson. "Dogs are all about love. . . . If any species on earth shares this miraculous ability [to love the other for its own sake] it is the dog, for the dog truly loves us beyond expectation, beyond measure, beyond what we deserve, more indeed than we love ourselves." Substitute *God* for *dog* in this passage and the meaning doesn't change one iota. (Fun fact: The slogan of *The Berkeley Bark,* a publication in Masson's hometown, is "Dog is our co-pilot.")

Modern canophiles are illuminati. There is no way into such a world if you

Photograph by Kristine Larsen.

have not made the crucial leap of faith, nor are the illuminati to be persuaded out of it. As Marjorie Garber notes in *Dog Love*—the only book I've come across that approaches its subject with some wit and self-awareness—canophilia's obvious anthropomorphism is actually embraced by its advocates. "Why should science insist that there is a fixed boundary between human beings and [dogs]? . . . Why should we reserve humanness for humans?"

IT DOESN'T TAKE A CONSTITUTIONAL lawyer to move from this postulate to the next step. If dogs share our humanity, they also share our rights. In New York City, where everyone is a constitutional lawyer, that's an explosive idea. And if you happen to be one of the estimated million or so constitutional lawyers who also own a dog, the result is—Rover Rage.

There's an unpleasant corollary here. If dogs are quasi-human, what conceivable right do full humans have to "own" them? Not addressed in the New York Dog Debate is the sadism of keeping a quasi-human in a confined space twenty floors up, with only half an hour's exercise a day. Maximum-security lifers in Attica get better treatment, and they're not—currently—being neutered.

But inconsistency never deterred an activist, and New York dog activists are the real thing. They're overwhelmingly boomers, comfortable, settled people anywhere from early to late middle age. Their tactics—confronting the PEP, scattering and regrouping when PEP vans hove into sight, ripping down fences, civil disobedience, graffiti, anonymous inflammatory leafleting, giving false names from their overeducated liberal-arts past like "Anna Karenina" or "Pagliacci"—all echo the activism of their collective long-lost youth. "Parks belong to the people," says Jeffrey Zahn of FLORAL (Friends & Lovers of Riverside Area Life), recalling the slogan chanted in Berkeley's People's Park almost 30 years ago. Perhaps what we're seeing is the last gasp of activists who once expended their energies on liberating blacks, women, Vietnamese, gays, and Native Americans but became disillusioned when they discovered that such groups were just as capable of violence, corruption, and prejudice as the people from whom they were liberated. Now they've turned their attention to the one minority that won't talk back, purchase firearms, or make embarrassing political demands—dogs. It's hard not to conclude that canine activists are people with far too little on their conscience.

I owned a dog once—in the country, where dogs belong—and I loved the old moron dearly. But make no mistake about it: Freckles was a lower life form. All dogs are. We're talking science here. Dogs don't have opposable thumbs, they can't walk upright, the size of their neocortex is a fraction of ours, and not one of them can make a passable crème brûlée.

OF ALL THE PARKS IN our quite extraordinary Parks system, Riverside is potentially one of the most exquisite. It shares with the others some of that inimitable grass-and-granite drama that is Olmsted's aesthetic legacy to the designers who came after him, but what makes it unique is the majestic river that hurries or ambles past it, a river greater than all other city rivers, muscular and moody, a Robert Mitchum of a river, a river so generously huge and all-encompassing it even makes New Jersey look good. None of the turgid floods in more celebrated capitals can hold a candle to the Hudson. The Thames, the Seine, the pathetic trickles of the Tiber and the Manzanares, acquire grandeur only to the degree that it's reflected on their murky surfaces. The Hudson's grandeur is all its own. It's a New York river. It owes nothin' to nobody.

And it deserves better in a park. Far better. For several decades now, Riverside has suffered terribly. The same fiscal misfortunes as elsewhere, the same social scourges, but more than any other park, it has been decimated by dogs. Hardly a square inch of it has not been ripped up by countless claws, pissed on and crapped on to the point of infertility by countless doggy loins. Not a block of turf can be laid in Riverside without being covered by the next morning with dumb chums; not a fence can be erected without being immediately ripped down by those pseudo-populists peculiar to the Upper West Side. The park's configuration makes it susceptible to damage; for a lot of its narrow two-and-a-half-mile length, it's a steep riverbank, descending to a causeway. Ironically, some of the damage is a result of Central Park's rebirth in the Betsy Rogers years; a lot of dog lovers migrated west. As the West Side became richer and more fashionable, real-estate agents compounded the problem by telling new residents that the park was "dog-friendly."

Which is all going to get far worse when the Trump Follies start debouching their well-heeled occupants into the park's south end.

Photograph by Kristine Larsen.

"Activists have turned their attention to the one minority that won't talk back, purchase firearms, or make embarrassing political demands—dogs."

I have a dream. I see green from 72nd Street to 120th: riverbank and mini-meadows absolutely off-limits to dogs. I see flower beds in profusion, tended by volunteers, like the gorgeous spread that dazzles you all spring, summer, and fall at the north end of the Promenade. I see ample dog runs at each end (instead of the current ones at 104th and 87th, ridiculously long treks if you don't live nearby) and at least two others, not in the park proper but in the occasional green medians above Riverside Drive. I see families finally able to play and picnic without fear of harassment. I see singles and couples strolling with their dog children, license tags on their collars costing $500 a year for dogs up to 50 pounds, $500 more for every extra 50 pounds. (Special dispensations for senior and low-income dog lovers.) I see signs forbidding dogs to urinate or defecate anywhere but in special conveniences in the dog runs. (To those dog parents who might protest, I would offer a crisp "Diapers.")

I see the largest neighborhood park in Manhattan not having to be policed but run by its users with a modicum of decency, politeness, and give-and-take. But above all, I see the Hudson, hurrying downtown as if late for an appointment, or whipped into a frisky gray-green chop by a brisk nor'wester, or in one of its other hundred moods. And I see it without getting tripped, as I marvel, by a Flexi-leash.

HELPING PAWS

Catching Frisbees is fine, but there are four-legged altruists with the time and inclination to do more.

BY RUTH J. KATZ

Violet Dalton-Katz gingerly picked her way across the cafeteria floor of the Blessed Sacrament School in Manhattan, delicately sidestepping the tempting comestibles strewn at her paws. No piece of bologna for her, no smidgen of Big Mac, no (steady, now) hot-dog slice. My golden retriever wasn't about to blow it. She had trained more than six months for this moment. The crucible of victuals represented the last hurdle of a multiphase testing process—which included "maintaining a sit-stay position" while being poked and prodded and tempted by various toys and rolling balls. Violet and a dozen fellow aspirants needed to ace each test to become probationary members of the Vancouver Pet Assisted Therapy team, canine division.

Pet—or animal-assisted—therapy has gained mainstream recognition in the past fifteen years, as more studies underscore the benefits (reduced blood pressure, slowed heart rate, mental stimulation) animals bring to the infirm, elderly, depressed, and chronically ill. The Vancouver program was born in 1991, when Pat McGregor, the director-owner of Vancouver Dog Training, was able to interest Virginia Crosby, the director of Volunteer Services at St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital Center, in establishing a trial pet-assisted-therapy program. Vancouver has graduated nearly 50 dogs in four and a half years—including Violet, whose class of ten included a standard poodle with a fancy topiary hairdo; an exuberant vizsla that refused for months to do a down-stay; a docile Portuguese water spaniel; a genetically dwarfed Rottweiler; a lumbering, goofy Doberman; a rescued sheltie; and a couple of mixed-breeds.

The way the program works, a group of dogs, under the supervision of Vancouver program coordinator Susan Greenbaum, visit Roosevelt's Pediatric Unit (and occasionally the Pediatric Special Care Unit, the equivalent of an I.C.U.) at least once a week, presenting themselves in the day room for petting, hugging, and nuzzling; they make house calls to individual rooms, often nestling on a bed next to a child; one dog usually promenades in the corridors, an enjoyable patient diversion but also a vital therapeutic activity that encourages post-op children to ambulate.

"This is just a phenomenal, amazing program," says Rob Quinn, the coordinator of the in-patient Child Life Program. "These dogs provide tremendous interaction and total, unconditional, nonjudgmental love. They bring a sense of normalcy to these kids, who are isolated from the community for long periods of time."

Some dogs—like Max, a Shih Tzu—are employed as procedure dogs, helping to demystify medical equipment and potentially scary situations. Children take Max's blood pressure and temperature, listen to his heartbeat, bandage his paws. Dogs often leave the hospital with colorful Band-Aids haphazardly adorning their fur.

Most (though not all) pet-therapy programs are structured around dogs, and variously have connections to nursing homes, hospitals, mental institutions, prisons, homes for disabled children, long-term AIDS facilities, residential physical-rehabilitation sites, and homes for blind adults. All require that the animal have a clean bill of health from a vet, as well as temperament and skills screening; human handlers must show proof of pet immunizations required by the health code.

One of Vancouver's canine volunteers and friend at Roosevelt Hospital.

To get your dog started in a program, call any of the following:

Vancouver: 877-7116. Dogs must first have passed the American Kennel Club's Canine Good Citizen test to enter.

Bide-A-Wee (Pet Therapy Program): 532-4986.

ASPCA (Visiting Pet Program): 876-7700, ext. 4421.

Delta Society (Pet Partners): 800-869-6898.

Animal Medical Center (Pet Outreach Program): 838-8100, ext. 269; Susan Cohen, director of counseling.

Therapy Dogs International, Inc.: 973-252-9800.

Photograph by Barry Munger.

EXTREME CARE

From basic to boldly inessential, a selective guide to dog services.

BY ONDINE COHANE

If you needed to choose a camp, school, or new outfit for your child, you wouldn't just look to anonymous sources for advice. The same should apply to four-legged members of the family circle. We set out to locate the very best services in the city with the help of the fussiest dog owners and insiders on the pooch scene. We learned that most New York dogs do indeed have their day, and on a regular basis.

Client receiving shampoo and blow-dry at Beverly Hill's LaunderMutt.

DAY CARE/ CAMPS/ BED-AND-BREAKFASTS

• **Camp Canine** (46 West 73rd Street; 787-3647). Substitute dogs for kids, and you get the picture: paw painting, agility equipment, nap time, birthday parties, and day and night supervision. The campers' exercise regimen consists of chasing one another around the dog runs and lunging at the balls and Frisbees counselors periodically toss to them. Videos of *Beethoven* and other dog-centric films are available for "couch potatoes." Day camp ranges from $18 to $25; overnight, $35 to $55 (plus tax).

• **The New York Dog Spa and Hotel** (145 West 18th Street; 243-1199). Drink coffee in the lounge—complete with trees and skylight—while you watch your dog romping in the day-care center. Costs: $23 for dogs 50 pounds or less, $25 for heavyweights. Overnight rates: $42 for the smaller variety, $45 for the larger. Special discounts available. Exercise takes place in a 2,500-square-foot playroom, and dogs get four to five daily walks outside. Also available: on-site vet care and animal massage. A "full day of beauty" package for $125 includes nail clipping, grooming, a dog massage called T-touch, and day care.

• **Paws Inn** (189 Ninth Avenue, at 21st Street; 645-7297). The 24-hour care here gives dog guests the option of sleeping on the bed with an employee-caretaker. Day rates: $25 per pooch for a full day, $14 for a half-day. The overnight charge ranges from $38 for dogs fifteen pounds and under and $42 for dogs over that weight (discounts on long-term care). Exercise consists of running in the dog runs a few times a day.

GROOMERS AND CHIC BOUTIQUES

• **Karen's for Pets and People** (1195 Lexington Avenue, at 81st Street; 472-9440). Just can't resist wearing a sweater to match your dog's (plaid was a particularly hot seller this past winter) or carrying a bag that matches her leash? Karen's stocks twin outfits and any other accoutrement an unabashed pet enthusiast could dream of.

• **Le Chien** (1044 Third Avenue, near 61st Street; 861-8100). Known as the groomers for the well-pawed small-dog set, Le Chien is on the ground floor of the Trump Plaza, the perfect backdrop for limos discharging pets hurrying to makeover appointments. The boutique carries a perfume line created by its owner, Lisa Gilford, who describes the fragrance Martine (named for her apricot poodle) as "a soft, delicate blend of jasmine and tuberose and other light floral notes [that] even the society ladies have taken to wearing."

• **Canine Styles** (830 Lexington Avenue, near 63rd Street; 751-4549). One of the oldest boutiques and groomers in the city—it's been around since 1959—Canine Styles attracts a loyal and high-profile clientele. It's the only store that imports St. Moritz dog collars and leashes (the ones with cows along the perimeter) from Switzerland; it also carries a full line of Burberry dog coats as well as custom-made dog beds.

• **Doggie-Do and Pussycats, Too!** (567 Third Avenue, at 38th Street; 661-9111). Howard Binder, co-owner of this upscale boutique, handpicks every item a dog could possibly—or couldn't possibly—need, from homemade cookies to sterling-silver dog statues to custom-made coats. For dogs requiring a shampoo, cut, and blow-dry, the shop picks up and delivers. Grooming price ranges from $60 to $80; transportation is $25 for anywhere in Manhattan.

• **Beverly Hill's LaunderMutt** (45 Grove Street; 691-7700). A do-it-yourself dog wash that costs $10 to $35 (they'll do it for you for $35 to $100). In happier days, Gwyn and Brad brought their Lab in to do themselves, but most celebrities deploy personal assistants to do the washing and drying.

THE APEX OF DOGGIE STYLE

• **Blue Ribbon Dog Co.** makes the crème de la crème of essential dog furnishings, like giant dog pillows and cable-knit coats that are sold at Bergdorf Goodman and Paul Smith.

• **Lisa Green** (772-1484) designs belts, dog collars, key chains, sterling-silver cuff links, charms, and the like in 42 different breeds; a lot of the stuff is for people.

• Jewelry from **Kathy Lecube** (223-8181), who designs dog necklaces and sterling-silver dog collars.

• Designers who realize that dogs need luxe clothes and accessories, too:

Barneys
Bottega Veneta
Burberry's
Chanel
Gucci
Hermès
Robert Lee Morris
Louis Vuitton

IN-HOME CARE

• **Two Dogs & A Goat** (326 East 34th Street; 631-1157). Director Charlotte Reed and the other "pet-care providers" will do everything from giving a diabetic dog a daily insulin shot to accompanying you and your dog to the

Photograph by Barry Munger.

vet. Sleepovers cost $30, a single dog walk is $15, and the "pet sit," which consists of three daily visits, is $50.

PUBLICATIONS

- ***DGNY,*** a bi-monthly guide to owning a dog in New York. For a subscription, which costs $12 a year, call 832-2828 or write to Rob Abner at 981 First Avenue, Suite 140, New York, N.Y. 10022.
- ***Dog Fancy,*** a national dog magazine. For a subscription, call 800-365-4421.
- ***The Gazette,*** the newspaper of the American Kennel Club. The **AKC library** (51 Madison Avenue, near 26th Street, twentieth floor; 696-8245) carries many volumes on breeds in addition to periodicals and videos.
- ***The Great New York Dog Book,*** by Deborah Loven (Harper Perennial); ***Dogs' Guide to New York City With Jack the City Dog,*** by Jane Rohman (Richmond Press); and ***The NY Dog Owner's Guide,*** by Martha Kaplan (City & Co.), are great sources.

FOR HARD-TO-FIND VOLUMES, TRY . . .

Dog Lover's Bookshop online (http://www.dogbooks.com).

HOTELS

Some hotels are dog-friendly—meaning that certain rooms are designated for dogs (humans also welcome). We are not suggesting that turning up with three Great Danes is advisable—although if you've got a reservation . . .

- **The Carlyle**
- **Essex House**
- **The Four Seasons**
- **The Marriott Marquis**
- **Morgan's**
- **Le Parker Meridien**
- **The Pierre**
- **The Royalton**
- **The SoHo Grand**
- **The Stanhope**

SHOPS

Some that cater to humans but are also dog-friendly (your pet is absolutely welcome inside):

- **Barneys**
- **Bigelow**
- **Bloomingdale's**
- **Calvin Klein**
- **Garren salon**
- **Max Mara**
- **Ralph Lauren**
- **Saks Fifth Avenue**

TRANSPORTATION

- **Pet Taxi** (755-1757).
- **The City Pet Express** (883-6809).
- **Doggie Style** (800-942-4660). A limo company that has *101 Dalmatians* and other pooch-related videos on request.

TRAINING SCHOOLS

- **Manhattan Dog Training and Behavior Center** (213-4288). Group classes and puppy kindergarten classes are held at the New York Dog Spa and Hotel (145 West 18th Street) by Andrea Arden, who also conducts private tutorials (for dogs of any age) in your home: $125 per private session (usually takes two sessions).
- **Robin Kovary** (727-7257) specializes in problem behavior, trick-training, and, for those owners who are interested, pet-assisted-therapy readiness (see "Helping Paws," page 29). One-on-one training begins with a $90 consultation, although prices vary according to circumstances.

DOG RUNS (PUBLIC)

- **Battery Park City** (West and West Thames Streets).
- **Carl Shurz Park** (York Avenue at 86th Street).
- **DeWitt Clinton Park** (Eleventh Avenue at 52nd Street).
- **Fish Bridge Park** (Pearl and Dover Streets).
- **J. Hood Wright Park** (West 173rd Street and Haven Avenue).
- **Madison Square Park** (Madison Avenue at 25th Street).
- **Theodore Roosevelt Park** (Central Park West and 81st Street).
- **Peter Detmold Park** (Beekman Place at 51st Street).
- **Riverside Park** (two: one at 104th Street and one at 87th Street).
- **Robert Moses Park** (First Avenue at 41st Street).
- **Thomas Smith Park** (Eleventh Avenue at 23rd Street).
- **Tompkins Square Park** (Avenue A at 9th Street).
- **Washington Square Park** (MacDougal and West 4th Streets).

PHOTOGRAPHERS/GALLERIES

- **Jim Dratfield's Petography** (25 Central Park West; 245-0914). Dratfield travels all over the world to take photos of prized pets belonging to celebrities, including Kathy Bates, Henry Kissinger, and Oscar de la Renta. But he'll do the common mutt too.
- **Valerie Shaff,** the Bridgewater/Lustberg Gallery (560 Broadway, Suite 204; 941-6355). Portraits and dog photos.
- **William Secord Gallery** (52 East 76th Street; 249-0075). For instant dog ancestors: mostly nineteenth-century dog oils.

KENNELS OUTSIDE THE CITY

- **Almost Home** (914-528-3000). Fitness training, walks twice a day on the 24-acre property, playground, and grooming, $20 a day. (Pick up and delivery to Putnam Valley, New York.)
- **Northwind Kennels** (914-234-3771). Grooming, training, play time, and boarding. (Pick up and delivery to Bedford, N.Y.)

A SELECTIVE CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- **Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show** (800-455-DOGS). Second Monday and Tuesday every February at Madison Square Garden.
- **Dogs Walk Against Cancer** (237-3872). First Sunday every May in Riverside Park.
- **First-Aid Seminar for Pets** (330-9166). May 14, 7 to 8:30 p.m., at TRS, Inc. (44 East 32nd Street, eleventh floor).
- **Dog Day Afternoon** (696-8266). A dog-appreciation day. September 12, in Madison Square Park.
- **Woofstock** (876-7700). An ASPCA dog walk. October 3 in Central Park.
- **The Dachshund Friendship Club Octoberfest** (475-5512). October 3 in Washington Square Park.
- **The Blessing of the Animals.** First Sunday every October at Saint John the Divine (Amsterdam Avenue and 112th Street).

DEMOGRAPHICS

Big dogs are taking the city by storm. The No. 1 dog in the city is, of course, the mutt, accounting for some 25 percent of the New York dog population.

When it comes to breeds . . .

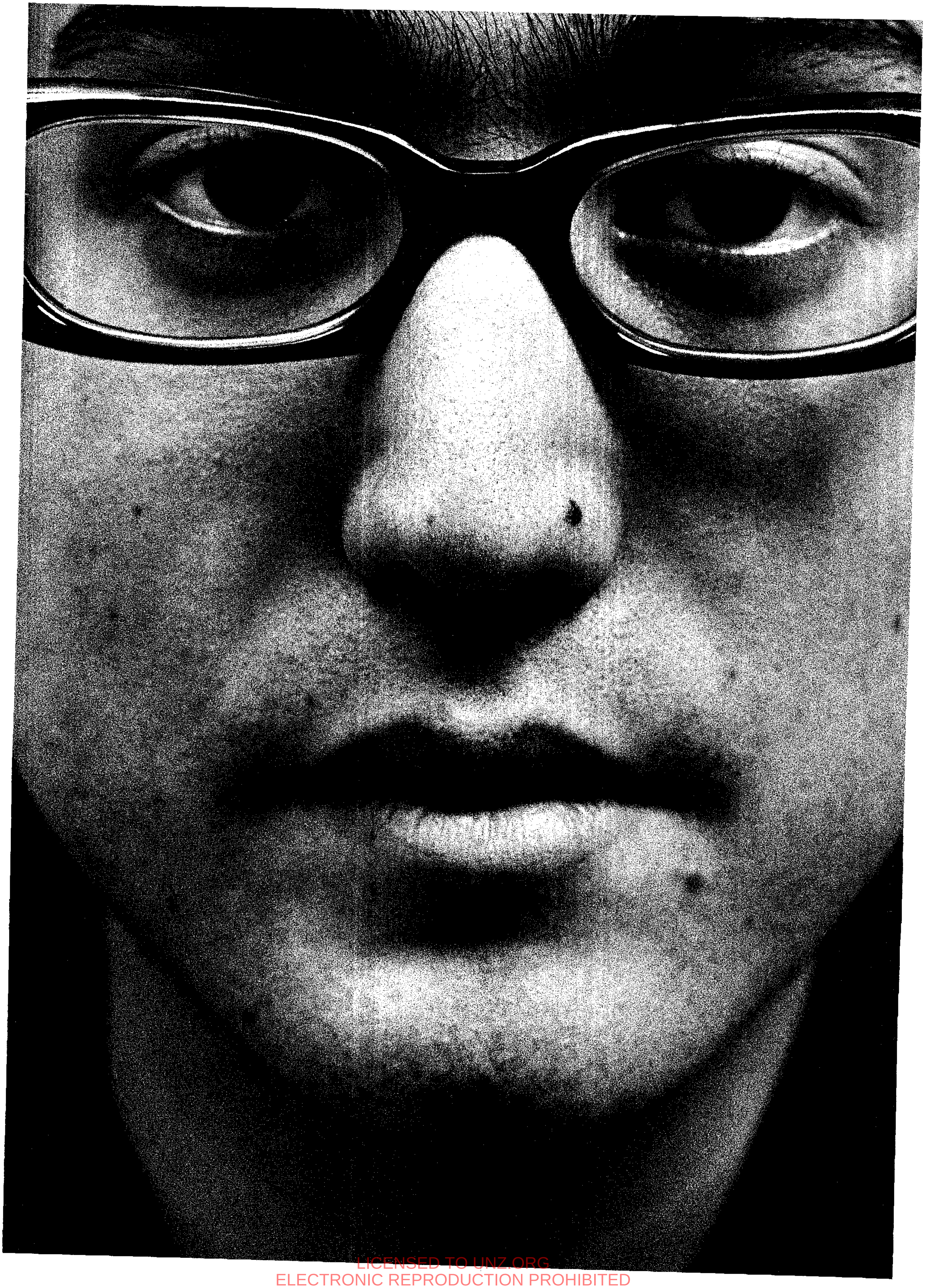
- **East Side, 97th to 116th Street:** Rottweiler.
- **East Side, 61st to 96th Street:** Poodle.
- **East Side, 20th to 60th Street:** Maltese.
- **East Side, East River to 19th Street:** Rottweiler.
- **West Side, 92nd to 115th Street:** Yorkie.
- **West Side, 60th to 91st Street:** Poodle.
- **West Side, 25th to 59th Street:** Labrador retriever.
- **West Side, Battery Park to 24th Street:** Labrador retriever.

EMERGENCY PHONE NUMBERS

- **Animal Medical Center** (510 East 62nd Street; 838-8100). Open 24 hours, 365 days a year.
- **ASPCA** (424 East 92nd Street; 876-7700).
- **American Kennel Club customer service** (696-8200).
- **Animal Poison Control Hotline** (800-548-2423).
- **Bureau of Veterinary Public Health Services** (676-2100). For dog licenses.
- **Delta Society** (800-869-6898). Pet Partners.
- Health plans: **Pet Assure** (888-789-PETS); or **Veterinary Pet Insurance** (800-USA-PETS).
- Legal advice: **Jeffrey Delott** (4-LAW-PET); the **ASPCA** legal department (876-7700); and **Vernon & Ginsburg** (949-7300) help with doggy-law issues.

AFTER THE FINAL DINNER PAIL: DOG BURIAL

- **Hartsdale Pet Cemetery** (Hartsdale, N.Y.; 914-949-2583). Many doggies of the rich and famous—those of Evelyn Nesbit, Elizabeth Arden, Diana Ross, and Mayor Jimmy Walker, among others—are buried in this large graveyard.
- **Bide-A-Wee Homes** (Wantagh, N.Y., 516-785-6153, and Westhampton, N.Y., 516-325-0219). Free bereavement counseling. Wantagh is the final resting place of Nixon's Checkers.



SNAPSHOT

SEAN LENNON

Yoko is Mom. John was Dad. There is only one person in the world for whom this situation could seem absolutely normal. By Ethan Smith

BAREFOOT, IN BAGGY JEANS AND A BLUE T-shirt, Sean Lennon ambles across his living room, picks up a double bass, and plunks out the opening bars of Miles Davis's "All Blues." "It sounds nice, right?" he asks, nodding at the instrument. "It was a present from the Beastie Boys."

Lennon, 22, is a few weeks away from the May 19 release of his debut CD, *Into the Sun,* on the aforementioned Boys' Grand Royal label. To anyone looking around the sprawling West Village loft he shares with his girlfriend, 37-year-old Yuka Honda, it's obvious Sean Lennon is no dilettante cashing in on his last name. Nineteen guitar cases are strewn about the house, as are vintage keyboards, effects pedals, turntables, multitrack recording units, mixers, plus a drum kit, a sitar, a theremin, and a Steinway grand. The apartment's upper level houses a small digital-recording studio. God only knows what's stashed at his SoHo rehearsal space.

For the past year or so, Lennon has been going through a Beach Boys obsession. "Every morning I wake up and I listen to *Smiley Smile* or *Pet Sounds,*" he says, referring to Brian Wilson's most intricate, laboriously produced late-sixties albums. Sitting on a sofa—if you can call a series of half-on-furniture, half-on-floor postures "sitting"—in his living room, he's all good-natured hyperactivity. "*Smiley Smile* is like the Beach Boys' *White Album,*" he says, grasping for a way to convey the record's import. "No. *Smiley Smile* is like *Sgt. Pepper.*"

"I live with Brian Wilson," jokes Honda, sitting on the floor and spreading cream cheese on a bagel.

In a way, there's nothing too surprising about the revelation—the Beach Boys' experimental-pop phase is trendy enough these days. But it was also part of the most heated rivalry of its decade—one that involved Sean's own father. *Pet Sounds,* notes Lennon, "didn't kind of inspire *Sgt. Pepper.* It literally did. Like, Paul McCartney heard *Pet Sounds* and said, 'We ought to do something as good as this.' "

Sean Lennon's own eclectic sound is equally indebted to both camps, with smatterings of bossa nova, sunny Stevie Wonder–esque soul, and experimental jazz thrown in. "Home," the album's first single, conjures John Lennon's approach to melody, George Martin's ornamental curlicues, and Brian Wilson's tweaked-out harmonies. Such propensities, though, make Lennon as much a child of his era—in which the influence of Pop-with-a-capital-P is as pervasive as it's been at any point since the sixties—as of his lineage. It's a fortunate position, one that allows him to put his patrimony to use without raising charges of simple appropriation.

Into the Sun was produced by Honda, who also happens to be the keyboard-playing half of the indie-pop outfit Cibo Matto. "I probably could have asked for any producer in the world," says Lennon. "Not to brag, but I have the juice to do that. And I asked for Yuka. She's the best producer on the planet."

Working with older women has been Lennon's forte for years now—he has, after all, spent most of his life as the only child of a single mother. "As a kid, I was in fact more into my mom's music than my dad's," Sean recalls. Three years ago, he put that enthusiasm to use, collaborating with Yoko Ono on the album *Rising.* "I know every song she ever wrote. I'm an expert in Yoko Ono's music, basically. So in the studio, when she'd say something like 'Make that guitar part more ocean-cricket,' I'd know exactly what she meant."

Defying celebrity-offspring type, Lennon comes across as a preternaturally well-adjusted being, comfortable discussing his emotional life—quirky maternal issues included—without being an exhibitionist. "Beyond her just being my mom who I love and adore, she's also a really good friend," he says. "I'll call her up and be like, 'What do you think of this lyric?' Any decision I have, I'll ask her about it. And she'll call me about everything else. 'I'm going to the bathroom now.' 'I got out of the bathroom, and I'm drying my hair.' 'Okay, now I'm on my way to the door.' I'm like, *Mom, you called me eight times in the last ten minutes.*"

Despite their unusual bond, mother and son haven't lived together in a decade: Sean shipped out to a Swiss boarding school at 11; when he returned, at 15, he enrolled at Dalton and moved into his own apartment on the seventh floor of the Dakota, down the hall from Yoko. "It actually kind of ostracized me from the kids I went to school with," he says. "They'd be like, 'Hey, you want to go do whip-its after school?' 'No, I think I'm going to go home and be domestic with my older Italian girlfriend.' "

FOR THE SON OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL FIGURE IN THE HISTORY OF pop music, working in the indie-rock idiom—which, even if it embraces certain of pop's aesthetic choices, eschews stardom, Top 40 hits, and other commercial trappings—might seem an easy out, a way of escaping inevitable comparisons. And who could blame him? "I read a review of one of my shows," Lennon says. "And the guy said that I was not a great guitar player, which is fine because I'm not. But they never say Bob Dylan isn't a great guitar player. Or they never say Beck isn't. They never say Lou Reed isn't a great guitar player. None of them are John McLaughlin, but because I'm John Lennon's son, he has to say it."

John Lennon had devoted much of his life to being Sean's father, building world peace from the ground up, when he was shot outside the Dakota. Sean was 5 at the time. "I remember when my dad died," Lennon says matter-of-factly. For the first time in the interview, he stops fidgeting. "That whole early period of my life became kind of cemented in my mind. I think it was a desperate reaction to him going away that my memories became that much more clear. You don't really miss anything specific. You just miss them breathing, just being there. I miss the way his skin felt, the sound of his voice. Him tucking me in at night.

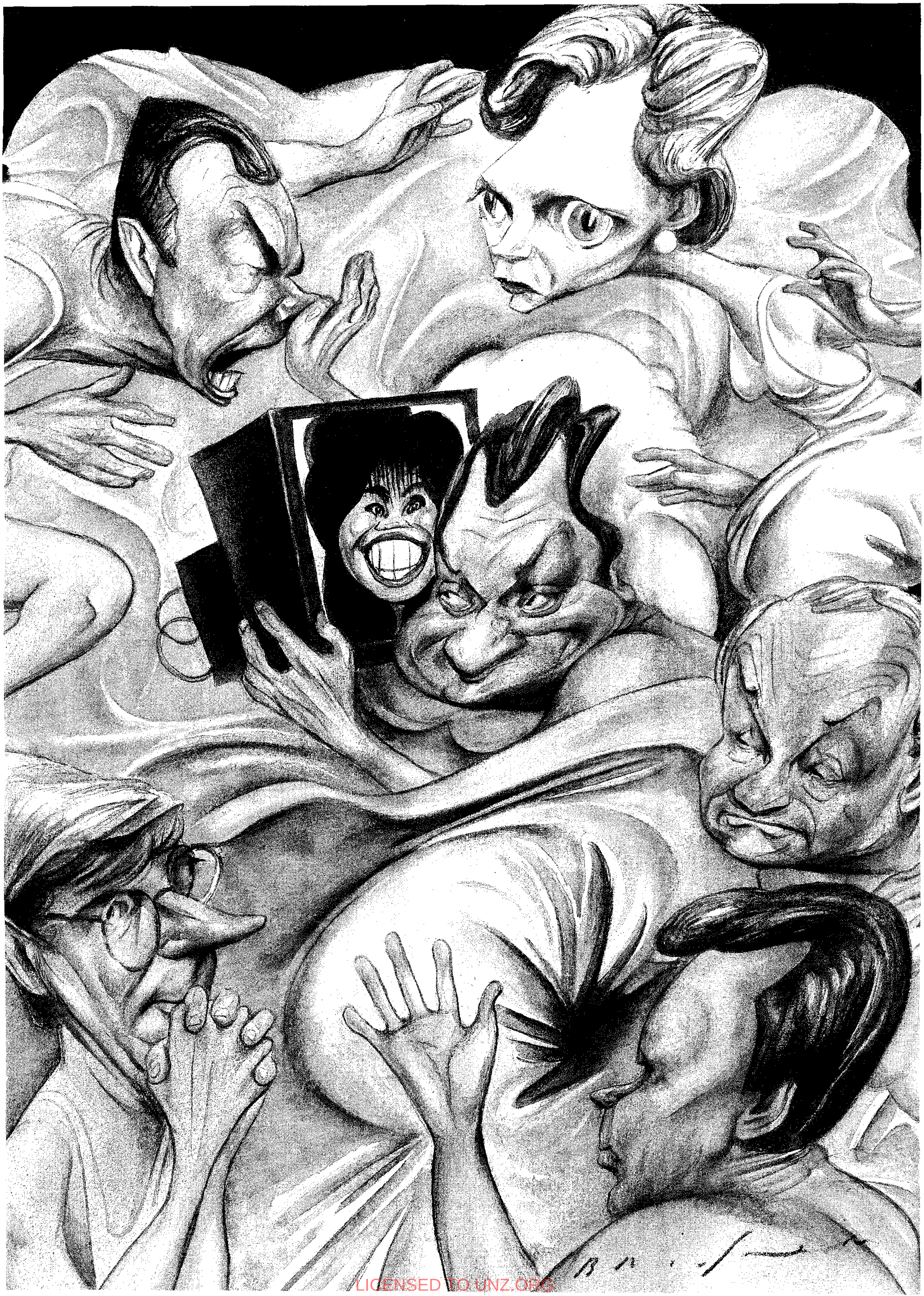
"I remember him showing me how to clean the tip of my penis with a piece of toilet paper after I'd peed."

"That's nice," Yuka says.

"I guess that's the kind of thing dads show kids when they're 4. I mean, I don't think it's that weird. But that's what I remember."

He pauses, his eyes still focused on some invisible point above the coffee table. "We went on vacation to the Caribbean, and a lot of that I remember, because he said I could swim like a fish. I was a really good swimmer. I could swim, like, way better than I could *walk.* And he'd always be like, [in his best Liverpudlian accent] 'Sean can swim like a fish. Look at him!' And I'd be like, 'Yeah!' *Whoosh!*" ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY / EDGE



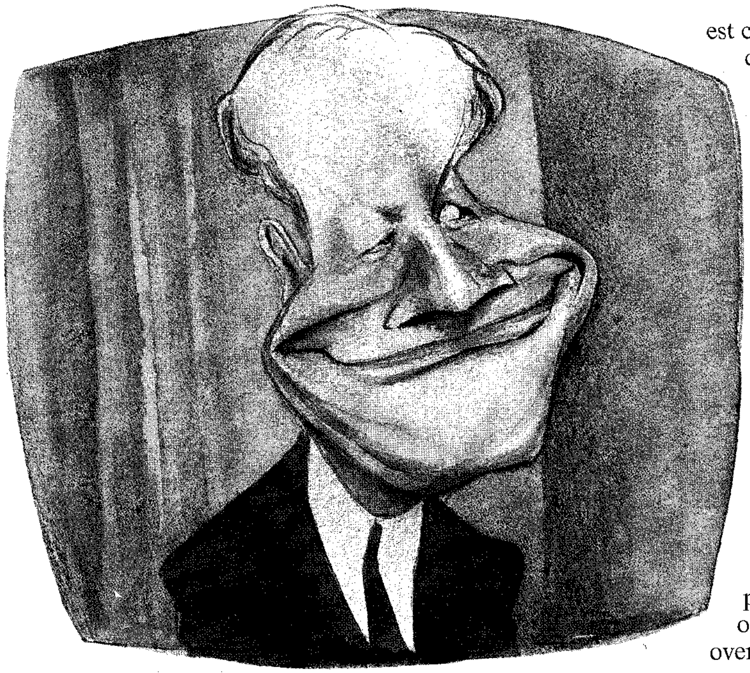
Sunday, BLOODY SUNDAY

Every week, 'Meet the Press,' 'Face the Nation,' and 'This Week' square off in a fierce—and sometimes underhanded—rumble for guests, ratings, and headlines. At stake: millions of dollars and bragging rights for some of the biggest egos in network news.

BY DAVID BROCK

AS HE SAT IN HIS OFFICE AT NBC'S WASHINGTON BUREAU ON FRIDAY, May 1, prepping for Sunday's *Meet the Press* interview with GOP pit bull Dan Burton, Tim Russert noticed something funny. Earlier that day, the Indiana congressman, who leads the House investigation of the Clintons on Capitol Hill, had released transcripts of tape-recorded jailhouse telephone conversations of Whitewater principal Webster Hubbell's. A lawyer by training, Russert noticed the damning transcript "was choppy and didn't seem to flow." He asked for the audiotapes to match the transcript, but the cassettes provided by Burton also seemed dubbed. "You could hear [Hubbell] say 'Hillary,' " then it cut off, Russert recalls. By Saturday, the an-

Illustrations by Steve Brodner



WILLIAM KRISTOL Producers complained that *This Week's* resident right-winger was getting too cozy with house liberal George Stephanopoulos.

chorman was in overdrive; acting on his hunch, he managed to obtain a more complete version of the audiotapes from other sources. As producers worked past midnight transcribing the tapes, he compared them with the Burton transcript. Sure enough, exculpatory material on Hillary Clinton had been carefully edited out.

By 6 A.M. Sunday, a gleeful Russert was back at the studio, rehearsing the devastating interview that—when it aired a few hours later—threatened to topple Burton from his position as Clinton's chief House inquisitor. On the ropes, Burton vowed to release the full set of audiotapes if Hubbell's lawyer consented. An hour later on ABC's *This Week With Sam Donaldson & Cokie Roberts*, which touted its "exclusive" with Hubbell lawyer John Nields, Donaldson and Roberts scrambled to match Russert's scoop. Rather than breaking new ground, they picked up where Russert had left off, carefully editing out any mention of *Meet the Press*. Asked if he would agree to release the complete Hubbell transcripts, Nields emphatically spurned the offer, and another news cycle was set in motion. The next day, the story was front-page news all across the country, cementing Russert's reputation as the king of Sunday morning. For the moment.

FOR YEARS, THE SUNDAY PUBLIC-AFFAIRS BROADcasts were staid, polite affairs, steeped in civic virtue and anchored by well-mannered men in horn-rimmed glasses and off-the-rack gray suits. Now the Sunday hosts don combat fatigues, warring each week for ratings, guests, and publicity. *Meet* and *This Week* have been neck-and-neck for months, with each claiming to be No. 1 in a barrage of full-page newspaper ads. CBS's *Face the Nation* runs an increasingly competitive third. Fox Broadcasting's up-and-coming show with Tony Snow, and CNN's *Late Edition,* now hosted by White House correspondent Wolf Blitzer, round out the crowded field. "It's the last great competition in network news," says Russert, who has hosted *Meet* since 1991. Washington *Post* TV columnist John Carmody compares the Sunday-morning clash to "the Balkans before the chaps from the U.N. moved in."

Nowhere is the struggle more intense than in the scramble for guests—a weekly bout that Russert describes as "one of the greatest chess games of all time." Last May, when the Supreme Court cleared the way for the Paula Jones case to go to trial, the hot Sunday interview was Clinton's attorney, tough-talking Washington superlawyer Robert Bennett. At midweek, the producers at *This Week* thought they had snagged an exclusive commitment from Bennett, only to learn by Friday that the White House wanted him to do *Meet the Press* as well. Because *Meet's* live feed goes out at 9 A.M. on the East Coast, while *This Week* doesn't go on until 10:30 A.M., the wires would pick up Russert's interview first.

Earlier in the year, *This Week's* Donaldson had fired off a blistering letter to White House spokesman Michael McCurry accusing the White House of favoring Russert with its bookings. McCurry's latest double-dealing enraged him. "This was the White House protecting Timmy's primacy," Donaldson fumes. "*This Week* went bananas!" gloats Russert. "They wouldn't put Bennett on after we had him."

Refusing to play second fiddle to his archrival, Donaldson got Bennett to agree to a live interview on *Good Morning America Sunday,* which airs at 8 A.M. That way, *This Week* could still lay claim to having been first when it replayed the tape later in the morning. When Bennett backed out of that deal on Saturday, Donaldson decided to charge over to the lawyer's home in upper northwest D.C. at 8 A.M. Sunday morning to get him on tape before he did *Meet.*

But Russert, who confides that he has "operatives all over," was a step ahead. Donaldson arrived early at Bennett's home only to be greeted by an NBC camera crew ready to interview the attorney for NBC's *Weekend Today*. Both early-morning shows carried a now-famous clip of Bennett comparing Paula Jones metaphorically to a dead dog as he strolled down his walkway, but it was only Russert who ended up with Bennett as a guest that day.

This kind of cutthroat competition is new to Sunday talk. At stake is big money—the shows are cheap to produce and hugely profitable, and the first news shows to sell out to advertisers. *Meet* alone made $25 million in profits for NBC last year. The Sunday shows are also the only news broadcasts that can command ad commitments on a 52-week basis, and their demographics are so desirable that ad rates are not tied to guaranteed ratings. The "sponsors"—giant corporations with interests before Congress, like Archer Daniels Midland, General Electric, Xerox, and AT&T—know they are reaching an elite market, from legislative leaders to corporate CEOs. Many of them compete to advertise on all three top shows—and while ad rates for the nightly newscasts are somewhat higher, advertisers are willing to pay up to two times more per viewer to reach a relatively small audience—an average of 3 million tune in to the top three on any Sunday.

Also on the line are network bragging rights and some of the biggest egos in TV news. "It used to be relatively dilettantish, a gentleman's club," says Dorrance Smith, the original executive producer of *This Week With David Brinkley.* Now "it's a blood sport," adds *Meet the Press* panelist Lisa Myers, NBC's congressional correspondent. "And Tim usually wins." But Donaldson, suggesting that the war has undercurrents of a personal grudge match, is having none of it. "Somehow, when David retired, [Russert] thought he had the right to be El Supremo," Donaldson says. "But God does not confer these rights on people."

The shows are influential well beyond raw audience numbers, as a tribal ritual for the elites. For the White House, they are "an extension of governance," as *This Week's* George Will puts it, the place to start, stop, or spin a story. Bob Schieffer, host of *Face the Nation,* says the programs "play the role that the supercolumnists used to play; people come on to float trial balloons or respond to the other side."

When Secretary of State Madeleine Albright wants to send a message to Saddam Hussein, or Monica Lewinsky's bow-tied lawyer, William Ginsburg, wants to send a message to Kenneth Starr, the Sunday shows guarantee Monday-morning headlines.

Still bitter over his forced retirement from 'This Week,' network sources say, David Brinkley has grumbled to friends that he no longer bothers to watch his old show.

But the fierce struggle for viewers has spurred an identity crisis among all the Sunday shows. During the Monica Lewinsky scandal, it's been hard to tell Sunday morning from *Rivera Live.* In their attempt to stay competitive, the shows have acquired the showbiz airs that would have been considered taboo even a decade ago. Tim Russert is a regular on *Imus in the Morning,* hosts Internet gossip Matt Drudge, and broadcasts from the Super Bowl. *This Week* covers the Boston nanny trial and interviews Ellen DeGeneres's mom. Even straitlaced *Face the Nation* has added a tip sheet for "insiders" called "The Real Deal," a gimmick that would not be out of place on *Hard Copy.*

THE CURRENT BATTLE TO THE DEATH between *Meet the Press* and *This Week* has two arcs: the steady rise of Tim Russert and the slow decline of David Brinkley, the broadcast legend who retired as host of the show in late 1996, giving Russert his opening. Since Russert took over as host of *Meet* in 1991, the number of homes tuned into the show has increased a dramatic 50 percent. During the same period, *Face* fell 17 percent and *This Week* was down 15 percent.

According to sources familiar with the show, the single-minded Russert has followed a specific plan of attack on *This Week With David Brinkley* from the day he took over: Conquer Washington, then New York; fight for better clearances nationwide and better lead-ins in difficult markets. Within a year as host, Russert persuaded NBC to expand the show to an hour, and he soon was beating Brinkley in the all-important D.C. market.

Compared with Donaldson and Schieffer—both veteran Washington correspondents—Russert was a relative latecomer to TV news; he joined NBC as an executive in 1984. The Buffalo native had served for years as a top aide to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan in Washington (where he gave current White House press secretary Mike McCurry a job) and then to Governor Mario Cuomo in Albany.

Throughout the eighties, Brinkley owned Sunday morning, while *Meet the Press,* the top dog from the time it went on the air in 1947 until Brinkley debuted in 1981, languished in last place. Formats shifted, and hosts changed like the weather: Marvin Kalb, Chris Wallace, and Garrick Utley. Impressed by Russert's command of politics in editorial meetings at NBC, Michael Gartner, then president of the news division, persuaded him to take over NBC's Washington bureau and pinch-hit as a guest *Meet* panelist. Some well-placed sources insist that Gartner exiled Russert to Washington because he feared the ambitious executive had an eye on his own job; sources close to Russert say that when Gartner was pushed out in 1993, Russert withdrew his name from the short list for the top job at NBC News.

By then, Russert was already happily ensconced as host of *Meet the Press.* Sending up Russert's less-than-telegenic features, Gartner had printed up TIM RUSSERT—NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE sweatshirts. Seven years later, in his white shirts and poorly knotted ties, Russert still looks like an anxious traveling salesman, leering rather than smiling, and laughing at odd moments. But viewers seem to like him.

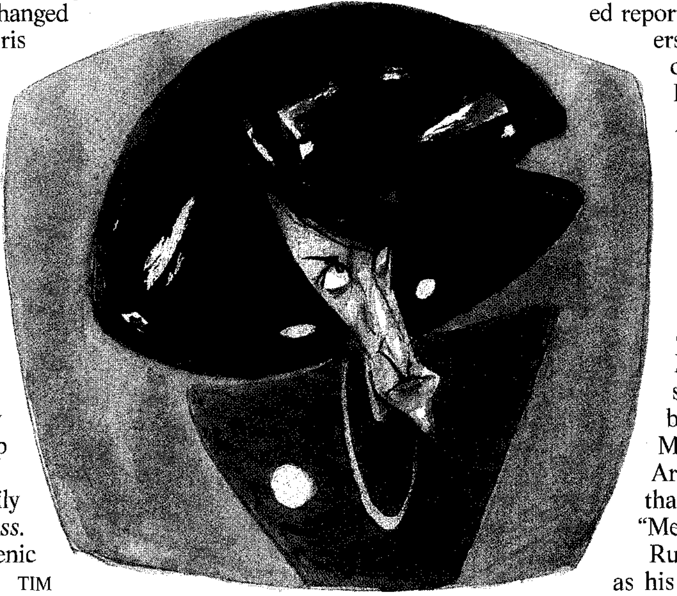
A Catholic-school boy, Russert worked his way through John Carroll University and Cleveland-Marshall law school hauling garbage, making pizzas, and driving a cab—and he displayed the same tenacity in his crusade to dominate Sunday morning. Departing from the cozy format that once characterized *Meet the Press,* the round-faced Russert grills his guests like a well-prepped prosecutor. Ross Perot playfully put Russert in a headlock after a bruising interview in 1992; days later, Perot pulled out of the presidential race.

Meet is built solely around Russert's strong persona and his unabashed determination to set Washington's agenda, even to move policy. In November, at the lavish *Meet the Press* fiftieth-anniversary party held at the National Building Museum, half of Clinton's Cabinet and half of Congress waited on a long receiving line to ascend a raised platform to pay their respects to Russert and his wife, *Vanity Fair* writer Maureen Orth. As if it were a rock concert, a 30-foot video screen behind the couple flashed their images to the assembled crowd. (Not to be outdone, ABC honchos Roone Arledge and David Westin invited *le tout* Washington to a glittery party at the National Museum of American History on May 7 to celebrate Cokie Roberts's new book, *We Are Our Mothers' Daughters.*)

In 1992, unhappy that neither George Bush nor Bill Clinton was offering specific plans to bring down the budget deficit, Russert pressed the issue with campaign surrogates all year. During the 1996 election cycle, with the deficit essentially licked, Russert pushed the candidates on Medicare and Social Security reform, which he claims helped set the stage for the historic balanced-budget agreement last year. (On the other hand, the numbers-obsessed Russert has to be prodded to cover foreign policy.)

Gradually, Russert turned *Meet* into his personal fiefdom. In his early years as host, concerned that Washington might not take him seriously as a journalist, he recruited a troupe of respected reporters to question newsmakers with him—David Broder of the Washington *Post,* Al Hunt of the *Wall Street Journal,* author Elizabeth Drew, and columnist Bob Novak. But over time, he has used them less and less, conducting most of the high-profile interviews himself. The troupe has been all but exiled to the end of the show, and Russert is joined only occasionally in the questioning by NBC reporters like Lisa Myers and Andrea Mitchell. Around town, people joke that the show has become "Meet the Tim."

Russert sees *Meet the Press* as his personal pulpit, and his



GLORIA BORGER
A telegenic new addition to *Face the Nation,* she has helped drive up ratings on the third-place show.

“Russert beats up on people,” complains an outraged Sam Donaldson. “And he’ll bad-mouth us. He’ll say the ‘This Week’ crowd is dumb. Or ‘Oh, Donaldson didn’t have facts straight.’ We don’t say those kinds of things about him.”

occasional moralizing has earned him the sobriquet “Father Tim.” He’s devoted four one-hour shows to the state of race relations in America, and he did his Christmas show last year on the role of morality in America with guests Mario Cuomo and Dr. Laura Schlessinger. “I want people to teach a course on it,” he says, “or use it for a homily in church.”

Russert goes his own way on major news stories that don’t fit his Beltway-centric agenda for the broadcast. When Princess Diana died last September, *This Week* threw out its entire show. After working through the night, “Sam did a flawless intro without an ounce of sentimentality,” says columnist Clarence Page, a *This Week* panelist. “I asked him who wrote it, and he said, ‘I did. I’m still a reporter.’ We kicked butt journalistically and in the ratings.” Following its own short segment on Diana, *Meet the Press* aired a planned policy-wonk debate on education vouchers with Pat Buchanan and Mario Cuomo.

When Mother Teresa died the day before Diana’s funeral, Russert insisted on devoting almost half his show to her. “I was determined to give Mother Teresa equal time,” he says. “It was my own upbringing being reflected on the air.” When the Lewinsky scandal broke, ABC called Cokie Roberts back from Havana, where she had planned to anchor a show on the pope’s visit to Cuba. Only *Meet* kept a segment on the pope, with Russert interviewing two American Catholic cardinals. (Asked about Russert’s suggestion that *This Week* has gone downmarket, Dorrance Smith huffs, “He’s constantly dictating the moral terms for my show. I can’t be a choirboy and put on [deadpan parliamentarian] Senator Robert Byrd 52 weeks a year.”)

TALE OF THE TAPES

Few Sunday-morning channel-surfers realize that *Meet the Nation This Week* is not one show, but three. *By Chip Crane*

	MEET THE PRESS	THIS WEEK	FACE THE NATION
HOST	Tim Russert	Cokie Roberts and Sam Donaldson	Bob Schieffer
SHOW’S STYLE	I dare you to knock this off my shoulder	Good cop/bad cop (Sam could snap any moment)	Nixon-Kennedy debates, but not as slickly produced
STRENGTHS	Tough interviews. And Mike McCurry is Russert’s personal friend	Cute bonding between Bill Kristol and George Stephanopoulos	Plainspoken public-affairs programming (see also: weaknesses)
RATINGS/SHARE*	3.4/13 (National) 4.2/11 (New York)	2.9/9 (National) 3.2/8 (New York)	2.0/6 (National) 2.0/5 (New York)
HOST’S STYLE	BMOC, teacher’s pet, schoolyard bully	Peevish soccer mom meets demonic Scout leader	4-H-club president
TYPICAL GUEST	William Ginsburg	William Ginsburg	William Ginsburg
COOL RATINGS BOOSTER	Matt Drudge	Ellen DeGeneres’s mom	Gloria Borger
RECENT COUP	Made Dan Burton eat Web Hubbell’s words	Nabbed exclusive one-on-one interview with Linda Tripp’s lawyer	Got Bill Bennett to describe the president’s penis

**Each ratings point = 980,000 homes. Share refers to percentage of televisions in use that are tuned to that program. Source: Nielsen Media Research.*

DAVID BRINKLEY HAD SEEMED DISENGAGED from the show for months before he stepped down. One ex–*This Week* staff member says that on a trip to Normandy in 1994 to cover the fiftieth anniversary of D-Day, Brinkley constantly confused World War I and World War II, “causing us to do some frantic editing.” Another time, this source says, Brinkley showed up at the ABC studios in Washington on Saturday, thinking it was Sunday. Brinkley’s wife and children were summoned to take him home.

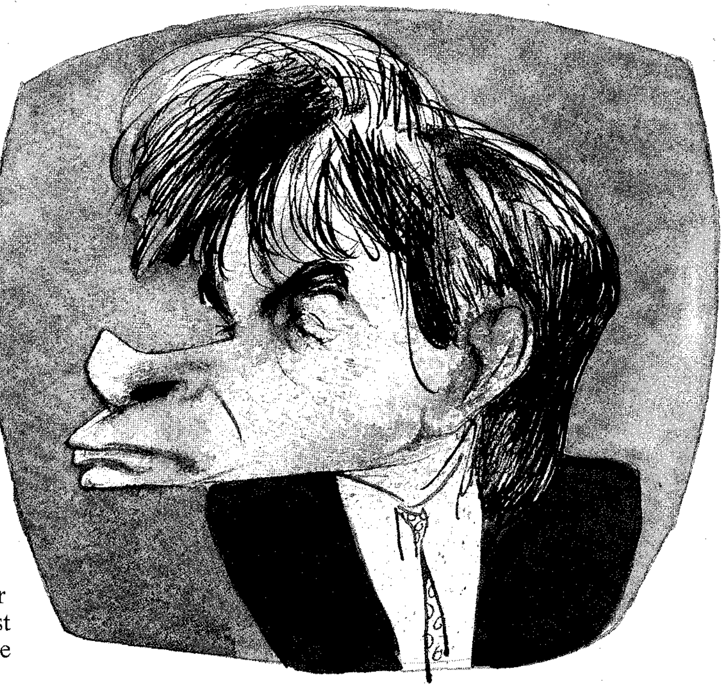
But ABC brass knew that a significant segment of *This Week*’s audience, which skews older than the other two shows, tuned in each week just to see the wry Brinkley. Introducing the show’s roundtable once, Brinkley said, “I haven’t the faintest idea what it’ll be about. Just a little hot-stove-and-cracker-barrel philosophizing.” ABC chairman Roone Arledge was determined to prop up his friend even as Brinkley faltered, network sources say.

After the 1994 elections, Brinkley lobbied to bring back the prickly and unpopular Dorrance Smith, his first producer, who left the show in 1989 and later joined the Bush White House. A Gucci-loafered Texan, Smith returned to the broadcast, but ratings continued to sag.

In the third quarter of 1996, *Meet* tied with *This Week* in the national Nielsen ratings for the first time. Soon after, Brinkley announced his retirement. Still smarting from his forced exile, ABC sources say, Brinkley has privately expressed bitterness toward Smith and tells friends he no longer watches *This Week*. For his part, Smith says he was brought back to the show not to preserve Brinkley’s status but to ease him out.

With Brinkley gone, the chemistry among the principals dissipated. “Brinkley was the father at the head of the table,” says Smith, who remains in charge of the broadcast. “He maintained order. Now it’s more anarchic, but not chaotic.” ABC considered giving the show outright to Cokie Roberts—who is popular with women viewers and is a favorite of ABC president David Westin—but Donaldson, a 31-year veteran of ABC News, was already chafing in the shadow of Diane Sawyer as co-host of *PrimeTime Live*. Eager to keep him happy, network sources say, ABC gave him equal billing. But co-hosting arrangements are always tricky, and the Sunday show hasn’t yet found its focus.

All of the show’s principals are better separately than they are as a group. Donaldson, 64, a native Texan who grew up in an austere Southern Baptist household, used



GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS
***This Week*'s more conservative viewers have responded to his new anti-Clinton commentary.**

to star as himself on the Brinkley broadcast—the famously aggressive White House correspondent of the Reagan era. In one legendary contretemps, he so rattled South Carolina senator Ernest Hollings as to why the trade protectionist had his suits hand-tailored abroad that Hollings lashed back with a query about where Donaldson bought "the wig" on his head. A graduate of the New Mexico Military Institute and Texas Western, Donaldson is no less aggressive today, but he concedes that his new role has changed the dynamic on the set. "When you're a co-anchor, you have to act differently," he says, with a hint of sarcasm. "I have less time to show my wares." Though he wins high marks for his journalistic prowess, Donaldson has lately been rapped for seeming ill-prepared for interviews. In one embarrassing slip-up in February, he stumbled over the basic facts of the Lewinsky case.

Cokie Roberts, 54, is a Wellesley grad and lifelong denizen of Washington's court society—the daughter of Louisiana congressman Hale Boggs and Lindy Boggs, who replaced her husband in Congress and was recently named Clinton's ambassador to the Vatican. Roberts is also the sister of famed superlobbyist Tommy Boggs and the wife of *Daily News* columnist Steve Roberts, a regular panelist on Wolf Blitzer's CNN Sunday show.

Of the current cast at *This Week*, Roberts has the most potential to fill Brinkley's shoes. A commentator for ABC and NPR and occasional substitute for Ted Koppel on *Nightline*, she is, like Brinkley, hard to typecast politically. Like Russert, Roberts is a devout Catholic; though she hails from a long Democratic tradition, she's also anti-abortion and a sometimes acerbic critic of the feminist movement. A self-described "suburban housewife," she prides herself on asking her guests the common-sense question that cuts through spin. Censorious throughout the Lewinsky scandal, Roberts pinned down White House adviser Paul Begala on his views on marital fidelity: "I made him choose between his boss and his wife, and he didn't like it," she says triumphantly. But while she has her Brinkleyesque moments, she still seems uncomfortable fencing in the free-form questioning with Bigfoot Donaldson and pointy-headed George Will.

Will, the resident conservative intellectual on the Brinkley panel since the show debuted in 1981, seems diminished in Brinkley's absence. During an interminably silly exchange April 26 on the male anti-impotence drug Viagra, Will finally piped up with "Can I make a mildly serious point here?" Another time, Will noticeably winced, along with much of the viewing audience, when Donaldson mispronounced *voilà* as "voy-la."

When Brinkley stepped down as moderator, three rotating analysts were permanently added to the lineup: George Stephanopoulos, William Kristol, and syndicated columnist Clarence Page. The sharp-witted Kristol and the thoughtful Stephanopoulos are worth listening to on any Sunday. But the audience did not immediately take to the new additions. Donaldson says that when Stephanopoulos first joined the broadcast, Brinkley's older, conservative audience regarded Stephanopoulos suspiciously as a "White House spinner," and many defected to Rupert Murdoch's *Fox News Sunday*. But in his new incarnation as a Clinton critic after the Lewinsky scandal, Stephanopoulos is helping to drive ratings up again, network sources say.

Seriously handicapped by its 30-minute format, *Face the Nation* runs third in the ratings nationwide, but it can inflict heavy damage on its competitors in the race for first. The genial Bob Schieffer, who has anchored *Face* for seven years, can be a less-than-sizzling interviewer, but his show is the least ego-driven of the big three, and consistently makes as much news as the others.

Last year, thanks to a new high-tech set and a new and telegenic panelist, Gloria Borger of *U.S. News & World Report*, *Face* began making serious inroads against *This Week*. It was Borger, last November, who elicited the memorable quotation from Clinton lawyer Bennett on the president's alleged "distinguishing characteristics." "In terms of size, shape, direction, or whatever the devious mind wants to concoct," Bennett somberly intoned, "the president is a normal man."

Face producer Karin Pratt, who has been with the show since 1984, is generally regarded as one of the best bookers in the business. "She's got half the goddamned city on hold, and I have a better show," says a competing producer. In January, when the Lewinsky scandal broke, white-haired House Judiciary Committee chairman Henry Hyde—who would preside over any impeachment inquiry—was fought for by all three shows. Pratt cornered Hyde first, leaving him a 5:30 A.M. phone message. Hyde committed.

Meanwhile, Russert and Roberts were embroiled in a nasty tug-of-war over Hyde's second appearance that day. "I'd known Henry for years," says Roberts, still angry over the skirmish. "He wanted to go on *Meet* as well as [on] us. I called him, and I made it clear our friendship was involved, and he got it. I put it in very personal terms." Russert, however, secured a promise from Hyde that *Meet* has first dibs the next time around. "That could come in handy when Starr makes a report to Congress," Russert says gleefully. Sometimes, the hosts store up commitments months, even years, in advance. "Sam has a relationship with Colin Powell that we hope will some day bear fruit," says Roberts. "You know, 'When you make the decision to announce, do it on our show.' "

ANOTHER HIGHLY PRIZED GUEST IS SENATE JUdiciary Committee chairman Orrin Hatch. Last September, Hatch agreed to discuss the tobacco deal on *Meet the Press*. But Fox's blow-dried host, Tony Snow, a conservative columnist with close ties to GOP leaders, slipped in to see the senator and got him to agree to do *his* show. (*Fox News Sunday* runs fourth in the national Nielsens, but it boasts the youngest demographics and has been placing first in major Midwest markets like Dallas, Kansas City, and Milwaukee. Sixty-three percent of Fox's mostly conservative viewers watch only Fox, and the show has slowly been gaining on *Face the Nation*.) Stuck with two competing commitments, Hatch called Russert, trying to squirm out of his deal with *Meet*. "I told him, 'No way. You're committed, and I'm

> *Among the least popular guests on the Sunday talk circuit: Attorney General Janet Reno ("She has no pulse," sniffs George Will) and House Majority Leader Dick Armey—widely derided as a slippery party hack.*

not letting you out,' " Russert recalls. "So here's the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee calling me and asking me to call Tony and get him out of doing Fox."

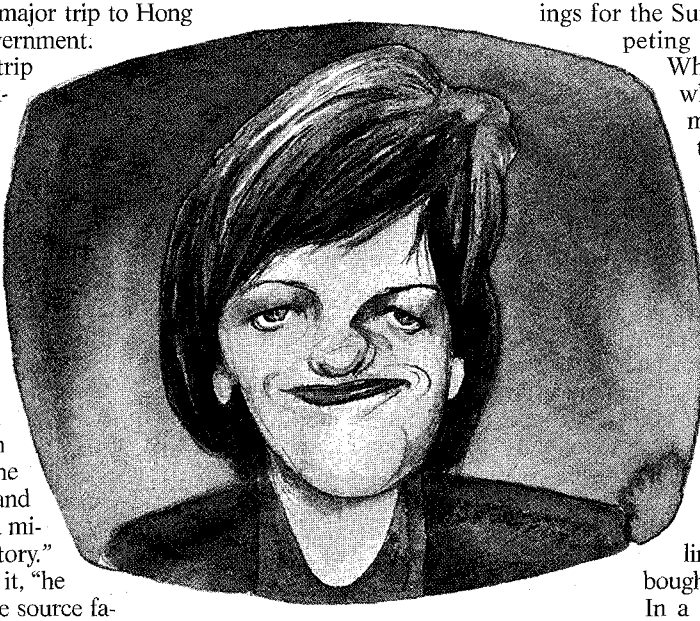
All three shows accuse one another of dirty pool. "Tim beats up on people," complains Donaldson. "And he'll bad-mouth us. He'll say the *This Week* crowd is dumb. Or 'Oh, Donaldson didn't have facts straight.' We don't say that kind of thing about him." (Russert denies making any such comments.)

But *This Week* is not above a little hardball, either. "Brinkley tried to cut a few corners and do some unethical things when they were in panic mode," says Bob Schieffer. "We were doing the McCaughey septuplet story and we booked Art Kaplan, a medical ethicist," adds Karin Pratt. "Then *This Week* offered to do it [via satellite] from his house and to give him more time. . . . It's poaching! Kaplan calls and says, 'I'm not going to do you. I got a better deal.' And I said, "What do you mean a better deal? You're an *ethicist*!' "

When the competition began to spin out of control several years ago, the White House adopted a strict rotation system for major Cabinet officials, agency heads, and top aides, in an attempt to bring some sanity to the process. But the Press Office breaks the rotation when it needs to. When the White House decided to feature Vice-President Gore on the Sunday before 1996's Democratic National Convention, it was *Face the Nation*'s turn in the rotation. But the White House, seeking a bigger audience, booked him for *This Week* instead. "Yeah," admits Pratt. "I was pissed."

Last fall, when the White House was pushing for ratification of the chemical-weapons treaty, Russert pitched a joint appearance for Albright and Defense secretary Cohen to make their case—the first time in 30 years *Meet* had hosted both secretaries. But Russert's condition was that *Meet* retain its place in the rotation for Albright, who was planning a major trip to Hong Kong for the changeover in government.

So when the Hong Kong trip came up, Schieffer, who had taken *Face* to Hong Kong, had trouble securing a high-level U.S. official for the broadcast. "I was the only one [of the Sunday shows] over in Hong Kong, I had no guest, and *Meet* had Albright via satellite. I wanted Albright. I called Jamie Rubin [Albright's press secretary] and told him I wouldn't be treated this way. I was told they were committed to Tim for an exclusive sit-down with Albright. So I said I'd do the interview standing up, and lo and behold, they bought it! It was a minor victory, but it was a victory." When Russert found out about it, "he went out of his mind," says one source familiar with the negotiations.



LISA MYERS
Though the self-promoting Russert prefers to quiz big shots on his own, NBC's affable Myers sometimes joins in the inquisition.

For government officials, appearing on the Sunday shows is a critical rite of passage, a measure of their clout inside the Beltway. Secretary of Education Richard Riley has never been on a Sunday show during his tenure.

Other unpopular guests on the Sunday talk circuit are Attorney General Janet Reno ("She has no pulse," sniffs George Will) and GOP House majority leader Dick Armey—widely derided as a slippery party hack. Sometimes, a freelancing Cabinet member tries to boost himself and slip by the White House schedulers. When former Labor secretary Robert Reich became embroiled in a pitched policy battle with Treasury secretary Robert Rubin, he booked himself on *This Week* "to pressure the president," says a source involved in the fracas. When the White House found out, Reich was yanked off the show.

BY THE END OF LAST YEAR, *THIS WEEK*'S RATINGS were tanking. *Meet* had won the November sweeps handily. Worse still, the margin between second-place *This Week* and third-place *Face* had narrowed. Worried that their show may be settling into permanent second-place status, *This Week* staff point out that both NBC and CBS have better lead-ins on Sunday morning: NBC'S *Weekend Today* and CBS's *Sunday Morning*. Says Donaldson, with typical candor: "We'd rather come out of black than follow *Good Morning America Sunday*."

Another, more conspiratorial theory at *This Week* centers around Russert's relationship with powerful Washington *Post* TV columnist John Carmody, to whom Russert regularly fed tips when he was a network executive in New York. By all accounts, the widely read weekly body count in the Carmody column has played a pivotal role in fueling the war. *This Week* complains that Russert gets favored treatment from Carmody, whom Russert calls "The Bishop." When Russert started winning Washington, Carmody began reporting the local D.C. ratings for the Sunday shows each week, trumpeting Russert's victories from the White House to Capitol Hill, which boosted bookings. Carmody doesn't regularly report the local ratings for any other national news broadcast.

"These are a couple of old Irish Catholic boys," says Donaldson, who wrote to Carmody to complain about the columnist's apparent favoritism: "Russert brought him back a wooden cross from the pope!" Carmody says the gift from Russert was actually a set of rosary beads blessed by the pope that he sent to his dying mother. "I report the ratings straight as a line," insists Carmody. "I can't be bought for a rosary."

In a bid to give both the Jennings broadcast and *This Week* a lift, Donaldson returned amid great fanfare to his White House beat in January, and Roberts assumed additional duties covering Congress. But the announcement was overshad- *(continued on page 66)*

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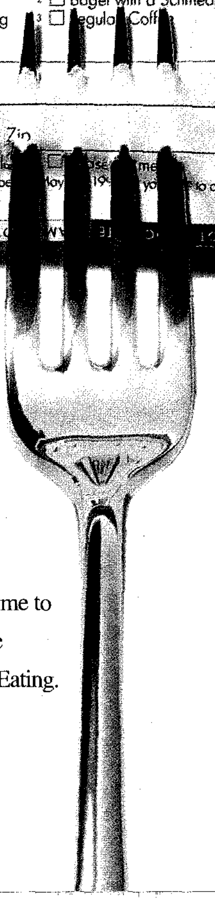

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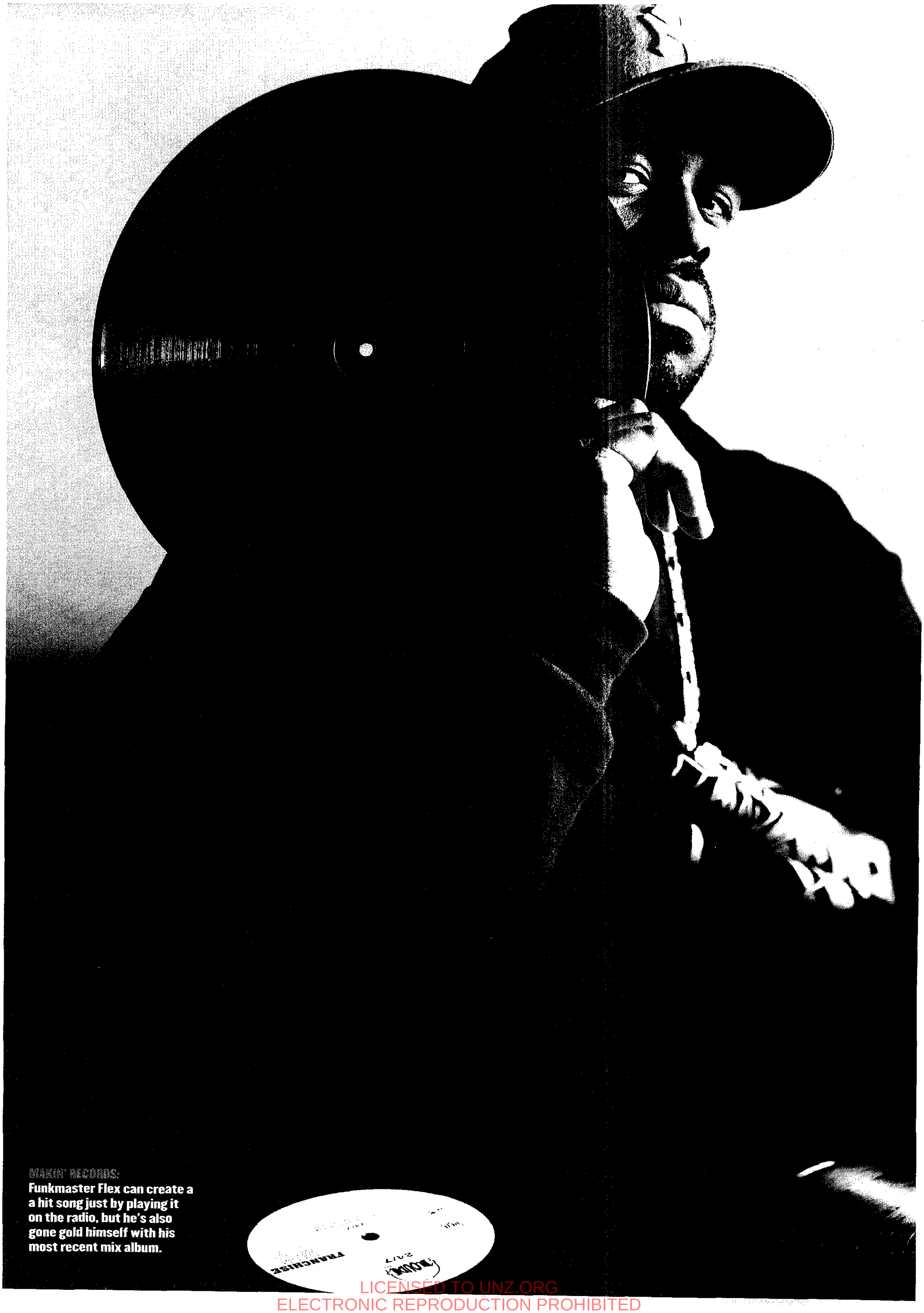


MAKIN' RECORDS: Funkmaster Flex can create a a hit song just by playing it on the radio, but he's also gone gold himself with his most recent mix album.

FLEX TIME

"He can cold rock a party," says Puffy Combs. He's "the ultimate choice for any event," says Mariah Carey. He's who Howard Stern listens to "when I have my sex," says Stern. Meet FUNKMASTER FLEX, the hottest D.J. in hip-hop.

BY NANCY JO SALES

SUNDAY NIGHTS OUTSIDE TUNnel, the line around the block is so long you'd think Puff Daddy was inside, handing out the Benjamins, baby; but all those kids in the Polo and Hilfiger are really waiting to see the guy who helped make Puffy a star. *"Go Flex, go Flex!"* says his Alvin and the Chipmunks–like tag on Hot 97 FM, the local radio station that rocketed to No. 1 in the land after Funkmaster Flex took control of the evening show. Flex, the hottest D.J. in America—the "hardest-working man in hip-hop," by his own confident account—is no mere player of records but a music-industry playa, not so different from the bad boy at Bad Boy Records himself. "It's scary when you see them in the station at the same time on their cell phones," laughs Dennis Rivera, Flex's producer and cohost at Hot 97. "They never stop making moves." Neither of these young hip-hop moguls shows any intention of ceasing to synergize ("I'm always thinking of the next thing to do," Flex says demurely of his plans); and the real reason behind their success (forget the schmooze factor) may be an uncanny sense of what makes a body move. "Flex can make a gold album and cold rock a party," says Puffy. One young man, pumping arms to keep warm outside Tunnel, puts it this way: "I'm gonna sweat my ass off tonight."

"Frex! Frex!" Japanese club kids shout, swinging blond dreadlocks. Headphones on, Flex is presiding over the two turntables and a microphone in Tunnel's elevated, clubhouse-style D.J. booth. The D.J.'s cushy body—in a red BIG DAWG sweatshirt advertising his newly formed entertainment company—is wiggling, his long, slender fingers rubbing at the vinyl, then jabbing at the cross-fader, back and forth. All night he flies from his machines to his four strongboxes—which hold old-school rap, new-school rap, R&B, and reggae, respectively—flipping through tight stacks of dog-eared record jackets (800 of them), the look and feel of which seem to spark his next idea for what to play. "I never plan what I'm going to play," Flex says. "It depends on what the room's like, the ratio of guys to girls—if there's more guys, I won't play a lot of reggae 'cause that means the girls won't dance. . . . "

Tonight, as on every Sunday, the D.J. booth is jammed with girls—all wanting to be seen chilling next to the plump Funkmaster, all looking very Mary K. Blige in their tight Lycra and their Gucci shades. (One, when asked her age, declines to answer. "You might be the po-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANNY CLINCH

TWO TURNTABLES AND A MICROPHONE: Flex at Big Dawg studios, his record and film production company.

lice," she says with a little smile.) But Flex has no time now for the ladies—he's got to get this party going. "There's a point in the night"—1:30 A.M., he says—"where the crowd has to get off, they have to, 'cause if they don't get off—it's just like climaxing—it's not good, it's not good."

Flex's foreplay is the tease. Abruptly, he stops the music—a Busta Rhymes single he's been playing ("Where my dawgs at?" goes the refrain)—and starts doing what purists complain he does just too damn much: talk. "Why can't he just play the music, man?" one dripping dancer groans. Flex grabs the mike. "I don't hear enough noise," he needles the 3,000-strong crowd in his buzzing, baby voice (Flex's voice is the anti–Wolfman Jack, high in the nose; "Yee-ah," he says). "This ma'fucker is the hottest thing you're gonna get tonight. Who's gonna make some noise? Where my Jersey ladies at?" Flex demands.

His "Jersey ladies" cheer. Flex giggles; he giggles a lot. In his hard, red rubber-soled shoes and oversize trousers, he's a mixture of hip-hop king and hip-hop clown, always looking for a chance to make people laugh. Even when he comes up short, he's still playing the songs he knows—and he always knows—they want to hear. "I know what makes a kid move," he says matter-of-factly, "what he wants to listen to, when he's driving on the highway, when he's out in a club. . . ."

"Where my dawgs at?" Flex teases the crowd with another riff—and then halts it again. "I don't see enough *bouncing,*" he chides. "It's already 1:30, and we ain't even got shit *bouncing* yet. Where my Long Island niggas at? Where's all the ma'fuckers making money in here?" "Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh," chants the crowd. Flex giggles; they're playing along. "Ah-ight!" he says with a laugh.

He blasts another few bars—*"Where my dawgs at?"*—and then he stops it—again. "This record ain't for no pretty niggas," he continues maddeningly. "This ain't for Cristal niggas—"

"Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh—" Fists pump in the air. "Where my Harlem niggas at?" says Flex. A *lot* of noise. "Word the fuck *up*!" Flex giggles. "Now where's Queens at?" "Ooh, ooh, ooh—!" "Ah-ight . . ."

"Where my dawgs at?" Flex gives the crowd the song again; they commence bouncing. Looking around, you think they'll remember dancing to Funkmaster Flex at Tunnel the way people remember jitterbugging to Tommy Dorsey at Roseland. Flex almost has his climax now. The dance floor's writhing like a mass orgy waiting to happen, thousands of bodies undulating in the pink-lit smoke.

But again he stops the music, cold. The crowd grows furious—*"Ahhhh!"* "Ah-ight," says Flex calmly. "I think I know whose house this is." He pauses, everyone waiting breathless for the answer, which they already seem to suspect. *"Brooklyn!"* Flex screams. *"Make some motherfuckin' noise!"*

An explosion of throaty calls. Flex throws the song back up—*"Where my dawgs at?"*—and the boys are smashing into each other, embracing roughly; the girls are rocking high up on their shoulders, fists churning in the air. . . .

'FLEX PLAYED AT MY *BUTTERFLY* album-release party," says girl-about-town/international diva Mariah Carey silkily. "He's the ultimate choice for any event."

Over the last year, the Funkmaster has become the D.J. de rigueur for happening soirées around the city: the MTV Music Awards after-party, the NBA All-Star Bash, L. L. Cool J's birthday party. (He gets a handsome, five-figure sum for an appearance, same each week for his four hours at Tunnel, ten to two.)

His cachet has quickly translated into a mini-empire. Since Dick Clark, there hasn't been a D.J. who's so dominated and exploited a music scene. "He's off the meter," Puffy says. In addition to his Franchise Records and Big Dawg Films (now producing Hype Williams's hip-hop-gangster flick *Belly*), there's Flex's party-promotion company (Big Dawg Entertainment) and, of course, his mix tapes and CDs (*Funkmaster Flex, 60 Minutes of Funk,* Volumes I and II, which went gold, and the upcoming Volume III, *The Final Chapter,* coming out in June). "You can only name a few people who can do what he does," says Steve Rifkind, founder and president of Loud Records, Flex's distributor. "Quincy Jones, Puffy, Rza, Jermaine Dupris..." Rifkind attributes Flex's ascendancy to "his brain."

Certainly one of Flex's smartest moves was mass-marketing his mixes. His use of top artists in hip-hop and R&B as freestylists on the albums (Missy Elliott, Erykah

"I know what makes a kid move," says Flex, "when he's driving on the highway, when he's out in a club."

Since Dick Clark, there hasn't been a D.J. who's so dominated a music scene. "He's off the meter," says Puffy.

Badu, Jay Z, among scores of others) increases his power both as a performer and as a broker of cool. "He has enormous influence," says Abbie Kearse, a producer for MTV News. "If you're a new hip-hop artist, you pretty much have to be played on his show."

Oh, and the Funkmaster is also hawking for Mountain Dew and Starter sportswear and "talking to people" about getting his own TV talk show—"It's close. I think Flex needs to get into television," Flex says, giggling at his own use of the third person, a semantic tic often seen in superstars.

"Flex is sexy," purrs supermodel Veronica Webb. "He has that pretty chocolate complexion. And, of course, *stardom* is sexy." Webb, better known for things other than rapping, also freestyled on Flex's Volume II mix tape, declaring—now famously, or infamously—"I am *premium* pussy." The line came about while "[we were] riding around in the limo drinking cosmopolitans after Puffy's rap roast," she lets on with a naughty laugh.

It's hard to imagine when Flex has the time to carry on in limousines with supermodels. "She said that?!" he exclaims nervously (after being told Webb said she found him fetching), quickly adding, "She can't say that!" Flex has a girlfriend, Monica Joseph, a producer at *The Maury Povich Show.*

Flex—who often has to ward off complaints from callers to Hot 97 with "I like to talk!"—can be shy in person and is admittedly old-fashioned (his girlfriend is a childhood friend "from the local skating rink"). He's never seen without his trademark deck-of-cards-size pendant of Jesus (with the dazzling diamond eyes and diamonds in the crown of thorns). "I went to Catholic school and my parents wouldn't let me go outside past eight o'clock," he says. "I was always inside. That's how I learned to D.J."

Growing up in a strict, religious Jamaican household in the Bronx, Aston Taylor Jr. conceived of "Funkmaster Flex" while mixing Michael Jackson and Madonna and reggae records alone in his room. He picked up D.J. skills from his father, a video technician who also spun records informally at parties in the neighborhood. "Watching my dad, I never wanted to play music or rhyme," he says. "I always wanted to be the one that played the records. I thought that was cool."

WHEN HIP-HOP MUSIC EMERGED in the eighties, he desperately wanted to be a part of it. His first job was lugging around record boxes for Chuck Chillout, then one of the main D.J.'s, with Red Alert, on Kiss FM. "I did everything for Chuck Chillout," remembers Flex. "If he wanted fried chicken, I got it. If he wanted McDonald's, I got it. If he wanted $20, I gave it to him. You had to make it happen, or you took the risk of him saying, 'Yo, man, why don't you just go *home*?' And then it was, I'm gonna be at *my* house? With my mother and my *sister*? And there's gonna be no hip-hop playing and people are gonna be calling me *Junior*?! But whatever time I was with Chuck Chillout, I was considered being in hip-hop. I was around the music, the language, the clothing. . . . And everybody called me Flex!"

At 22 (he's 30 now), he was D.J.-ing at clubs like Red Zone, Mars, Homebase, and Powerhouse while holding down a day job in A&R at Profile. "Hip-hop is everything, even what time you get up in the morning," laughs Flex. "The hip-hop people didn't come into the label until, like, *four.*"

In 1992, he was hired to do what he considers his breakthrough gig, the Def Jam Records Christmas party at the Puck Building. Kid Capri, the biggest D.J. in New York at the time, was also on the bill. "It was me and him playing together, and there were two rooms," says Flex. "I went there early to scout it out and see which one was better. And I said, 'Mmm, I wanna be in the room with the alcohol and the *performances*.' " He chuckles.

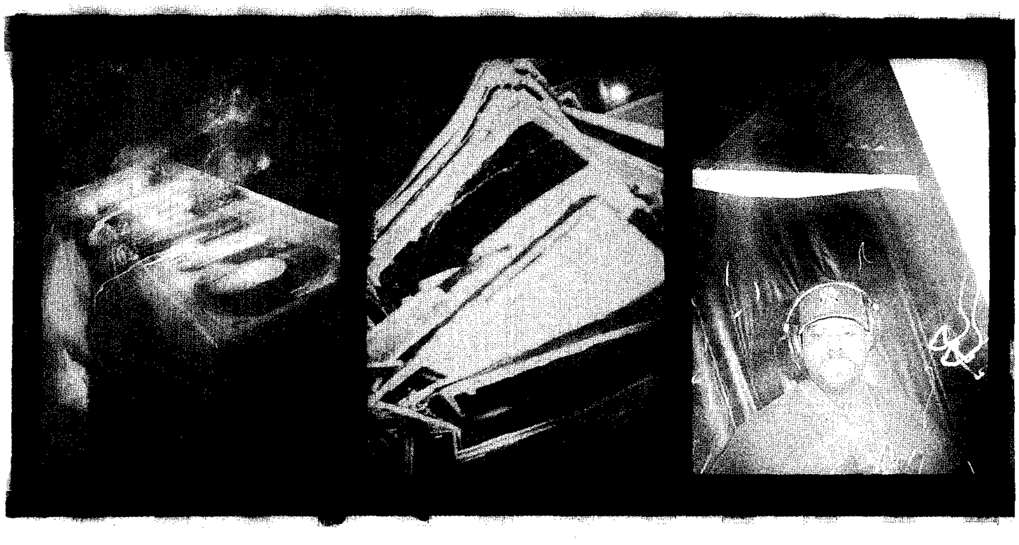
The program director for Kiss FM approached Flex at the party and promised a permanent spot; it never happened, but word of him started zooming around the stations and he was soon hired by Hot 97, which was looking to create a rap show. "In the beginning, people didn't like it," says Flex. "People would call up and call me nigger. 'Stop playing that fuckin' nigger music.' But I remember one night, we were going to the phones, and someone asked for Onyx"—a hip-hop group—"and I was like, yo, it's on."

EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY, FLEX DOES his mix show. The Hot 97 studio on Hudson Street is regularly visited for on-air sessions by a host of rappers and other celebrities, from L'il Kim to Ma$e to Mike Tyson to Patti LaBelle. But tonight, it's just Flex, his producer, Rivera, and Cipha Sounds, a slim, mustachioed 21-year-old D.J. from the Bronx Flex has taken under his wing. "I see him six days a week," says Cipha. "He teaches me. He gave me a shot at the Tunnel, and then"—he shrugs modestly—"I blew up."

Something else is about to blow up tonight.

"Yo, Flex, we gotta put it *on*," Cipha's telling the Funkmaster, waving a CD. It's "Second Round K.O.," the young rapper Canibus's

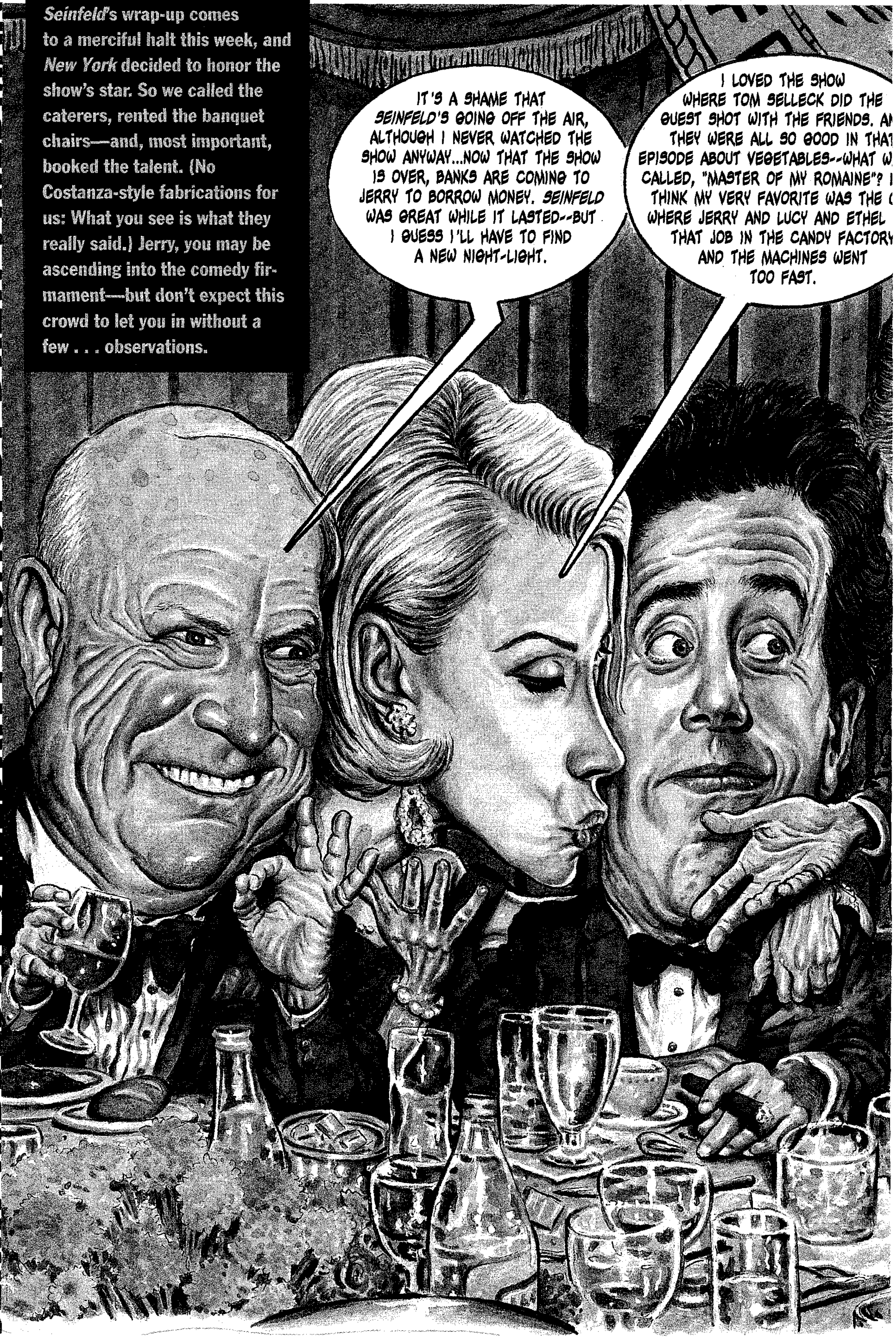
(continued on page 79)



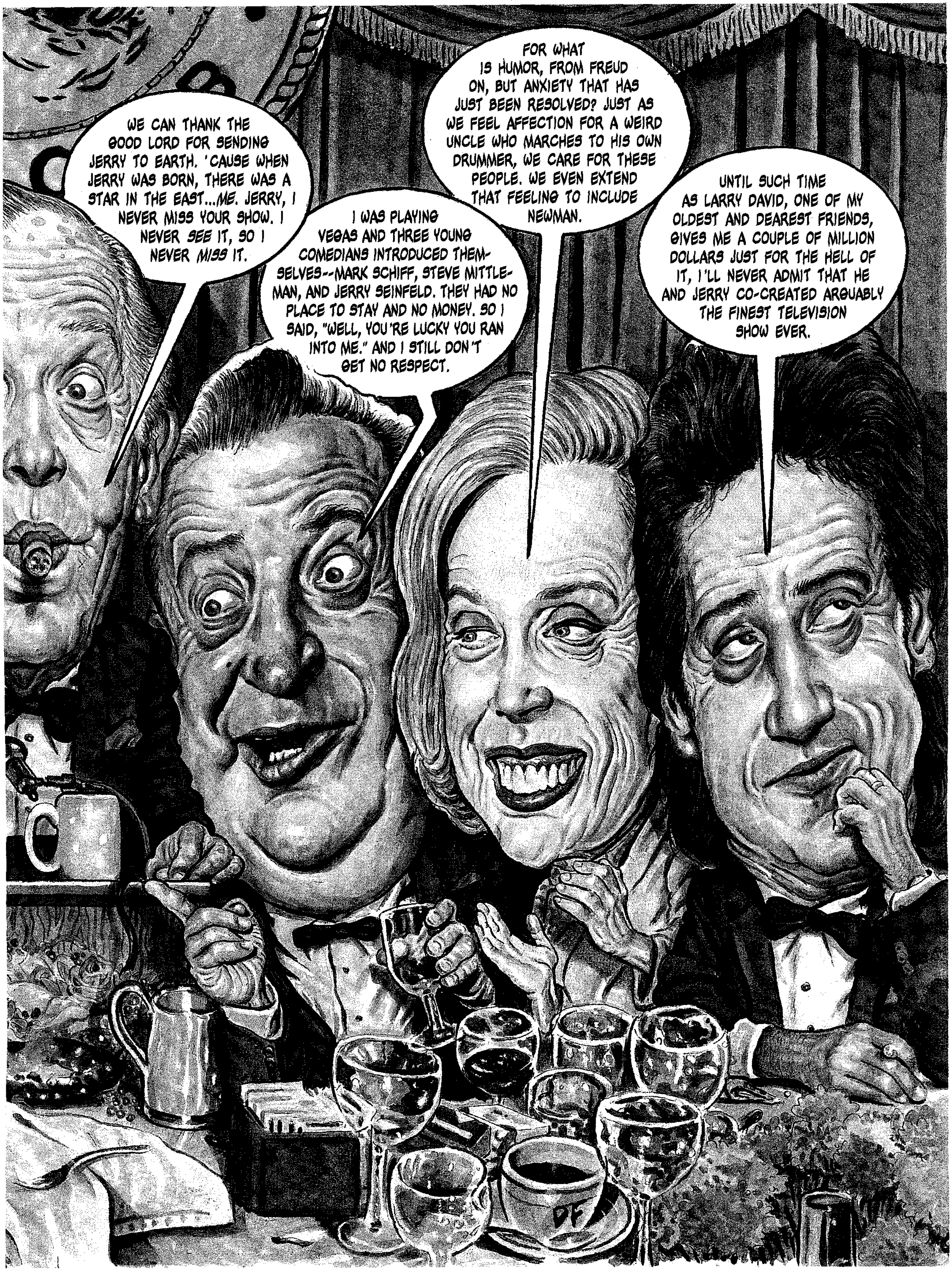
THE MASTER AND HIS TOOLS: At Sony's Grammy party, Flex's turntables, a few of his 800 records, and the man himself.

JERRY-RIBBED: A CELEBRITY ROAST BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE ENDLESS CELEBRATION OF *Seinfeld*'s wrap-up comes to a merciful halt this week, and *New York* decided to honor the show's star. So we called the caterers, rented the banquet chairs—and, most important, booked the talent. (No Costanza-style fabrications for us: What you see is what they really said.) Jerry, you may be ascending into the comedy firmament—but don't expect this crowd to let you in without a few . . . observations.


IT'S A SHAME THAT *SEINFELD*'S GOING OFF THE AIR, ALTHOUGH I NEVER WATCHED THE SHOW ANYWAY...NOW THAT THE SHOW IS OVER, BANKS ARE COMING TO JERRY TO BORROW MONEY. *SEINFELD* WAS GREAT WHILE IT LASTED--BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW NIGHT-LIGHT.
I LOVED THE SHOW WHERE TOM SELLECK DID THE GUEST SHOT WITH THE FRIENDS. AN THEY WERE ALL SO GOOD IN THAT EPISODE ABOUT VEGETABLES--WHAT W CALLED, "MASTER OF MY ROMAINE"? I THINK MY VERY FAVORITE WAS THE WHERE JERRY AND LUCY AND ETHEL THAT JOB IN THE CANDY FACTORY AND THE MACHINES WENT TOO FAST.

THE DAIS: From left, Don Rickles, Joan Rivers, Jerry, Milton Berle, Rodney Dangerfield, Dr. Joyce Brothers, and Richard Lewis.


WE CAN THANK THE GOOD LORD FOR SENDING JERRY TO EARTH. 'CAUSE WHEN JERRY WAS BORN, THERE WAS A STAR IN THE EAST...*ME*. JERRY, I NEVER MISS YOUR SHOW. I NEVER *SEE* IT, SO I NEVER *MISS* IT.
I WAS PLAYING VEGAS AND THREE YOUNG COMEDIANS INTRODUCED THEMSELVES--MARK SCHIFF, STEVE MITTLEMAN, AND JERRY SEINFELD. THEY HAD NO PLACE TO STAY AND NO MONEY. SO I SAID, "WELL, YOU'RE LUCKY YOU RAN INTO ME." AND I STILL DON'T GET NO RESPECT.
FOR WHAT IS HUMOR, FROM FREUD ON, BUT ANXIETY THAT HAS JUST BEEN RESOLVED? JUST AS WE FEEL AFFECTION FOR A WEIRD UNCLE WHO MARCHES TO HIS OWN DRUMMER, WE CARE FOR THESE PEOPLE. WE EVEN EXTEND THAT FEELING TO INCLUDE NEWMAN.
UNTIL SUCH TIME AS LARRY DAVID, ONE OF MY OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIENDS, GIVES ME A COUPLE OF MILLION DOLLARS JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT, I'LL NEVER ADMIT THAT HE AND JERRY CO-CREATED ARGUABLY THE FINEST TELEVISION SHOW EVER.
DF

REPORTED BY CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

BEST BETS

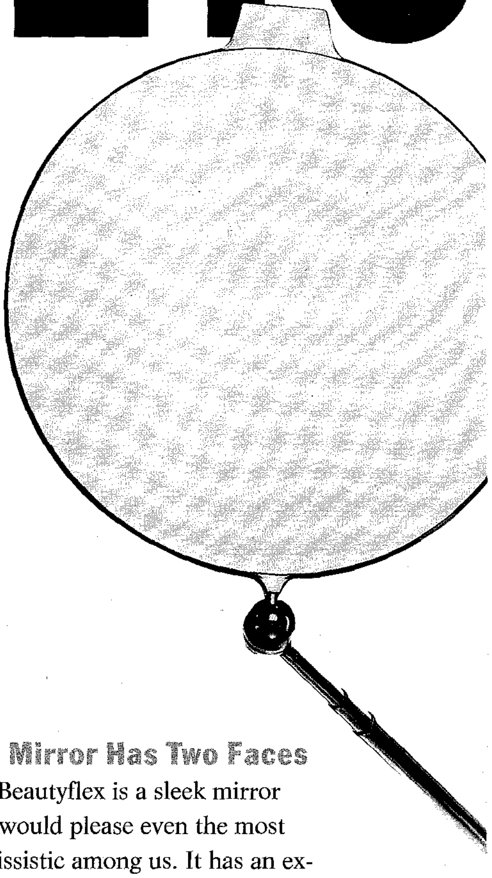
The best of all possible things to buy, see,
and do in the best of all possible cities

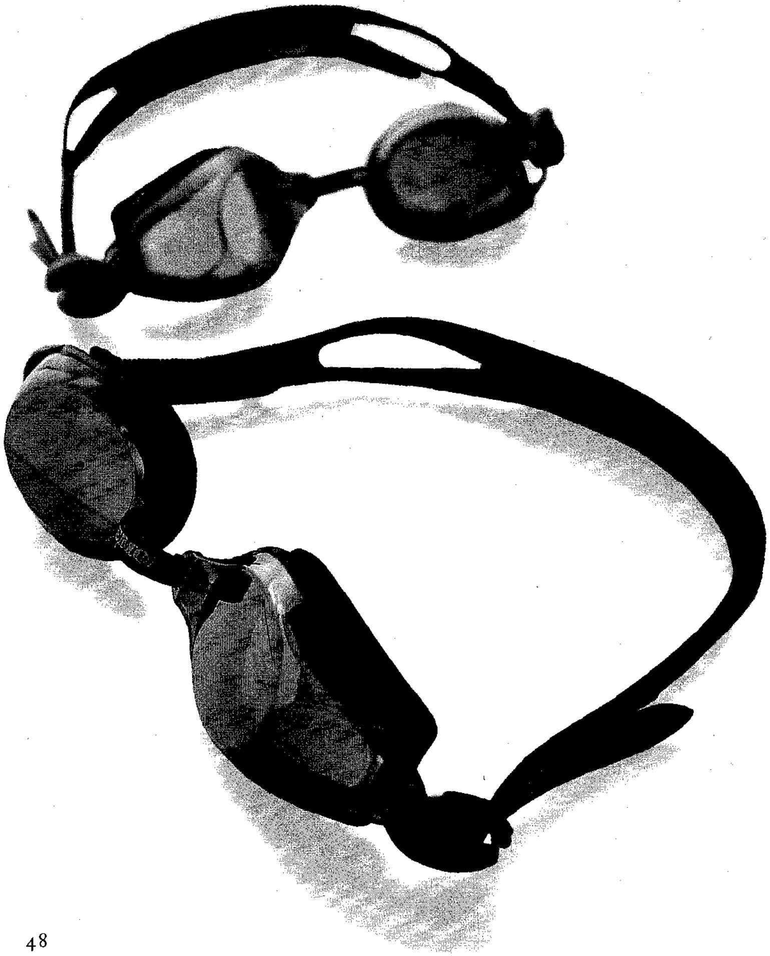
BY CORKY POLLAN

Optical Occlusion

Comfort, fit, and performance are the foremost qualities in assessing swim goggles, and Demon's Slingshots measure up. Designed for swimmers who have problems with standard-size goggles, they have an adjustable nose belt and an elastomer-cushion sealing face pad to prevent water leakage. The anti-fog lenses of shatterproof polycarbonate offer 100 percent UV protection, and the mirror reduces water reflection. With all that, their good looks seem practically incidental ($60).

SHEEROPTICS/*1268 Madison Avenue, near 90th Street/987-9898*





The Mirror Has Two Faces

The Beautyflex is a sleek mirror that would please even the most narcissistic among us. It has an extensible telescopic arm for distance; two faces (normal and magnifying); and suction cups that attach to marble, glass, stone, or tile, so it can be a constant companion. An added boon for the superstitious: It's unbreakable ($33).

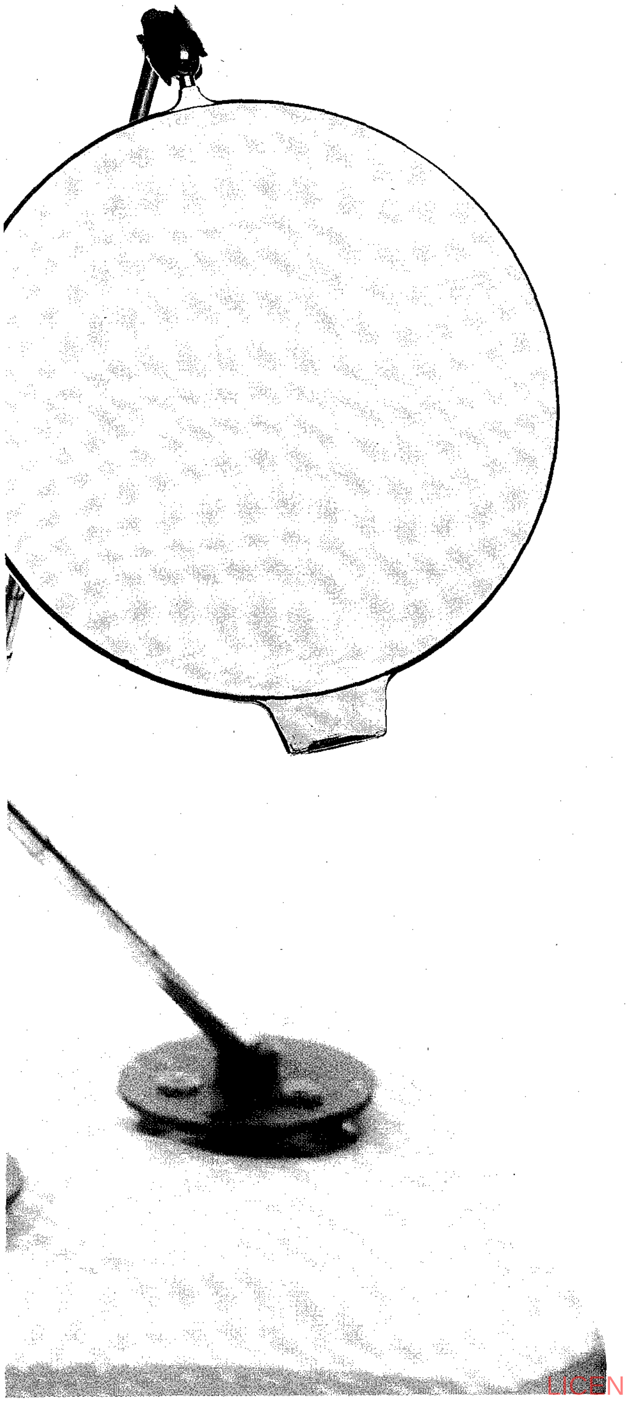
H/335 *East 9th Street/477-2631*

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/226-2190*

Moving Pictures

It may look like your everyday point-and-shoot mini, but Canon's new ZR is both a digital video camcorder and a still camera. Thanks to minuscule circuitry, Canon has crammed into the passport-size ZR just about every feature you'd need to memorialize your baby's first steps or your teenager's prom date. The ZR has a color LCD screen that adjusts 180 degrees for low-and high-angle shooting, a zoom lens, digital stereo sound, 90 minutes of recording time (500 still pictures) on a single tape, and cool digital effects such as sepia tones, scroll fades, and strobe. There's even manual focus and exposure for the auteur ($1,999).

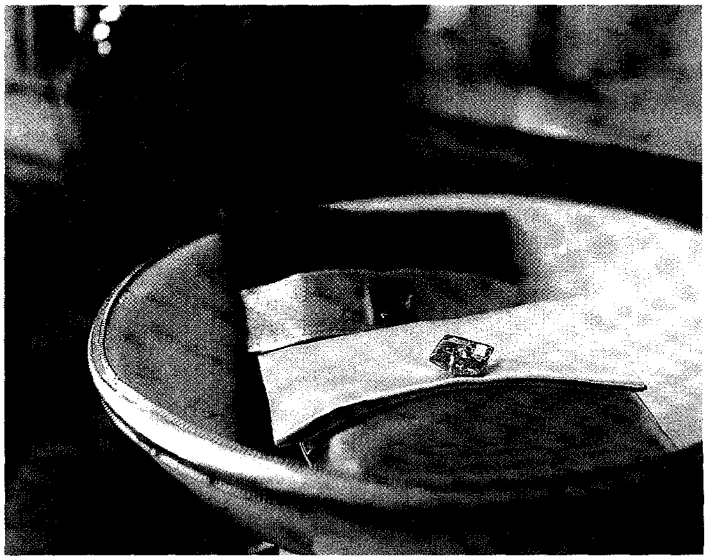
CANON/*800-828-4040*
B&H PHOTO/*420 Ninth Avenue, near 33rd Street/*
444-5020/Available around May 26
J&R MUSIC WORLD/*31 Park Row/238-9000/*
Available around May 26



Toujours Provence

Provence has recently gotten a bum rap—its markets, restaurants, and even its inhabitants have all come under attack. If all the negative publicity has cooled your ardor for a visit, head down to Maison Provence. Sabine Roy and her partner, Pierre Thouron, have outfitted their new duplex store with all the treats that once made a trip to the Lubéron and the Vaucluse a must. Among the bunches of lavender are the vividly patterned linens, the Provençal pottery in signature colors, sweet-smelling soaps and candles, and bed sachets to tuck between the pillows. There's furniture too—large pieces you could *never* cart home—like the honey-colored hutches, armoires, desks, and tables traditional to a Provençal *mas* (farmhouse). Some are antiques, others what the French nicely call re-editions (from $4 for lavender soap to $325 for a fully rigged picnic basket to $1,315 for a re-edition mahogany semainier to $4,300 for a nineteenth-century solid-oak hutch).

MAISON PROVENCE/*142 Wooster Street/420-0535*



Photographs: clockwise from top right, Amy Freeth (2); Steve Wisbauer; Amy Freeth.

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Pack Your Bag

Complete summer prep: *The classic wrap dress, a summer cardigan, sandals, a bathing suit (daring or not), and a tote to* **get it all to the beach.**

WE'RE ONLY TWO WEEKS AWAY from Memorial Day, and it's time to start thinking about roof parties and barbecues. So the Gourmet Garage in SoHo (less pricey than its neighbors, even without a sale) is celebrating its fifth anniversary with a buy-one-get-one-free offer on private-label items so you can have more people over without the expense. Gourmet salsa and chips, fruits and veggies, pasta sauces, soups, ravioli, breads, cheeses, coffees, and flowers will be among the featured items. *Gourmet Garage, 453 Broome St. (941-5850); A.E., M.C., V.; daily 7:30 A.M.–9 P.M.; 5/11–5/24.*

All-Around Great

THERE ARE TWO REASONS TO GO to Diane von Furstenberg's sample sale: First, for her famous wrap dresses, of course; and second, because her West Village carriage house is a space worth seeing. But dresses aren't all she designs: Back wraps, halter wraps, two-piece wraps (get the picture?) will mostly be priced at more than 50 percent off. *Diane von Furstenberg, 389 W. 12th St. (753-1111); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 10–7; 5/14–5/15.*

In With the New

TSE'S CASHMERE SWEATERS achieved fame among fashionistas many years back, but the label's new designer, Hussein Chalayan, is taking it to new heights. At the spring sample sale, linens, silks, cashmere, and cottons, retail $60–$1,000, will now be $15–$200. There's also a limited supply of one-of-a-kind runway and showroom samples at wholesale and below. *TSE, 632 Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston Sts., fourth floor (319-8284); Wed.–Sat. 11–6; A.E, M.C., V.; 5/13–5/16.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Down to the Toes

SO NOW THAT YOU HAVE THE WRAP DRESS and maybe a nice cashmere cardigan for chilly nights, you still need summer shoes. So the next stop is Stephane Kélian. More than 600 pairs from the collection to choose from, as well as styles from Maud Frizon, Martine Sitbon, and Mosquitos. All are about 50 percent off retail prices. *Stephane Kélian, 120 Wooster St., second floor (274-8484); Tues.–Thurs. 10–5; cash only; 5/12–5/14.*

The Furst one's the best: Diane's perpetually stylish wrap.

Maxxed Out

AND THE BEACH BAG? TURN TO MAXX, NY for a variety of possibilities, as well as day and evening bags in microfiber, leather, canvas, straw, and mesh. For example, tote and matching compartment wristlet, retail $210, here $105; ribbed mesh beach tote, retail $135, here $65; woodgrain leather bags, retail $175–$245, here $60–$88. *Maxx, New York, 385 Fifth Ave. at 36th St., Suite 1010 (679-3220); Fri.–Sun. 12–5; Mon.–Thurs. 11–6:30; A.E., M.C., V.; 5/15–5/21.*

Baring All

NEXT COMES THE DELICATE CHOICE OF whether to wear a bikini or a one-piece this summer. In Swim—a showroom that carries bathing suits by designers like Karla Colletto and Rosa Ferrer (whose maillot made the cover of *that issue* of *Sports Illustrated* this year)—is having a sample sale of one-piece suits, bikinis, and cover-ups; they retail for $120 and up, but here they'll be $50–$100. Sample sizes only (S/M and size 8). *In Swim, 202 W. 40th St., Suite 1106 (575-2351); call for appointment; cash only; 5/11–5/16.*

Baths and Krafts

KRAFT HARDWARE—ONE OF THE main resources for architects, designers, and decorators—is tanking up for its annual one-day sale. An Ultra Whirlpool tub (was $2,595, now $1,000) and an Aldo Bagnella pedestal sink (was $4,072, now $1,500) are among the featured items, along with one-of-a-kind and discontinued items at 80 percent off. *Kraft Hardware, 306 E. 61st St. (838-2214); M.C., V.; Sat. 10–4; 5/16.*

Showing Off

GHOST, ERICKSON BEAMON, WHISTLES, Amaya Arzuaga, Ann Turk, Lianne Barnes, Beverly Mehl, and Eva Branca are among the designers featured at Showroom Seven's summer sale. Priced at wholesale and below. *Showroom Seven, 498 Seventh Ave., near 36th St. 24th Floor (643-4810); A.E. M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 10–7; 5/12–5/22* ■

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Candid Chimera

Warren Beatty's outrageous political send-up 'Bulworth' also scores as one of the most original comedies since Preston Sturges ruled Hollywood.

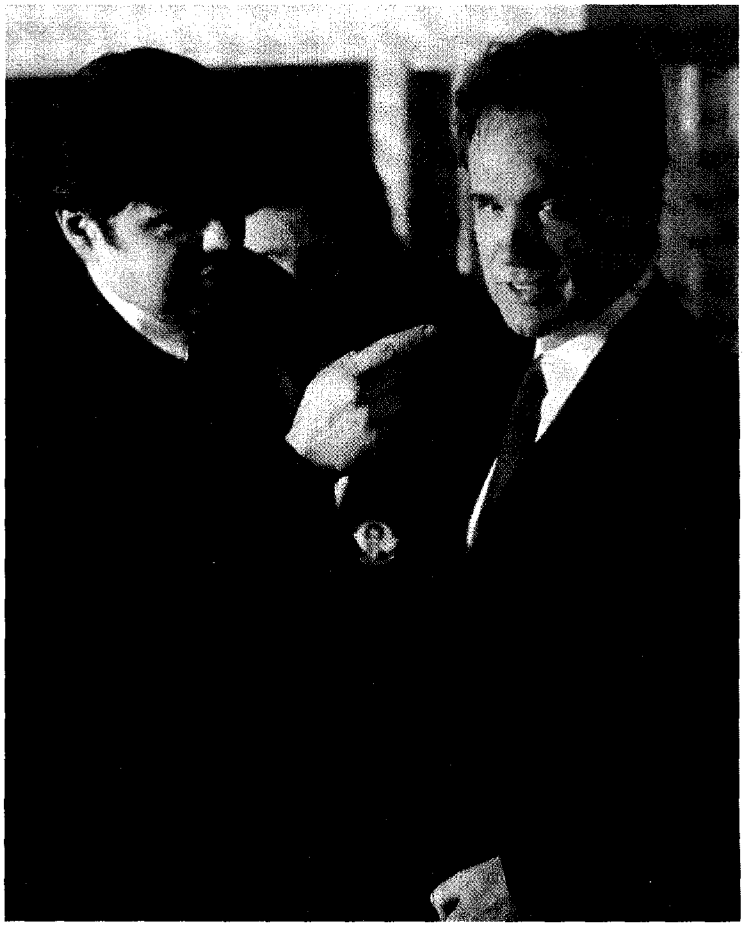
AT THE BEGINNING OF **Bulworth,** WARREN BEATTY'S thrillingly dangerous political comedy, the campaign smile of Senator Jay Billington Bulworth has collapsed into a grimace. Running for re-election in California, the senator (Beatty) has fallen into a hapless funk. In his dreary Washington office, as rain falls on the windows and uneaten pizza pies lie moldering all around him, he looks at his campaign ads in horror. "We stand at the doorstep of a new millennium . . . ," the ads begin, resounding with a Clintonian efflorescence of nothingness. The senator is a former sixties liberal with pictures of Bobby Kennedy on his wall. He even has pictures of the young Warren Beatty on his wall. Yes, years ago, he hung out with Warren. But in recent days, Bulworth has been attacking "welfare cheaters" and taking up other modishly conservative positions, and now, guilty and convictionless, he stands for nothing at all. In his office he makes a corrupt deal with an insurance-industry lobbyist: Bulworth will thwart a certain piece of legislation injurious to insurance interests in return for a $10 million policy payable to his daughter. When the lobbyist leaves, the senator, in utter misery, hires a professional hit man. Alas, poor Bulworth! He hasn't eaten, slept, or shaved in days; he can't stand the sight of himself on TV; and he's going to commit suicide.

The rest of *Bulworth,* I suppose, can be seen as a morally ambitious variant of *Liar Liar,* in which Jim Carrey, a career lawyer, is forced by a magic spell to tell the truth. Exhausted and nearly hallucinatory, Bulworth goes so far into his suicidal depression that he burns right through it and is delivered into a skittish, giddy exhilaration—a state of joy balanced on a rapier-point of terror. He's going to die—what has he got to lose? In the final days of his campaign, he races around California telling off his constituents. *Bulworth,* which Beatty directed and also wrote (with Jeremy Pikser and—uncredited—Aaron Sorkin) turns into wild, disorderly farce, mean and reckless, with an element of lethal uneasiness churning beneath the comedy. In a Los Angeles church, Bulworth tells a black audience that the Democratic Party won't take them seriously until they "put down that malt liquor and chicken wings"; no, not until they stop supporting a running back who murdered his wife and start contributing money to the party. His candor is not only annihilating, it's self-annihilating. Bulworth attacks the Jews who run the movie business ("It's funny how lousy your stuff is. I guess the money turns everything to crap") before an audience of Jews who run the movie business. He becomes an insult comic without malice; the words burst out of him, not with anger but in a friendly, almost happy way, as if he were only saying what everyone knows to be true. He has become a holy fool—in political terms, an idiot; a man without guile.

The movie is a comedy, but Warren Beatty has set off an explosion beneath the thick, insulated floorboards of American politics. *Bulworth* goes well beyond the usual late-night-TV attack on political correctness: It says that our politics are now so completely devoted to propitiatory lies that anyone who speaks candidly would have to be—by definition—half-crazy. Here is a populist left-wing movie, the first in years, and it offers its protest over the abandonment of liberalism not in the pained, earnest tones of, say, an editorial in *The Nation,* but as a blast of craziness and scorn. The movie is a scandal, an outrage—and irresistibly entertaining.

At the black church, Bulworth catches the eye of a beautiful young woman, Nina (Halle Berry). She crowds into his limo with two raucous girl rappers, and they all wind up, with Bulworth's flustered campaign aide (Oliver Platt) in tow, at a druggy black club somewhere in Los Angeles. Beatty turns to the comedy of white discomfort. He gets stoned, dances (clumsily)

Mr. Warren's profession: Beatty as a senator, with campaign aide Oliver Platt, in *Bulworth*.



Photograph by Sidney Baldwin/Twentieth Century Fox.

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with Halle Berry; Bulworth doesn't quite have the beat, but he's too far gone to know how much he's missing it. "Is you a real nigger?" one of the club's less friendly inhabitants inquires. "Is you?" says Bulworth, dancing into the guy's face. Enjoying himself now, he no longer wants to die and tries to call off the hit. But he sees thugs shadowing him everywhere, and he's constantly throwing himself to the floor to avoid imagined gunshots. With a skittering little run, he flees the scene, and the entire media and political world runs after him. In form (and in form only), the movie becomes a goofy chase comedy—not all that different from something starring Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis or Bob Hope from decades ago. But the emotional tonalities are dark and threatening. As Beatty runs, we're pitched right into his excitement and his fear. We know that Bulworth is going too far, that the movie is also going too far, and that there's no turning back.

Nothing Beatty has directed in the past (*Heaven Can Wait*, *Reds*, *Dick Tracy*) has prepared us for this kind of dizzying momentum—though, of course, Beatty as producer and star was the guiding force behind the most famous farce of the seventies, *Shampoo*. That movie was an attack on political and sexual hypocrisy; this one attacks Clintonian mush-mouth rhetoric and big money's influence on politics. But, as ever, Beatty's rebellion is joyously eccentric and hedonistic—he's an entertainer with political ideas, not a slumming moralist. Senator Bulworth may turn on and drop out, but the spirit of the movie owes less to the sanctimonious sixties counterculture than to the sixties literary rebel Norman Mailer, who wrote two books in that decade, *The American Dream* (fiction) and *The Armies of the Night* (nonfiction), in which a man at the end of his tether bursts through the usual bourgeois restraints, commits crimes, falls in with low company, and seeks redemption. Beatty and Mailer celebrate the perilous spree of self-destruction and self-renewal; *Bulworth* offers Mailer's dread and liberating shenanigans without the metaphysical pretensions.

Despite his offscreen legend as a supremely confident seducer, Beatty has usually played sheepish, fumbling, and confused men in the movies—the impotent Clyde Barrow, the dreamer McCabe, the woman-bedeviled Bugsy Siegel. As Bulworth, he registers ten varieties of puzzlement; his quizzical, off-center delivery takes the righteousness out of the lines. He's a man amazed by his own transformation—his manner says, "What's next? Show me." Led by Halle Berry (who has never been more beautiful), he falls into the malign wonderland of the black underclass; he takes up with gangsters and even baby gangsters (homies) in South Central Los Angeles, the very people (in this telling) who have been both abandoned by liberalism and blamed for shifts in the economy not of their own making. The movie mixes white guilt with the old admiration of blacks for their alleged greater sexual confidence, their ease with their own bodies, with language, with violence. The combination of guilt and admiration would be sickly and dumb if it weren't pulled off with such rueful comic candor. Beatty is not a liberal of the high-minded variety who would like to believe that blacks are the same as everyone else, only more deserving. The movie doesn't turn its poor black characters into innocents. They may be soulful, but they have been hurt, even corrupted, by their social defeat—that's the bitter point.

Dressed like a homie in knit cap and shorts, Bulworth, as pixilated as a character out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, wanders into a TV station and recites his diatribe against big money in rhyming rap stanzas ("As long as you can pay, I'll do it all your way," etc.). Halle Berry lectures him on the collapse of manufacturing in the inner cities—it has to be the strangest romantic banter ever heard in a movie—and he turns that into rap, too. Beatty obviously means us to believe that rap is the language of protest, of social truth; I think he underestimates the amount of posing and commercial calculation in rap, but this is not a movie one should take too literally. Beatty's excitement in speaking his mind is all but incendiary: That a white politician could say what he thinks only in rap lyrics has to be the weirdest, funniest experiment in downward mobility since Preston Sturges deposited a rich director among hoboes in *Sullivan's Travels*. It's white-guy rap—pronounced slowly enough so that even the editorial writers of the *Wall Street Journal* can hear it. *Bulworth* is already a media sensation. It would be nice to think that its tormented but gleeful jokes will attract a large audience. Now that would be a *real* sensation.

In brief: A MOVIEGOING MOTHER OF MY acquaintance asked me what she could take her children to see, and my answer was **Les Misérables,** Bille August's broad-backed version of the Hugo tale. August works soberly, without excitement or imagination, but decently, too, with a fine feeling for the heroic reach of a decades-spanning narration—misery and obsession stretching over years. Liam Neeson and Geoffrey Rush are both excellent as, respectively, the exemplar of Christian ethics Jean Valjean and the rule-bound, desiccated, implacable police inspector Javert. ■

David Denby's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com,** *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*

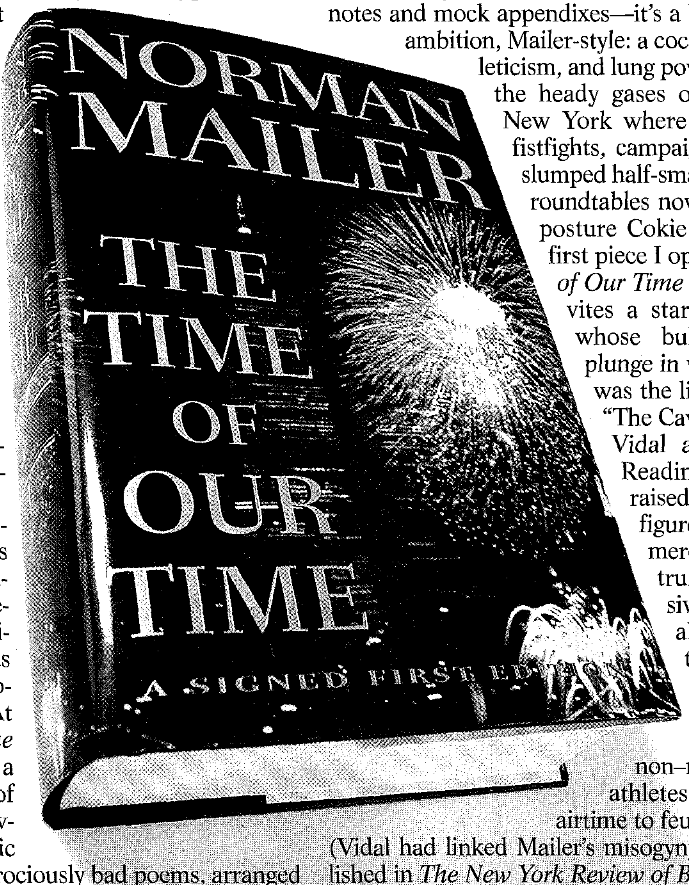
WALTER KIRN

The Norman Heart

'The Time of Our Time' is Mailer's compelling, exhausting anthologized account of Mailer's boxing match with history.

The Time of Our Time
BY NORMAN MAILER
Random House; 1,286 pages; $39.50

THOUGH THOMAS CARLYLE, THE VICTORIAN British philosopher, promoted the Great Men Theory of History (the idea that the sweep of human events is governed by exceptional human beings), it was Norman Mailer who invented what might be called the Macho Men Theory of History. Broadly put, this is Mailer's sometimes great notion that history (postwar American history, in particular) is forged in some sort of Olympian smoke-filled room that's part Caesars Palace penthouse, part D.C. men's club, by scheming politicians, ruthless gangsters, brilliant CIA agents, psycho lowlifes, genius artists, gifted athletes, and whatever member of the Kennedy family happens to be in town that night. Feminists hold that politics is personal, but Mailer says politics is personalities—driven swordsmen doing ego battle while their bored, dolled-up women sneak into rivals' beds, sometimes precipitating through their betrayals sundry assassinations, vendettas, and international incidents.



This is a wild simplification of a fascinating writer's vision, but wild simplifications (boldly and obsessively filled in) are what Mailer's career is all about, as his mammoth new retrospective goes to show. At 1,286 text-dense pages, *The Time of Our Time* is a crowded trophy room of more than 50 years of novels, essays, stories, manic jottings, and even a few atrociously bad poems, arranged not in the order of publication but according to the era of their subjects. Thus the book opens with "Boxing With Hemingway," based on a 1929 sparring match involving F. Scott Fitzgerald but written in 1966, and proceeds in this fashion almost to the end, from World War II (*The Naked and the Dead*) to the Cold War (*Harlot's Ghost*) to Camelot ("Superman Comes to the Supermarket") to Vietnam (*The Armies of The Night*) to a recent Madonna interview from *Esquire*, whence it abruptly wheels back to ancient times (*The Gospel According to the Son*). It's the timeline of guy-style history brought full circle: from Papa to the Son of God, via JFK, Castro, Oswald, and Ali. The scrappiest of Mailer's lightweight fighters is Gary Gilmore, the strip-mall sociopath of his 1979 nonfiction novel *The Executioner's Song*—his coolest, least engaged, least self-promoting, and, I think, finest book.

Not that there's anything wrong with self-promotion if your personal view of history is that it's there for the taking by ballsy adventurers. Now that we use the Price Waterhouse method to assess the ambition of novels—toting up page count, syntactical density, and big-idea quotient, then adding points for pomo ornaments such as footnotes and mock appendixes—it's a blast to look back at ambition, Mailer-style: a cocktail of swagger, athleticism, and lung power, carbonated with the heady gases of a not-so-long-ago New York where writers had public fistfights, campaigned for office, and slumped half-smashed around the TV roundtables now owned by perfect-posture Cokie Roberts types. The first piece I opened to in *The Time of Our Time* (whose structure invites a start-to-finish read but whose bulk tempts one to plunge in with a steam shovel) was the light occasional essay "The Cavett Show with Gore Vidal and Janet Flanner." Reading it, a few things raised my eyebrows: that a figure like Cavett, whose mercurial ad-libs show a truly learned, subversive wit, was ever actually given a TV show; that artists such as Vidal and Mailer were guests on it; and that these non–movie stars, non–pro athletes were lavished with airtime to feud about a paragraph (Vidal had linked Mailer's misogyny to Manson's) published in *The New York Review of Books*!

Those were the days, the days when Mailer was "Mailer"—the self-regarding loudmouth superhero whose star turn was *The Armies of the Night,* an account of 1967's eggheady march on the Pentagon as witnessed by a tipsy, pissed-off solipsist whose hung-over brain cells are wincingly sensitive to every fibrillation of the needle on the literary-fame-and-status meter. Much of the excerpt concerns Mailer's itchy fixation on Robert Lowell, the blue-

Like Zelig with a giant ego, Mailer pushed himself into the picture as great events happened.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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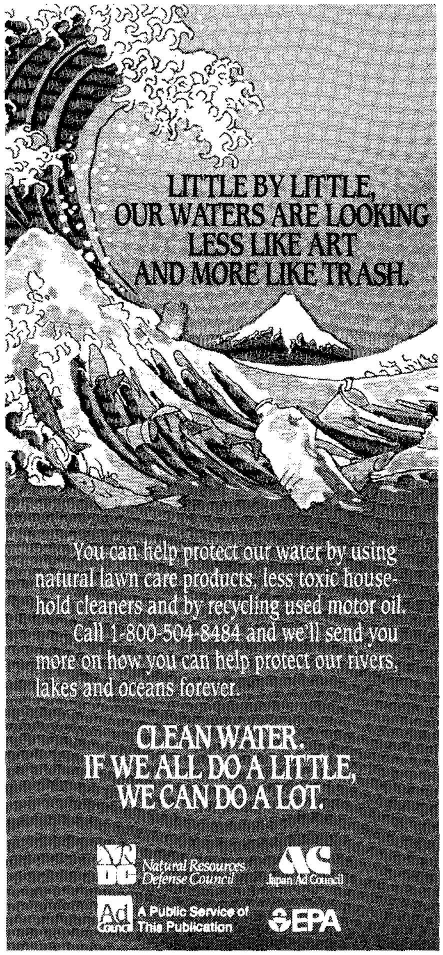

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EPA

blooded pacifist poet whose regal melancholy galls Mailer to his banty Brooklyn core. “One did not achieve the grandeurs of that slouch in one generation—the grandsons of the first sons had best go through the best eating clubs at Harvard before anyone in the family could try for such elegant note.” Lowell captures the crowd with a languid poetry reading, and Mailer, in reaction, rockets up and rambles obscenely in a southern accent until he and the crowd grow weary of each other.

“Mailer,” the trash-talking world champeen of letters, swung a big stick that seems, looking back from the age of irony, more like big shtick; a twist on self-deprecating Jewish comedy that it's hard to believe offended so many so violently. Of course Mailer's act took time to perfect: 1948's *The Naked and the Dead,* which made him famous, reads like Hemingway dulled by cold pills. “He was sad again and thought of cold and lonely things like wind on a winter beach”; 1957's *The White Negro,* which gave Mailer street cred, is like a hermetically sealed LP filled with the jazz-fusion intellectualism (“the organic growth of Hip,” “the apocalyptic orgasm”) that stormed the charts when Ivy Leaguers in therapy started sneaking joints behind Ike's back. Mailer still called himself “one” at this point, argued in syllogisms, dropped Western-civ big names, and generally sounded like an earnest young thinker who'd made up his mind to go loco-berserko but hadn't yet set the date or picked an outfit.

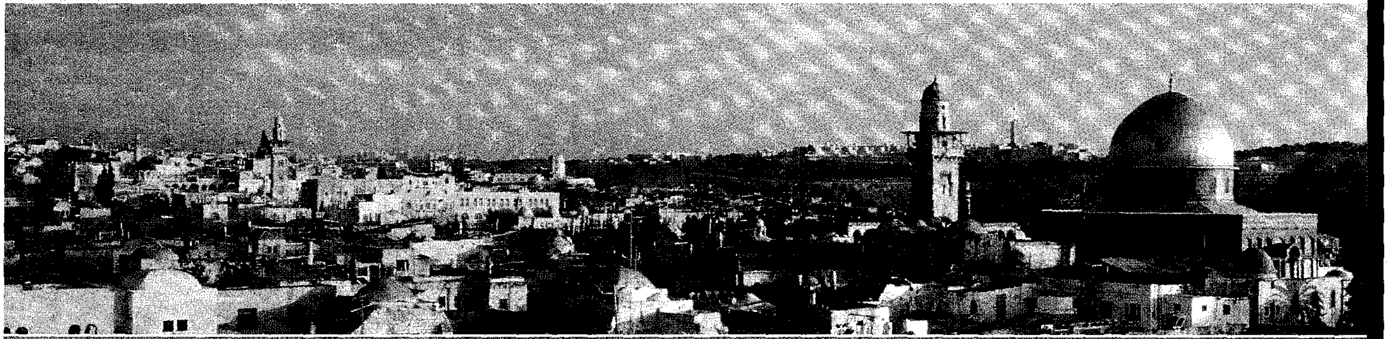
It was JFK—man's man, president, martyr, ghost—who put Mailer in the show. In Kennedy and his cyclonic aftermath, Mailer's gaseous, hopped-up cultural criticism and vacant fictions of contrived depravity were able at last to take on human form. Suggesting that there's no baptism so refreshing as when the big man on campus cuffs the nerd and says, “I've seen you around, kid. You're okay” (“he had the eyes of a mountaineer . . . his coloring vivid, his manner rich,” Mailer drooled of his first meeting with the demigod), he went artistically bionic from the early sixties on. The results are wildly readable, an inspired cacophony that still clangs on. Chronological excerpts from *Harlot's Ghost*—Mailer's decades-spanning spy novel—connect *The Time of Our Time's* historical islands with an elaborate quasi-fictional bridgework. Thus, we meet JFK's invented mistress, Modene (modeled on Judith Exner, it seems), before we even meet the candidate in Mailer's dispatch from the 1960 convention. Such backfilling tries to give the book a unity it doesn't need (it succeeds as a grand grab bag), but the Macho Men Theory of History demands no less than a definitive epic, so don't expect Mailer to give up the fight. He'll just keep pounding with a bigger hammer. ■

SHORTS

STEVEN MILLHAUSER'S NEW STORY COLlection, **The Knife Thrower** (Crown; $22), contains the prototypes for his Pulitzer-winning *Martin Dressler:* tinkerers, dreamers, builders, and tunnelers, lists upon lists of experiments doomed to failure. It's a numbing, depressing string, because in short form, Millhauser's heroes seem to go directly from childhood to mad scientist, without an intermediate stop at man. A boy flies too far from earth, but his carpet's fibers don't melt, this time. The novella-length *Paradise Park* reads a little too close both to *Martin Dressler* and to Millhauser's earlier, wonderful *The Little Kingdom of J. Franklin Payne. Beneath the Cellars of Our Town* puts an original suburban spin on *Journey to the Center of the Earth.* The title story emphasizes Millhauser's macabre bent the most, and suggests a direction for his next novellas by aligning the author's tales with the knives' deadly flights.

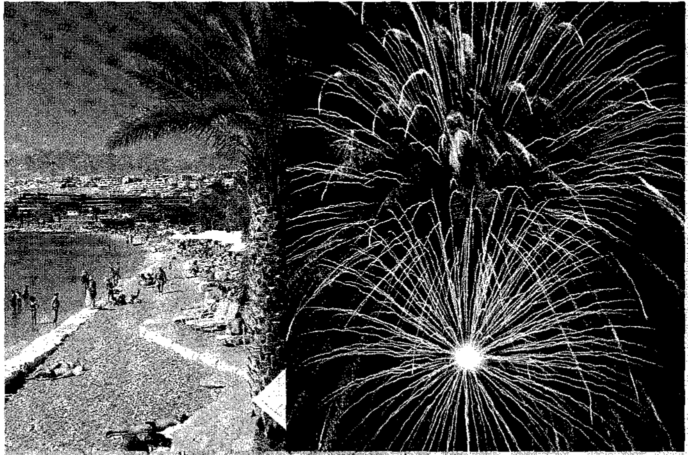
NICHOLSON BAKER HAS DECIDED TO BE A good boy. Not only is there no freeze-frame sex in **The Everlasting Story of Nory** (Random House; $22), but there's no heavy breathing, nose-picking, or even a ghastly description of psoriasis. Instead, in what appears to be the only novel about a prepubescent girl with zero Nabokovian overtones, Baker writes in the voice of nascently creative Nory Winslow, an American in England, age 9. We get cute misspellings (*mirror* as “miore”), cuter Berraisms (“Prior Rowland lived prior to Henry the Eighth”), and a lot of not-too-scary nightmares. He gets points for staying this side of powdery sentimentality, but the cost is a dull, dull book. Nory is no genius, doesn't fall down any rabbit holes, and has parents who are still alive. It's enough to make you long for a wicked stepmother.

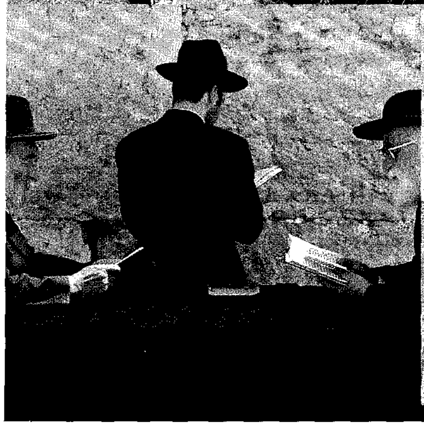
IN FACT, AS IN PUBLICITY, MARTHA COOLEY'S **The Archivist** (Little, Brown and Co.; $22.95) is an Americanized *Possession,* a bookish romance whose courtship rituals include a short course on T. S. Eliot's misogynist tendencies. Cooley's librarian hero has T.S.'s secret love letters and a crazy dead wife of his own. The grad student who wants the letters, and him, is a dead ringer for his vanished Ruth. It's more than a little creepy, and as dry as its title, mostly because all the geniuses are offstage: the archivist's wife, Judith, descends into mad Holocaust-induced guilt; Eliot's wife, Vivienne, feels rejected by his poetry; the engineering genius can't leave equations long enough to comfort the grad-student heroine. Cooley's point may be to bring to light the passion of the overlooked, the helpmeets, the muses. On the other hand, perhaps they are usually kept offstage for a reason. ALEXANDRA LANGE



Israel at 50

Celebrating the Country's Rich Diversity





It's 1998 and that means it's time to celebrate Israel's 50th Anniversary. So break out the champagne, hop on a plane, and head into the heart of Jerusalem for some of the greatest festivities in this country's history.

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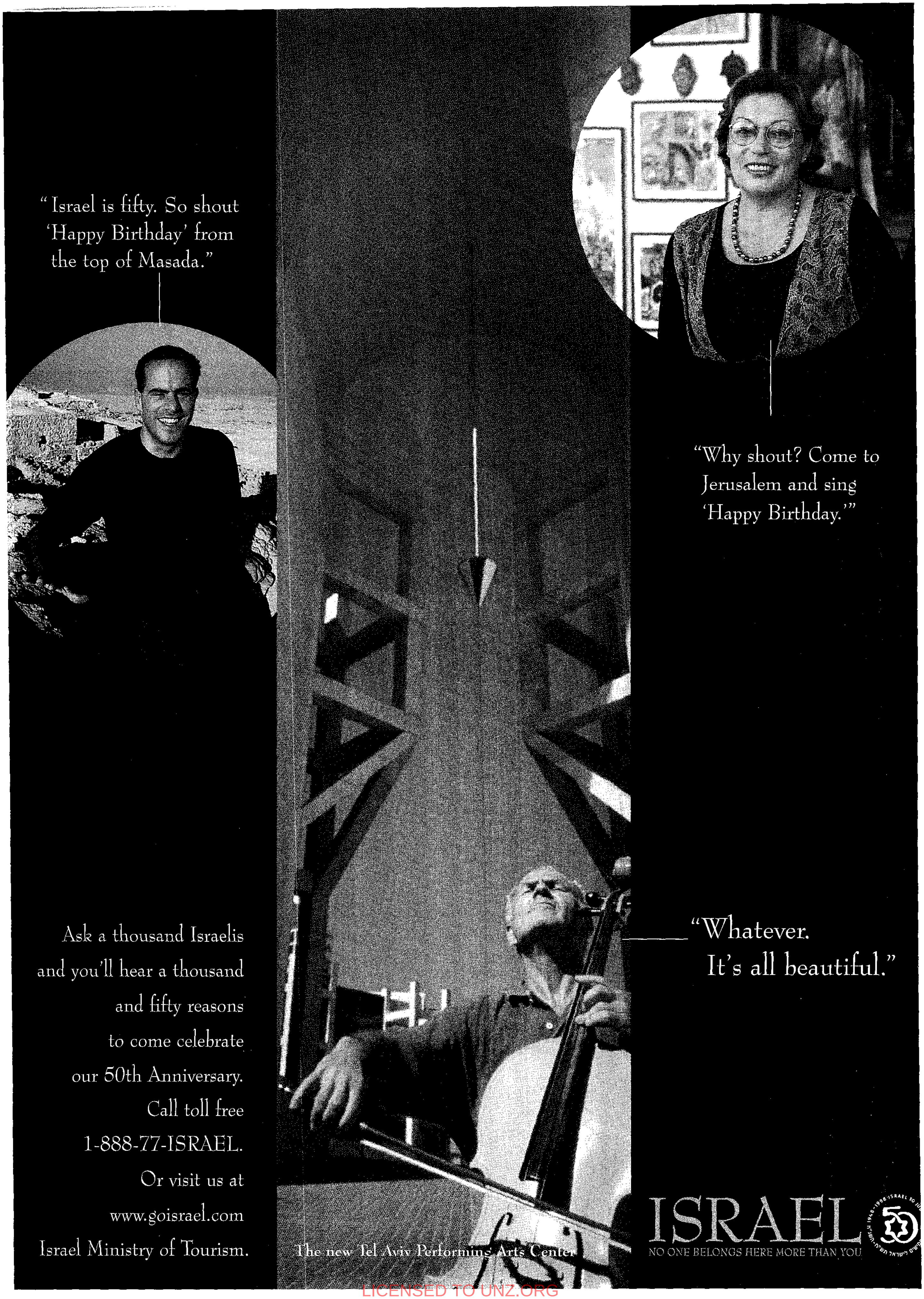

"Israel is fifty. So shout 'Happy Birthday' from the top of Masada."

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ISRAEL

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EVERYTHING IS A LITTLE MORE FESTIVE THESE DAYS IN ISRAEL, SINCE THE COUNTRY IS IN THE MIDST OF ITS 50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

But while the special jubilee events – which include concerts, fireworks displays, theater festivals and street fairs (please see the sidebar for more information) – will certainly entertain tourists, the main reason to visit is to see the country itself. And whether you're a first-time visitor or an old Israel hand, you already know where to head once you arrive. Everyone wants to see the Wailing Wall. The Via Dolorosa. Masada. The beach in Tel Aviv, for a little relaxation.

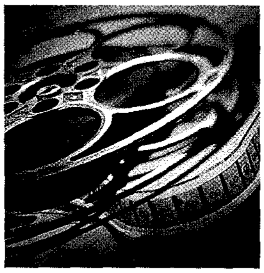
But there are many sites that tourists often miss, some of them literally in the shadow of the more famous attractions. And these off-the-beaten-track spots are no less fascinating or moving than some of the better-known tourist destinations.

Jerusalem Every traveler to Israel wants to see Jerusalem, and most immediately head for the Old City, but stay at hotels in the New City. The name "New City" is something of a misnomer, since parts of it are well over 100 years old. Many of the oldest and most beautiful New City neighborhoods offer an intriguing blend of distinctive atmosphere and beautiful architecture. And most are less than a 10-minute walk from the center of town and the big hotels.

Just behind the Mashbir Department store, sits Nahlaot, a maze of tiny streets filled with older stone buildings, many of which are decorated with stained glass and intricate ironwork.

While the cafes, boutiques, and pubs of the touristy Nachalat Shiva pedestrian mall have recently started staying open 'til the wee hours, not long ago, Agrippas Street was the only late-night game in town. Just off King George Street, Agrippas is lined with *steakiot* (steak houses) that feature hearty food (try the mixed grill) at low prices. Most of them also include a huge platter of tasty Middle Eastern salads with your meal. In addition to the food, it's worth visiting Agrippas for the rakish, gritty atmosphere. It's as much a feast for the eyes as for the stomach, a veritable people-watching paradise.

Rehavia is a restful, upper-middle class neighborhood with some striking Bauhaus-inspired architecture. On one of its main streets, Keren Kayemet L'Yisrael, there are several cafes which have an old-fashioned, Central European ambience, equally due to the proprietors and their often elderly customers. Rehavia is a great place for a walk on a sleepy Sabbath afternoon.



You probably never thought about seeing a movie in Jerusalem, but when you see the schedule for the Jerusalem Cinematheque, located on Hebron Road, you might change your mind. It has two auditoriums, which each show as many as five movies a day, and most of these films are from Europe, Asia, and Israel. The cafe at the Cinematheque is notorious for its slow service, but it has a balcony with a spectacular view of the Old City walls that makes the wait more than worthwhile.

The Jerusalem Corridor (along the Jerusalem-Tel Aviv highway) The Jerusalem Corridor, on both sides of the highway from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv is often overlooked by tourists, but it features some of the most beautiful scenery in Israel.

Abu Ghosh is one town along the road that makes for an interesting stop. An Arab village whose residents are decidedly pro-Israeli, it has several restaurants that serve simple Middle-Eastern food and have beautiful views of the Judean Hills.

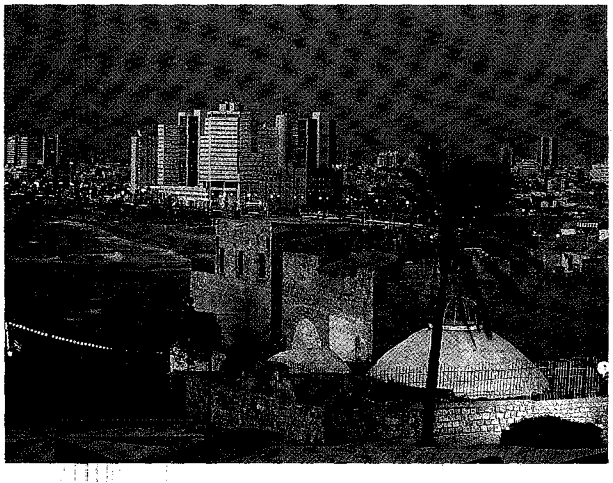
To reach Abu Ghosh, exit the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem highway at the sign for Abu Ghosh or Neve Ilan. Once you leave the main highway, you'll find yourself on a narrow, winding road that was once the only route between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Abu Ghosh's now-wealthy residents supposedly built their fortunes by charging exorbitant tolls, which is said to be the root of the rift between them and other Palestinians.

A short drive from the highway is the 100-year-old French Trappist monastery, Latrun, which manufactures and sells high-quality olive oil and wine. The monks have taken a vow of silence, which they are allowed to break only when they serve customers in the gift shop. The monastery and its gardens are peaceful and pretty.

To go from the sublime to the ridiculous, take a detour at the Elvis Inn, a roadside cafe whose owner worships the King so much he has built a virtual shrine to him. It's easy to find. Exit the highway at Neve Ilan and you'll see two larger-than-life statues of Elvis. Buy a few "Elvis is in Israel" postcards before you drive on.

Tel Aviv The kitsch of the Elvis Inn will put travelers in an appropriately absurd frame of mind to enjoy the pricey, faux-Bohemian chic of Tel Aviv's Sheinkin Street. This street is a cross between Greenwich Village and South Beach, with a dash of Williamsburg thrown in. It's where Israel's beautiful people meet to see and be seen. Sit outdoors and order a huge, overpriced Salade Nicoise. You can always ask for your money back if there isn't a model at the next table.

When you've had enough of the high (priced) life, stock up on bargain cotton clothes and produce at the Carmel Market, which is just off Allenby Street. You can buy just about anything here. If you're squeamish about raw meat, skip the row of butcher shops.



If you're visiting Tel Aviv on a Friday, enjoy some pre-Sabbath fun at Nahalat Binyamin, a street near the Carmel Market which is transformed into a fair in the afternoon. Artists sell their work, musicians play, and clean-cut Tel Aviv teens with multiple nose rings (who like to call themselves *freekim*, or freaks) dance up a storm.

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The North Northern Israel is worth a visit in any season. The Sea of Galilee (also known as the Kinneret) is a restful area to stop for a couple of days. It is ringed by hotels, hostels and resorts. But wherever you stay, make sure you go to Tiberias for dinner one night. The waterfront has a carnival-like atmosphere, with music drifting out from the floating discos. Eat at one of the waterfront restaurants and get St. Peter's fish, the local specialty. If you walk along this waterside strip at night, you'll see lots of Tiberias' young residents; Tiberias is more of a working class town than the larger cities, so you'll get a glimpse of a different Israel.

In the hills above Tiberias is the guesthouse Vered Hagalil, which is billed as "Israel's only dude ranch." It offers riding lessons and horseback tours of the region. Its proprietor, Yehuda Avni (nee Eddie Stone), a Chicago native, has been in Israel for over 40 years but hasn't lost his affection for the American West.

The Golan Heights is a good day trip from Tiberias. However, the roads are rough and poorly marked, so even travelers who normally disdain bus tours will want to take one here. The region is certainly rich in both recent and ancient history. Try to select a tour that includes a stop in Gamla, the remains of a town destroyed in 67 AD. during the revolt against the Romans. Gamla is known as the "Masada of the North."

The winery that makes Israel's classiest vintage, the Gamla-Golan-Yarden brand, is located on the Golan Heights and offers tours and wine tastings.

The South Most travelers head for one destination only when they turn South – Eilat. However, in their eagerness to arrive at the beach resort town, they often miss some interesting stops along the way.

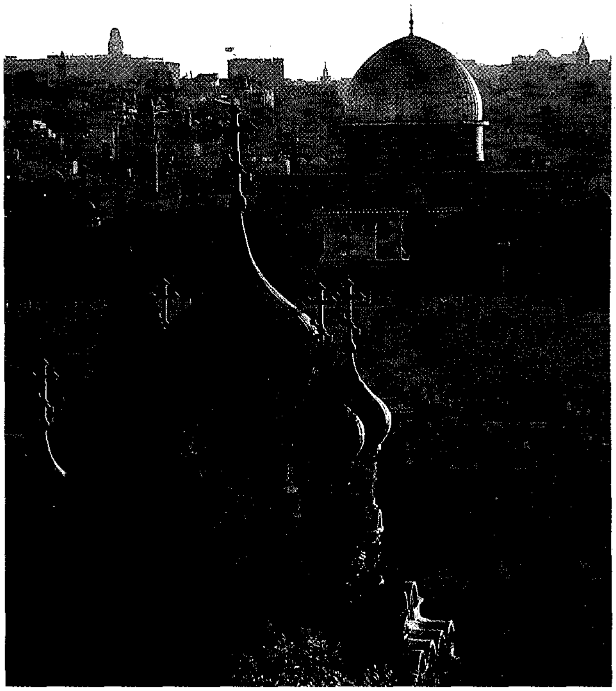
If you head Southeast from Jerusalem, you'll soon find yourself at the Dead Sea, and you may want to make a stop at Kibbutz Ein Gedi. This kibbutz features both a nature reserve for hiking, filled with waterfalls and exotic creatures such as ibex, and a Dead Sea spa just across the road, which offers a chance to roll around in Dead Sea mud. Some enthusiasts believe this mud is good for just about everything that ails you.

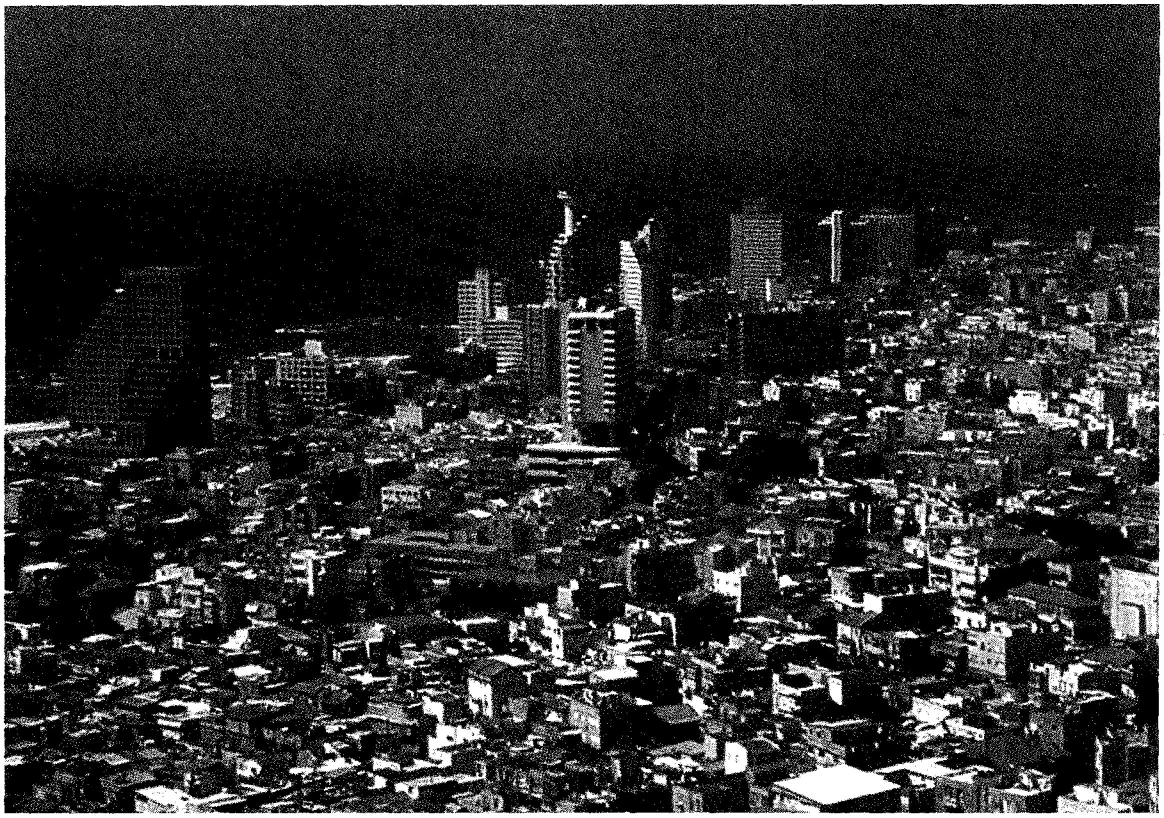
About two hours drive out of Jerusalem, you'll come to the Negev Desert. Hiking is the best way to explore these wide, open spaces and the most exotic and striking spot for hikes is the Ramon Crater, a huge geological depression. The Visitors' Center at the crater can explain its history and suggest some hikes. At the rim of the crater is the tiny town of Mitzpeh Ramon.

A farm that raises Alpacas and llamas is just two miles outside of Mitzpeh Ramon. It's a great place to take children.

Another stop along the road south is Kibbutz Sde Boker, the site of David Ben-Gurion's grave and memorial library. Ben-Gurion called this remote desert kibbutz home for nearly 20 years. The view from his grave has a stark beauty.

A Memorable Trip These are just a few of the places you'll find off the beaten track in Israel. Once you start exploring the country yourself, though, you're sure to find other sites which move and intrigue you. You'll hold the memories of these places close to your heart, and they'll keep you coming back to Israel time and again.





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SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

The events commemorating Israel's 50th anniversary are in full swing. The standouts include: the 50th Jubilee Israel Festival, a festival featuring international theater, dance, opera and music, from May 24-June 13, throughout Israel; Hebrew song festivals in Arad on June 30 and by the Sea of Galilee, from Aug. 6-10; the Jubilee Exhibition at the Exhibition Grounds in Tel Aviv, highlighting Israel's major achievements, Aug. 3-31; and the Jerusalem Jubilee Parade on Oct. 7.

For more information on jubilee events, call the Israel Tourist Information Center at 1-888-77-ISRAEL, or see the Ministry of Tourism's website at *www.goisrael.com.*

Guided hiking tours in English can be arranged by calling the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel at 212-398-6750.

Staying at a kibbutz guest house can be a terrific alternative to a hotel, especially for families with children. Most kibbutzim have pools, daycare centers, playgrounds, and farm animals. A few are even located on beaches. For more information about kibbutz guest houses, call 1-800-552-0141 or 1-888-77-ISRAEL.

THEATER

JOHN SIMON

Many-Splendored Flings

A haunting (and haunted) new 'Follies' at the Paper Mill Playhouse deserves to run forever—on Broadway; Vanessa L. Williams sizzles as a 'St. Louis Woman.'

I SHAMEFACEDLY ADMIT THAT, LIKE SOME COLLEAGUES, I did not in 1971 recognize the greatness of **Follies.** I now see that *Follies* is the kind of show irresistible to anyone who has lived long enough to fathom the meaning of aging, lost youth, mortality, and the magnificent though Pyrrhic victory of not going gentle into that good night. The show potently accumulates meaning from all our losses, from all our gallant last-ditch stands. Never mind Flo Ziegfeld, and mourn for two incomparable stars whose luster the show now subsumes: Alexis Smith and Lee Remick. Were there ever two more maturely beautiful women on our stages, more ladylike and sexy, more aglitter yet accessible, more totally theatrical and not the least bit stagy? Where are you now, Alexis and Lee, you two marvelous Phyllises of the 1971 premiere and the 1985 concert revival? You are built into the accruing glory that is *Follies*, as surely as Daphne lives in the olive tree, as Andromeda lights up the sky.

Do not for a moment think the Paper Mill Playhouse, in Millburn, New Jersey, peddles some nice but provincial, reflected-glory production for memory-chewing old-timers but small beer for newcomers. This staging has Broadway luminously written all over it, and the sooner it gets there, the better.

You remember the story, don't you? An old Ziegfeldish producer, Dimitri Weismann, throws a farewell party to past glory in the ruins of his old theater, now being torn down to become a parking lot. Entertainers and showgirls of his famed extravaganzas, along with the men they loved and/or married, show up for a final fling, and old loves reblossom among the ruins, wrecked spouses try to rebuild crumbling marriages or start new ones. The past and the present briefly co-exist in a striking double exposure: We see the two principal couples, Phyllis and Ben, Sally and Buddy, as well as various individuals as they were then and as they are now. The stage is aswirl with intermingling ghosts: those whose ghostly presence haunts the present, and those whose ghastly present bemoans and grasps at happiness past.

If there was a flaw in the original, Hal Prince production, it was that James Goldman's brilliantly conceived book allowed too much dialogue to slow down the vibrant life in Stephen Sondheim's score and Michael Bennett's choreography. The Millburn revival prunes verbiage to a muscular terseness, and gives full vent to eloquent dancing and a score of twenty hit numbers, outsparkling one another; but not really outsparkling—sharing their radiance, rather, like the Milky Way.

Much depends on the right cast, and here we have seven great luminaries of yore: Kaye Ballard, Eddie Bracken, Donna McKechnie, Ann Miller, Liliane Montevecchi (less solipsistic than usual), Phyllis Newman, and Donald Saddler. They act, sing, and dance with untarnishable bravura and mastery that should speak equally loud to established fans and astounded new audiences.

But the newer or new performers mostly hold their own. It would be hard to find fault with Jo Ann Cunningham, Michael Gruber, Vahan Khanzadian, Natalie Mosco, Carol Skarimbas, and several others. Especially impressive is the Phyllis of Dee Hoty, who ably wears the mantle of Alexis Smith and Lee Remick, than which there is no higher praise. For the London revival, Phyllis's terrific number, "The Story of Lucy and Jessie," was dropped for Diana Rigg, who couldn't dance it, and replaced by "Ah, but Underneath," nice but overshadowed by earlier striptease numbers in *Pal Joey* and *Gypsy*. For the elegant Miss Hoty, the original should be restored.

Two further problems are the actors playing Ben and Buddy, the former collegiate stage-door Johnnies who married Phyllis and Sally, respectively. Ben, a writer,

Love among the ruins: Michael Gruber and Meredith Patterson cavort in *Follies*.

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

CUE

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was initially Sally's lover, and Buddy, a super-salesman, must now watch Ben and Sally gravitate toward each other again. The sophisticated Ben should be played by the current Buddy, Tony Roberts, whose lack of dancing skills makes him less fit for a part calling for a hoofer like Dick Van Dyke. And that fine singer Laurence Guittard does not fully convey the rivenness of Ben. So their deeply human opposites, Donna McKechnie and Dee Hoty, are not matched.

Michael Anania has designed very good sets, though they do not quite equal the evocative eeriness of Boris Aronson's originals. Gregg Barnes's costumes are suitably grand, Mark Stanley's lighting incandesces, and Jerry Mitchell comes as close to Michael Bennett as any rethinking choreographer can come to what was perfection. Robert Johanson's staging keeps it all beautifully astir, and Jim Coleman and Tom Helm take ample care of the musical end. Which brings us back to Sondheim, whose supreme masterpiece this is—a kind of *King Lear* of musical comedy. In a just and wiser world, it is not *Les Miz, Phantom,* and *Cats* that would be forever; instead, there would be one sold-out theater playing *Follies* always. Always.

FOLLOWING ITS APT REVIVAL OF *LI'L ABNER,* Encores! adverted to **St. Louis Woman,** a trickier project. This 1946 Harold Arlen–Johnny Mercer score survives in very incomplete form: Rob Fisher, the Encores! conductor, had to track down most of the missing parts; the rest was supplied by the gifted orchestrators, Ralph Burns and Luther Henderson. Its story was adapted by its present, imaginative director, Jack O'Brien, with bustling choreography by George Faison, clever clothes chosen by Theoni V. Aldredge, and sassy lighting by Peter Kaczorowski. A satisfying, almost seamless whole emerged. The book by Arna Bontemps and Countee Cullen is hard to judge in its semi-staged state, but this tale of black bar owners and jockeys and their fighting and fought-over women can pass for a poor man's *Porgy and Bess.* The score, with a few pleasing numbers and one jewel, "Come Rain or Come Shine," reprised too often for comfort, could use a couple more winners.

Unassailable is the enchanting Vanessa L. Williams as the chanteuse Della, who leaves her shady bar-proprietor boyfriend Biglow for the winning jockey Li'l Augie, and is brutally pursued by Biglow, who is in turn tragically chased by Lila, whom he dumped for Della. All the women do well, notably Yvette Cason, L. Scott Caldwell, and the imposing but slightly overoperatic Helen Goldsby. Among the men, Victor Trent Cook, Chuck Cooper, and Roger Robinson do best, with Stanley Wayne Mathis (Augie) and Charles S. Dutton (Biglow) a bit too uncharismatic. ■

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

From Russia With Like

The Kirov Opera's influence looms large, which makes Met Kremlinologists nervous—especially in light of so-so performances.

Vladimir Vaneev, Mikhail Kit, and Olga Trifonova in *Ruslan and Lyudmila.*

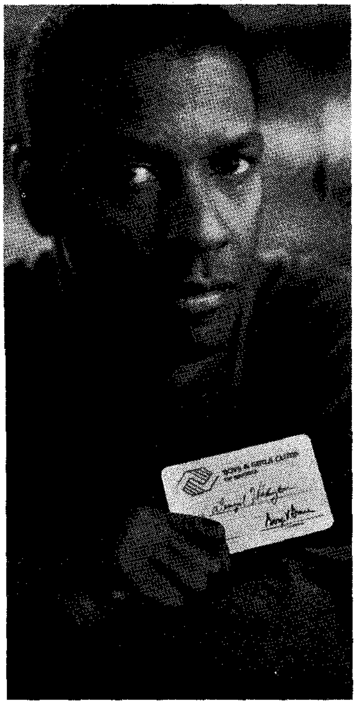
ITS THREE-WEEK VISIT TO THE METropolitan Opera House now over, the **Kirov Opera** and its charismatic conductor, director, and general factotum, Valery Gergiev, have packed up and returned to St. Petersburg, leaving New York's ever-vigilant opera watchers with many questions to ponder. Will the rich Russian operatic repertory, largely unknown here and from which the Kirov has lately given us some tantalizing samples, now be explored even more vigorously by the Met? Will the ties between the two companies become ever firmer as the already considerable number of Russian singers on the Met roster increases and multiplies? Is Gergiev himself, now the Met's principal guest conductor, poised to play an even more influential role in New York's musical future?

Barring any unexpected operatic plot twists down the road, the answer to all these queries is surely yes. New productions and revivals of several Russian novelties have already been announced by the Met, and to insure idiomatic performances it only makes sense to engage artists who have these operas in their blood. And while they happen to be in town, the same singers are bound to turn up in familiar works by Verdi and Puccini. Here's where conspiracy theorists throw up their hands and issue dire warnings. Our premier opera company, they say, is rapidly being transformed into Kirov West, a cost-effective operation based on cheap imported labor and malleable singers more than willing to be controlled by those power-mad villains who rule the Met. That's an unlikely scenario, but I suppose it could happen—after all, the Met has a long tradition of foreign takeovers. Opera in German reigned exclusively from 1884 to 1891, the Italians dominated for years after Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini arrived in 1908, and in the fifties Rudolf Bing drew heavily on his Viennese contacts—why, the Met was even dominated by Americans during the World War II years, if only by default.

However it all turns out, the Russians are definitely here to stay, for a while at least, and in that respect the recently concluded Kirov Opera Festival has proved instructive. For one thing, we have just heard a large number of unfamiliar singers "auditioning" under live-performance conditions, a process that was surely as useful to Met management in sizing up prospective talent as it was to an audience eager to discover new favorites. And some are sure to be back. I encountered most of the Kirov's leading singers over the course of the six performances, enough to ascertain that the company's overall standard is respectable even if the ranks are hardly crammed with exciting vocal personalities. There were certainly no thrilling voices to equal those of tenor Vladimir Atlantov, mezzo Elena Obraztsova, baritone Yuri Mazurok, and bass Yevgeni Nesterenko, powerhouse Russian stars who drove the fans wild when the Bolshoi visited the Met in 1975.

The Kirov's male roster is especially nondescript—just from listening to the bland Prince Igors of baritones Nikolai Putilin and Mikhail Kit, I would be hard put to characterize their interpretations, let alone draw fine comparative lines between them. And if the Met was hoping to find spinto sopranos for the heavier Verdi and Puccini roles that go begging nowadays, the search goes on. Sounding worn and opaque as Yaroslavna in *Prince Igor,* Galina Gorchakova indicated that her brief usefulness in this repertory has passed, and her opposite number, Valentina Tsidipova as Gorislava in *Ruslan and Lyudmila,* was even more disappointing. The lighter sopranos showed more promise, in particular Anna Netrebko, whose agile, unblemished voice soared easily through Lyudmila's roulades and captivated all ears in *Betrothal in a Monastery.* She also looks enchanting and creates real characters—in Lyudmila's case out of practically nothing. Another singer with strong stage and vocal presence is Larissa Diadkova, whose creamy mezzo and assured acting gave vivid profile to such diverse parts as Prokofiev's nosy Duenna, Glinka's mysterious Ratmir, and Borodin's

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.



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sensuous Konchakovna. We'll soon see if Diadkova's versatility extends to Verdi when she sings Azucena in *Il Trovatore* at the Met next season.

One hardly expects the Kirov to experiment with avant-garde staging techniques, but production styles back home are more varied and less conservative than one might suspect from the quaint theatrics so far seen in New York. The ghastly new *Prince Igor* I wrote about last week was a misguided compromise, an attempt to reinterpret an unwieldy historical spectacle by tarting up an old-fashioned representational approach with cheap contemporary glitter. Also a recent production, *Ruslan and Lyudmila* is more tasteful and modestly scaled, content to reproduce the adventures of two fairy-tale lovers in subdued storybook terms—no high-tech effects, just a charming fantasy delightfully told, complete with a gigantic singing head, a battle to the death in midair, and a palpable sense of magic in every scene.

The Kirov's fourth and last offering was Tchaikovsky's *Mazeppa,* an opera based on an unsuccessful revolt led by the legendary seventeenth-century Ukrainian hero-separatist. This work finds the composer in one of his blackest moods, dealing with a grim plot of political and personal betrayal, torture, execution, mass slaughter, and madness—a famous production at the English National Opera not so long ago rattled many British sensibilities by presenting the work's cruelties, a chain-saw massacre included, with gruesome relish. Not so at the Kirov, which performs the work as a hokey melodrama acted out against faded drops and musty flats, sets that must date back to the time of the world premiere in 1884. Ironically, the company prepared a new production of *Mazeppa* only last December—an effective contemporary interpretation, to judge from what I saw of it on a video, but apparently deemed by the Met as too startlingly original for New York audiences.

Of course, it could be that the fusty noninterventionist production New York saw is the sort in which the Kirov singers feel most comfortable. Even if he never quite succeeds in making the enigmatic Mazeppa a very plausible character, Nikolai Putilin sang far more vibrantly than he had as Igor; Yuri Marusin's precariously pitched tenor, a trial in the lyrical arias of Glinka and Borodin, sounded somewhat less bloodcurdling in Andrei's music; and Olga Guryakova went spectacularly mad as Maria, enthusiastically prodded by Lyudmila Shemchuk as the girl's equally unstable mother. There's more to this troubling opera than such scenery-chewing and loud singing would suggest, but the audience loved it—proving, I suppose, that the Met knows what New York operagoers like best. ■

Brock

continued from page 40

owed by the debacle over the ethics of now-retired David Brinkley's appearances as a spokesman for Archer Daniels Midland, a longtime *This Week* sponsor. Roberts awkwardly congratulated him on his "new role."

Worse still was the publicity over the show's name change. When ABC inexplicably renamed the show *This Week With Sam & Cokie,* Bob Schieffer went around town joking that he was going to call his broadcast *Big Bob's Face the Nation.* After critics began comparing the show to *Live With Regis & Kathie Lee,* its producers quickly tacked on the anchors' last names, informing Donaldson of the change by memo. ("That was the product of our decisive and informed management," Donaldson says sourly. "And if you use that, do it with a straight face.")

For the moment, however, the Monica mess seems to have pulled *This Week,* which has been especially hot on the scandal, out of its slump. Ratings for all the shows have been higher in most of the past four months than they have been since the Gulf War, but for *This Week* the gain has been especially pronounced. In April *This Week* trounced *Meet* nationally on two Sundays for the first time in 26 weeks. Sex sells, even on Sunday morning.

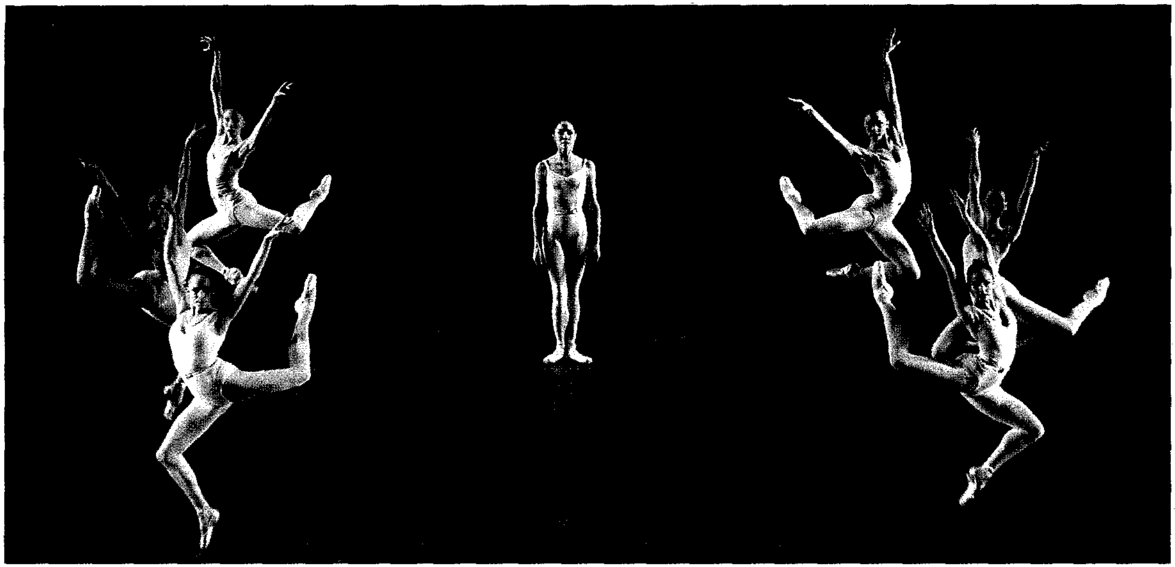
But while *This Week* has provided a vivid weekly snapshot of the Beltway consensus on the scandal, it has proved a notably unreliable guide to its myriad twists and turns. On the Sunday after the story broke, Donaldson, Will, and Kristol predicted breathlessly that Clinton could be out of office within days. The next Sunday, Donaldson read out poll numbers showing Clinton's approval rating rising; he then threw up his hands and said, "Go figure," and the panel went on to issue the same dire prognostications served up the week before. The media is "way ahead of the public on this," Roberts says now. "The public will understand soon enough."

Ultimately, however, the Lewinsky coverage shows how far the Sunday shows have strayed from their high-minded roots in their bid for ratings. For more than three months now, none of the top three Sunday shows has had the guts to drop the story, even when there was no news coming out of it. The same guests—from virtuecrat William Bennett to former White House chief of staff Leon Panetta—have popped up repeatedly, mouthing the same platitudes. Appearing on *This Week* at the height of the recent Iraq crisis, Secretary Albright was shunted off after ten minutes to make room for yet another rote interview with Paula Jones's lawyers. "If there's nothing happening on Monica, you are afraid not to do it," Sam Donaldson concedes. "Afraid to get off the competitive merry-go-round." ■

DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Corps Curriculum

After years of backsliding, the New York City Ballet has recaptured the precision that its signature Balanchine repertory demands.



Balanchine act: *Movements for Piano and Orchestra.*

THE **New York City Ballet** OPENED ITS SPRING SEASON with a healthy dose of Balanchine, danced more forcefully and cogently than this repertoire—the company's chief reason for existing—has been danced in quite a while. For some years, the celebrated precision-honed NYCB technique has been growing lackadaisical, the sharp attack of phrases and clean finishes of steps that were once the company's trademark becoming weak and smudged. This decline now seems to be turning around. Exactitude appears to be the goal once again, even if it is not consistently achieved, and the dancing is more three-dimensional and robust, after dispiriting seasons of flat, flimsy paper-doll work.

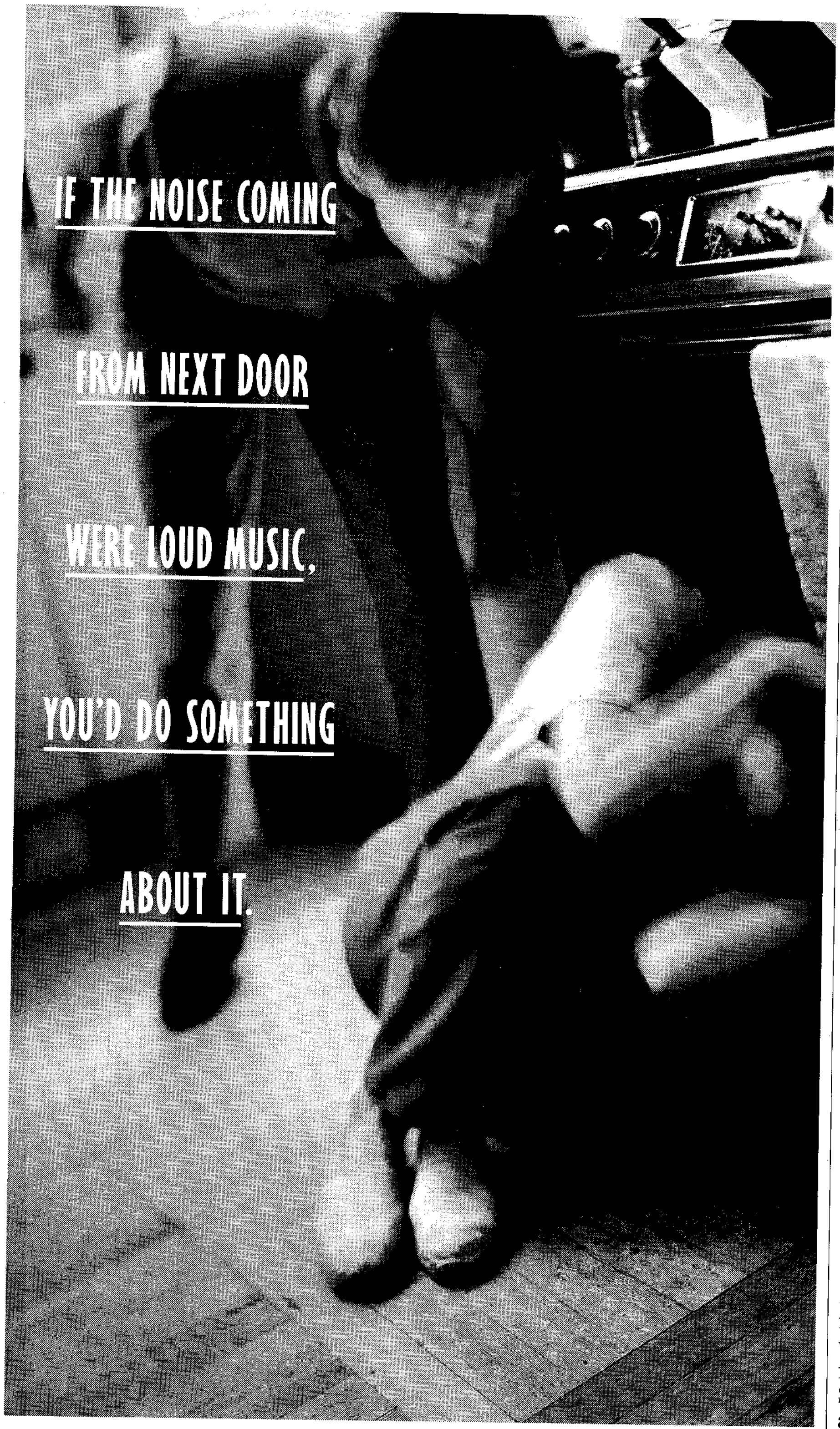
Monumentum pro Gesualdo, one of the most beautiful small artifacts of Western culture, and highly dependent on its corps de ballet, serves as an example of the strong, focused, sculptural work the current NYCB ensemble can achieve. *Symphony in C,* which offers a whole universe of dance—allegro, sublime adagio, and witty bravura as well as a finale that's an unabashed display of a company's power—has regained a good measure of the impact it used to have. The most sublime moments were, of course, provided by the two fine casts of principals, among them Darci Kistler, whose potent imagination sweeps you away; Philip Neal, who is making great strides as a masterly cavalier; and Albert Evans, whose feeling for continuity in movement is so highly developed, even his moments of stillness resonate. But it's the corps de ballet that provides the matrix for these wonders, and today's corps displays a commendable vitality. For a viewer whose standards weren't set by the glories of Balanchine's heyday, the current rendition of the ballets may well be exhilarating. The rest of us may be forced to admit that these readings are about as good as we're going to get.

Without Balanchine present to coach his own works, and with management persistently shutting out several key Balanchine dancers who might pass on some of the master's intentions, it's inevitable that the performance of the choreography should have eroded. This deterioration is most visible today in the rote aspect evident even in the best stagings. Instead of moving with a spontaneity sprung from understanding and responding acutely to the musical impulse central to Balanchine's choreography, the dancers seem to be doing—dutifully, even with alacrity—just what they've been told to do.

Further, as always happens when groundbreaking works age, their most singular and unconventional aspects get smoothed over, evened out. The dynamics of the movement loses its crucial variety; intentional disjunctiveness disappears; gradations of light and shade give way to a single tone; the astonishing becomes business-as-usual. In works like *The Four Temperaments* and *Movements for Piano and Orchestra,* gestures and phrases that formerly looked eccentric or grotesque—but in possession of their own physical logic and immense visceral and emotional meaning—are now blank, unthreatening, simply another item on the list of things to do. At the same time, material that is lyrical and touching gets sentimentalized. When Balanchine chose to be sentimental (in *Meditation,* for instance, and in passages of *Don Quixote*), he was extravagantly, baroquely so; when tenderness and lyricism governed his mood, his poetry was so pure, it was well-nigh objective.

True, a few individual dancers—Kistler, Kyra Nichols, Peter Boal—are sufficiently intelligent and intuitive to make the choreography read true without much guidance. But they are veterans who knew the

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.



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repertory when it was still governed by Balanchine's genius. One wishes that the *wunderkinder* of the next generation—Isabel Kimmel, Sebastien Marcovici, Benjamin Millepied, Jennie Somogyi, to name just a few corps de ballet standouts—had the opportunity to develop under similar circumstances.

One of the great ironies of today's performances is that the unison work has "improved." This sort of discipline might interest Mayor Giuliani, but Balanchine never cared much about Rockettes-style unison, which is a mechanical phenomenon. When he assigned a group of dancers to execute the same material, as is often the case in corps de ballet work, he opted—more subtly—for a common musical accord. Women presented by Balanchine in a cluster were not expected to have their limbs arranged at exactly the same angle, but rather to give the effect of a bunch of wild flowers contained in a vase, each, within limits, allowed an individual range of posture. Those responsible for keeping Balanchine vibrant at the New York City Ballet might well consider the naturalness and beauty of that vision.

DANCE

ONE OF THE LUSHEST TALENTS TO EMERGE AT the New York City Ballet in the past decade was **Jenifer Ringer.** Yet after being promoted to soloist level and showing promise of attaining principal rank, she began to appear infrequently, then not at all, and eventually vanished from the company's roster. An injury that sidelined her for a time was part of the problem, but rumor had it—and sightings supported the idea—that the basic problem was excess weight in an era that likes its ballerinas super-slim, often to a visually grotesque and dangerously unhealthful degree. (Ironically, the NYCB women are, as a group, more zaftig this season than I've ever seen them.)

At any rate, Ringer resurfaced this spring as the heroine of Francis Patrelle's *Romeo and Juliet,* danced by the choreographer's chamber-size company at the Kaye Playhouse. Though the weight problem has by no means been solved, it hasn't much diminished Ringer's dancing, in which technical brilliance is supported by fluent musicality and theatrical vivacity. She needs (and deserves) a larger stage and first-class choreography, which means a company far grander than Dances . . . Patrelle. To acquire such a home, she'll have to find the happy medium between skeletal and rather more than pleasingly plump—no simple matter. True, the gods being generous, life is full of wasted gifts, and one must learn to accept that state of affairs. Once you've seen Ringer in motion, though, you're reluctant to abandon the idea of a glorious career for her, because her dancing persuades you that life is joyous and thrilling. ■

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

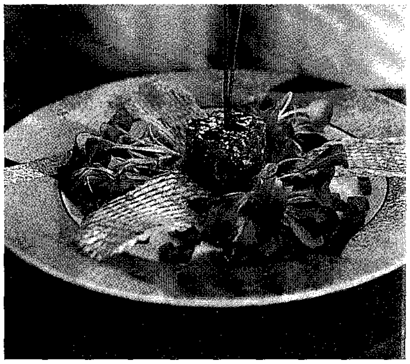
Trees Chic

Hungry? Make a dash for green acres. American Park brings fusion fuss to the Battery, and there's a stylish new tack at Central Park's Boathouse.

URBAN GROUNDHOGS THAT WE ARE, NEW YORKers long to leap into summer mode while spring is still deciding whether to be naughty or nice. We hunger for landscape, hit park lawns with winter flesh primed for braising, and rush to embrace the waterside. Never mind the spring monsoon: I am determined to find just-launched **American Park** somewhere on the big toe of Manhattan. Amazingly, the cabby thinks he actually knows how to find State Street. He deposits me on the southeast corner of historic Battery Park—a tiny handkerchief of turf, just steps from the South Ferry subway stop. Gardeners point the way to the green-roofed pavilion (where the name will appear a week later).

Flats of daffodils wait on the patio beside a hole destined to house the alfresco kitchen. By June, the low-price bar and café with tapas on dim sum carts will hug the Promenade. But now, inside the smartly spiffed-up, glass-wrapped former storage shed, we gaze through the mist at the Staten Island ferry pushing off toward the Statue of Liberty, amazed by the enduring thrill of it.

Even more amazing is lunch itself: The nimble, eager crew. Close-up-perfect plates. Sophisticated flavorings. Tunisian-born Rad Matmati, working his way from dishwasher to range with stints at Oceana and Tropica, shows grit and gift here. The trio of adventurers who gamely splashed their way through unknown Zip Codes to join me for know-not-what are dazzled by the colorful still lifes and the bold saucery. A red-striped rouget floats over orzo and chickpeas. The tenderness of baby octopus nuzzles a rubble of Israeli couscous, olive slivers, and slices of baby artichoke. Tuna tartare tingles with ginger, shallot, and sesame to scoop up on potato chips. All is designed but not tortured, with trails of powerful potions painted on the plate.



None of these tasty juxtapositions was invented by Matmati. Baby sprouts and exotic coulis are everywhere. Slashings and dribbles are cliché. And if an heirloom tomato falls in the concrete forest, it goes without saying that 100 cooks craving stardom will hear it plop. What counts is how Matmati does it. He's not sold his soul to cloying sweetness. Wine, preserved lemons, fresh citrus, and verjus deliver an acid punch that ties flavors together. A Tunisian harissa-and-lemon confit sets off his grilled tuna loin. Balsamic-scented spinach and a Merlot reduction add verve to sautéed red snapper with white beans. That's his mother's peppery tomato compote surrounding a whole black sea bass, roasted, boned, and garlanded with minced red onion and parsley. Grilled mahimahi with Japanese eggplant and shiitakes in spicy lemongrass-coconut-and-curry broth on rice noodles mimics a favorite dish of Hanoi. He does skirt steak at lunch and a pan-roasted veal chop or first-rate sirloin for the less adventurous. And I hope he won't let anyone persuade him to turn down the fiery heat of the chipotle oil on his sensational short ribs. There is an intelligent wine list to back him up, priced high but not rudely so, as are entrées: $16 to $26 (a two-pound lobster is $44).

Pastry chef Jemal Edwards gave up his blue spiked hair of Nobu days for stints at Fauchon and Taillevent. Now he's mastered such sweet razzmatazz as blown-sugar balls filled with champagne granité. The only flaw in the citrus gratin is how tiny it is. Nothing could be more elegant than his chocolate marquise with curled spikes of chocolate and a shard of pistachio brittle on a swirl of yellow and chartreuse. Primed for an outrage, I am forced to concede that the clarion call of curry in the sauce somehow works.

American Park is still a work-in-progress, the latest waterside dream of Frank and Jeanne Cretella, the Staten Island couple who resurrected Lundy's in Sheepshead Bay and run the Boathouse café in Central Park. Obsessed with seeding the waterfront, Frank Cretella likes to drive into Manhattan at 5 A.M.

Please don't eat the daisies: Left, American Park; above, the restaurant's tuna-tartare appetizer.

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

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and sip his coffee as he scouts locations. Downtown, he promises valet parking. But no one can guess if the kitchen will keep its edge when everything opens by early June and seating jumps from 90 to 200. For now, it's a serene retreat, worth braving the West Side IRT—or the $30 round-trip cab ride—to impress a visitor from overseas or fall in love again with New York.

American Park at the Battery; inside the park off State Street (809-5508). Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:45 A.M. to 3 P.M.; brunch, Saturday 11:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M., Sunday till 6 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Friday 5:30 P.M. to 10 P.M., Saturday 6 P.M. TO 10 P.M. A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V.

EVEN AT ITS SLAPDASH WORST, THE Boathouse Café was a tranquilizer as precious as Prozac. But now the Cretellas have pumped half a million dollars into a canvas roof and a glass-walled party pavilion, calling it **Park View at the Boathouse,** with plans to keep it open year-round.

There is already an hour wait for tables when we arrive for lunch at 1:15 on a June-like April day. We must wait in the bar till all four of us are here. "We are only three," I lie, but I won't let the waiter remove the fourth place setting as we are seated. "Just in case she can make it after all." He warns us that a late-arriving guest cannot order once we do because it throws off the timing. "I'm not trying to be mean," he says, "but we count on having your table in an hour and a half." So there I am, already in a pout.

It will take a miracle to jolly me out of it. But that's just what we find. Blue skies; a sense of being in the Bois de Boulogne; a swan that thinks it's Pavlova, snorting for attention as it skims across the water; and food that's infinitely better than it used to be here. John Villa's sprightly contemporary cooking that never seemed smart enough for the grandeur of JUdson Grill seems festive enough here. These are pleasant lunch-in-the-park notions: Seared tuna carpaccio on avocado relish. Three small but delicious crab dumplings in a steamer. Fine bass-and-tuna sashimi with tomato, sesame, and sprouts moistened with scallion oil.

True, the shrimp summer rolls are over-reliant on veggie-and-noodle filler. The Amish chicken with its first-rate fried potato strings can be dry. And the undercooked white beans do nothing for the day's singularly uninspired vegetable soup (though there's nothing amiss in the nuttily crisp skate with white asparagus in a tarragon sauce or the red snapper with corn and purple potatoes). How about more stylish sandwiches, like the grouper club sandwich on sourdough?

I don't mind the fifteen-minute walk from my West Side brownstone at night when I'm with the brawny Road Food Warrior (although he prefers to do it with an armed guard). But it is pouring this Friday evening, so we decide to take a taxi to Fifth and catch the Boathouse trolley. "It runs every ten or twelve minutes," the reservationist tells me. We wait, pacing under our separate but equal umbrellas, eyeing the four or five figures lurking nearby under the trees, very Magritte. Fifteen minutes pass. My mate wants to walk, but neither of us knows the path from the East Side. And then there is the slight menace of those distant loiterers. At 25 minutes, a van arrives. Two men alight. "You must be the Boathouse trolley," I say, about to climb in.

One man laughs: "We're the people who bring food to the homeless." Sure enough, we are surrounded now by the lurkers. Defeated, we slosh off along a path through the brush. Soaked, we stumble into the entryway. "Is there a trolley, or isn't there?" I cry. The woman at the door seems amused. "I think we have a trolley, don't we?" she asks.

With two pots of hot tea, we dry out under the heat lamps of the canvas roof on the terrace as the van arrives belatedly with our indignant guests. But none of us can fight the enchantment of the Impressionist landscape before us—raindrops dancing like jewels on the lake, spring greenery like velvet. Annoyance quickly melts in the care of a solicitous waitress and a fine Sterling Cabernet. The mingled brine of caviar and sea urchin on carefully cooked diver scallops, and the truffle scent in a pear-watercress-and-endive salad add to the spell. The tuna and its crisp taro cake please everyone. But you'll never persuade me that lobster tail goes on the same plate with squab, the bird expertly caramelized and rare. Too bad both the dorade and the chicken are dry.

Villa's desserts—flourless chocolate cake, the too-fancy rhubarb tart, lush tres leches cake, sweet nougat glacé with passion fruit—are good enough. But by midnight, the canvas overhead has sprung a few leaks. My guest's shoulder is sodden, and I've put up my umbrella so I can grab a last citrus-berry tartlet and pay the bill, about $70 per person, including tip ($40 for three courses and iced tea at lunch). The wandering "trolley" is parked outside, waiting to drop us on Fifth. The real trolley, freshly refurbished, will be back again soon, pledged to make its circuit, then hover by the door till the last reveler surrenders.

Park View at the Boathouse, Central Park; enter from East or West 72nd Street (517-2233). Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 4 P.M.; brunch, Saturday and Sunday 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; dinner, daily from 5:30 P.M. to 10 P.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

cue

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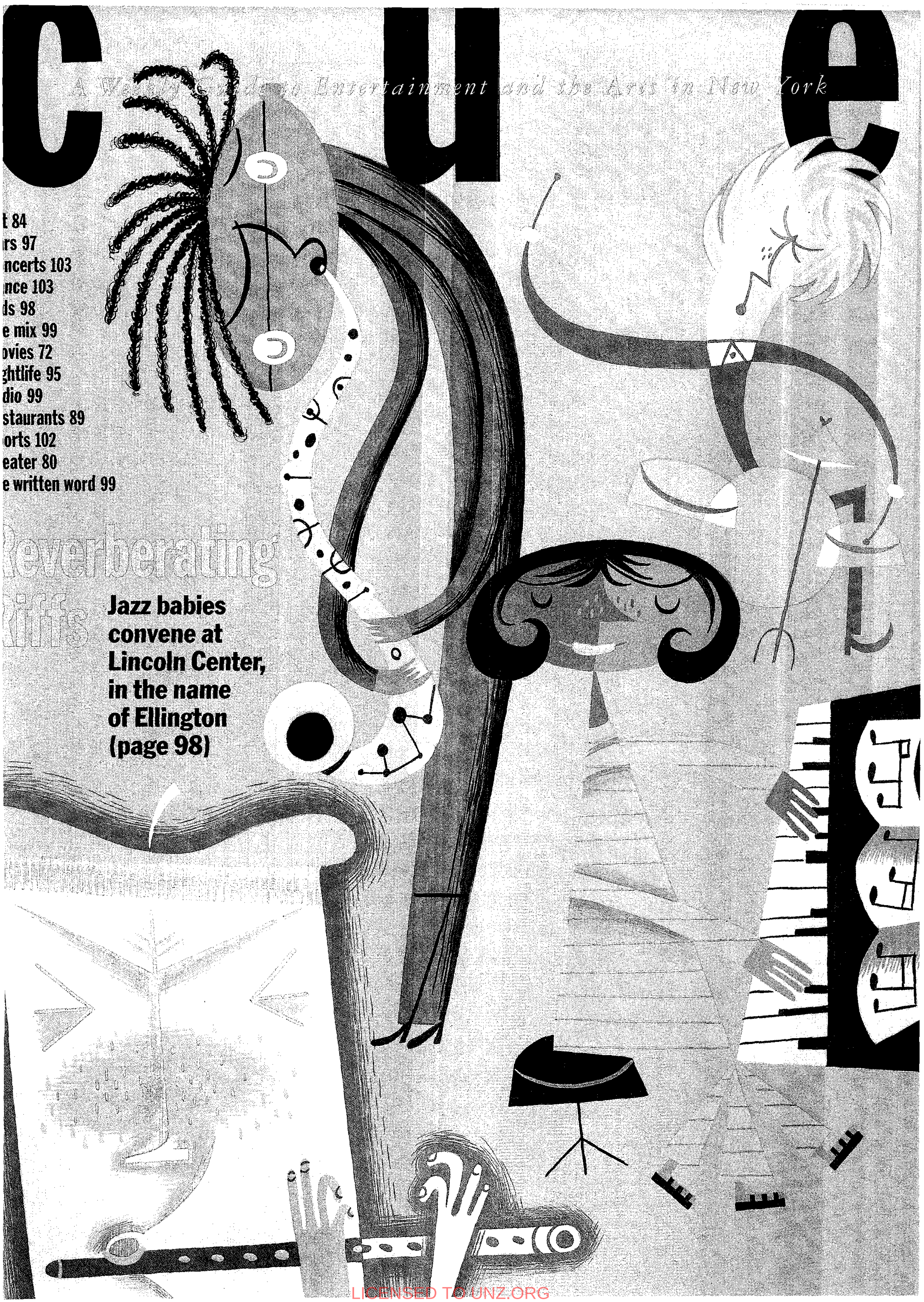
Reverberating Riffs

Jazz babies convene at Lincoln Center, in the name of Ellington (page 98)



movies

Oliver Platt...The Horse Whisperer

New Films

★**The Apostle**—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texas Pentecostal preacher, and he's completely on top of what he's doing. One night Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast, so he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God. He settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Artemisia—The story of pioneering painter Artemisia Gentileschi. Starring Valentina Cervi and Michel Serrault. Directed by Agnes Merlet. (1 hr. 36 mins; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder and torments his Manhattan neighbor—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear). But the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Big Hit—Four hit men kidnap a Japanese heiress (played by China Chow) with mob connections. Starring Mark Wahlberg, Lou Diamond Phillips, Antonio Sabato Jr., Bokeem Woodbine, and Christina Applegate. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

The Big Lebowski—Jeff Lebowski, known as the Dude (Jeff Bridges), shuffles through life in a pothead haze. He gets involved in a bizarre intrigue involving another man named Lebowski, a millionaire with a promiscuous young wife who may or may not have been kidnapped. Hired to deliver the ransom money, the Dude suffers a series of disasters, the result of his own ineptitude and the interventions of his bowling buddy Walter (John Goodman), a Jewish paranoid who misinterprets everything he sees. It's only amusing the first time the Dude gets lost in his own story—a story so incoherent that he can't explain it to anyone. (The funniest thing is a cameo appearance by John Turturro as a gay Latino bowler.) Jeff Bridges has so much dedication as an actor that he sacrifices himself to the Coen brothers' self-defeating conception. Even Bridges can't open up a character who remains unconscious. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Metro Cinema.*

Documentary Cuba-ism

Video artist Steve Fagin visited Cuba and returned with 'TropiCola,' a mix of scripted monologues and images of Havana street life, all set to contemporary Cuban music—and all examining a post-Soviet-sponsored society. At MOMA, May 14–15. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

The Big One—Michael Moore takes a camera crew on his book tour and stops at various Fortune 500 companies to question their downsizing. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Village East.*

Black Dog—Patrick Swayze is an ex-convict and truck driver who gets tricked into driving an illegal load. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

Bulworth—See Denby, pg. 51. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★**The Butcher Boy**—Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens) grows up in a small Irish town with a drunkard and liar for a father and a beautiful madwoman for a mother. The boy receives no guidance at all—just the fervent guilty nonsense of his dad (Stephen Rea), a forlorn trumpet player who never finishes a tune. Francie and his friend Joe put together a mental life that is part fantasy, part role-playing, and Francie is an irrepressible entertainer. Jordan's direction is incisive and at times electrifying, with sudden outbreaks of violence that should warn us something bad is coming. Part of the ominousness is produced by sheer incomprehension. Much of the dialogue is delivered in the deep accents of County Monaghan, and I understood no more than half of what Eamonn Owens says. So I find myself in an embarrassing position: I think this is a great movie, but I'm not sure. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Carla's Song—Robert Carlyle is a bus driver who falls for a mysterious Nicaraguan refugee. With Oyanka Cabezas. Directed by Ken Loach. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Character—A man's lifelong struggle with his overbearing father ends in a murder. Nominated for an Academy Award for best foreign film. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *62nd and Broadway.*

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

City of Angels—The drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic con-

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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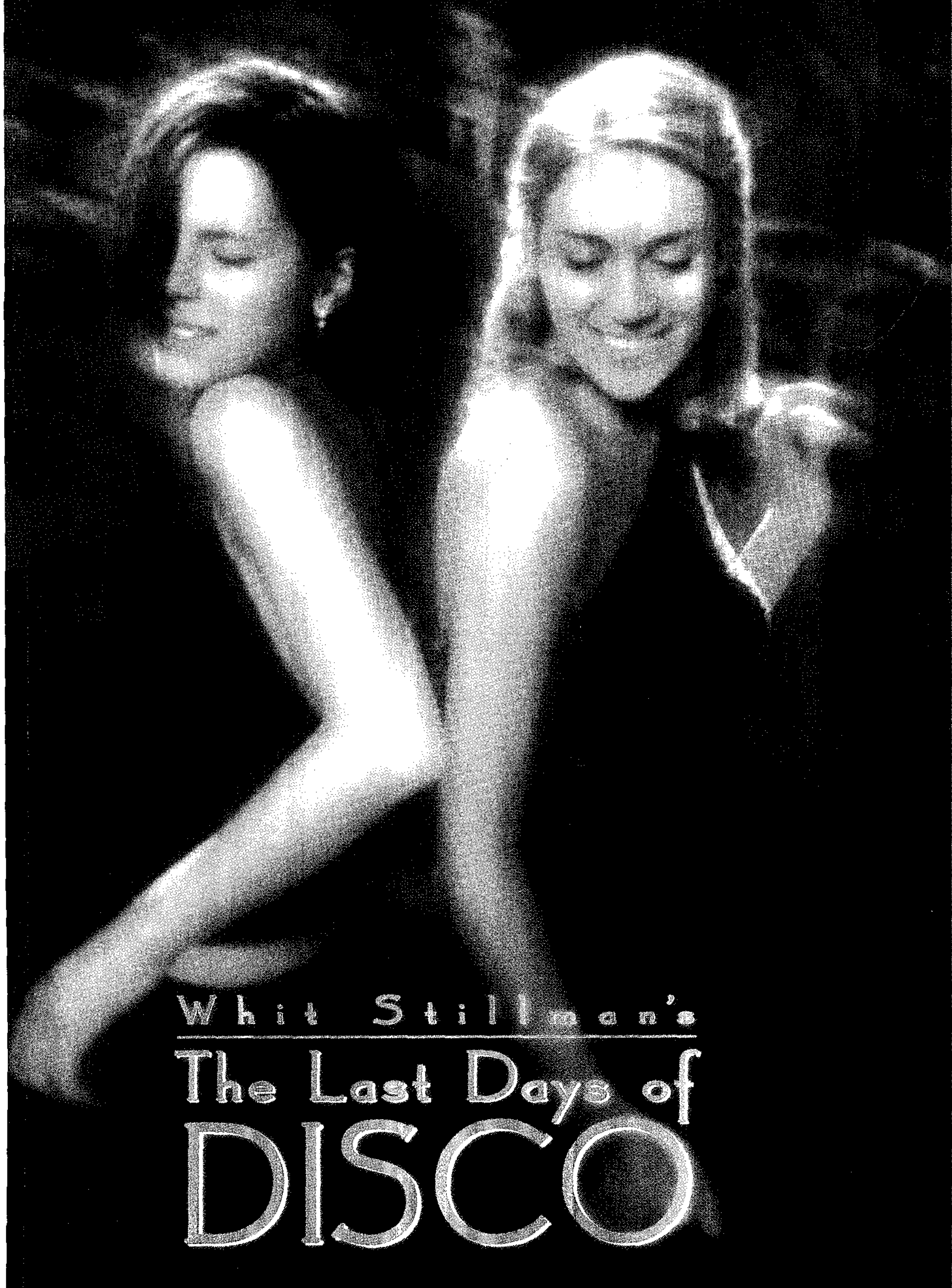

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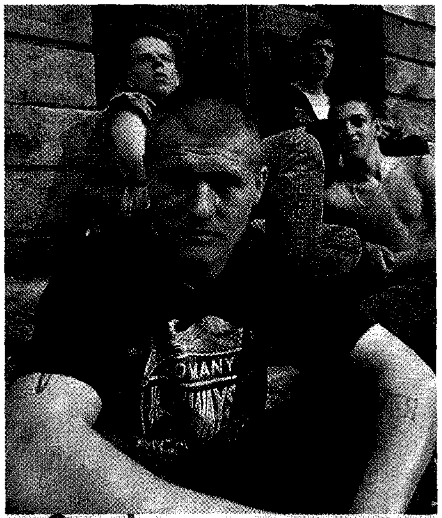


Opening

Young and Reckless

It was a favorite on last year's festival circuit: *La Vie de Jesus*, the story of a French slacker named Freddy (David Douche, above, with his posse) who spends his days riding a tiny motorbike and enjoying the passion of the prettiest girl in town. His idyll ends when an Arab neighbor—gainfully employed—decides to steal her away. Starts May 15.

ception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Clockwatchers—Toni Collette, Parker Posey, Lisa Kudrow, and Alanna Ubach are temp workers who bond over their second-class status in the office. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

Dark City—A man discovers his memories aren't his own and fights to discover reality. With Kiefer Sutherland, Rufus Sewell, Jennifer Connelly, and William Hurt. Directed by Alex Proyas. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Deep Impact—A meteorite is en route to decimate Earth and the president (played by Morgan Freeman) must try to stop it—or prepare for it. With Téa Leoni, Elijah Wood, and Vanessa Redgrave. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

Déjà Vu—Victoria Foyt is an American woman who questions her love for her fiance when she meets a man she feels she's known forever. With Stephen Dillane, Vanessa Redgrave, and Rachel Kempson. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Didn't Do It for Love—A documentary of the life and times of dominatrix turned therapist Eva Norvind. Directed by Monika Treut. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Fireworks (Hana-Bi)—Ultra-talented Takeshi Kitano is a good cop trying to right the injustices around him with a heavy, violent hand. Written and directed by Kitano. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

A Friend of the Deceased—A black comedy set in a new Ukraine ruled by entrepreneurs, mobsters, and the black market. Starring Alexandre Lazarev and Tatiana Krivitska. Directed by Vyacheslav Krishtofovich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Go Now—Robert Carlyle is a day laborer whose life turns upside down when he discovers he has multiple sclerosis. Also starring Juliet Aubrey. Directed by Michael Winterbottom. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Regency.*

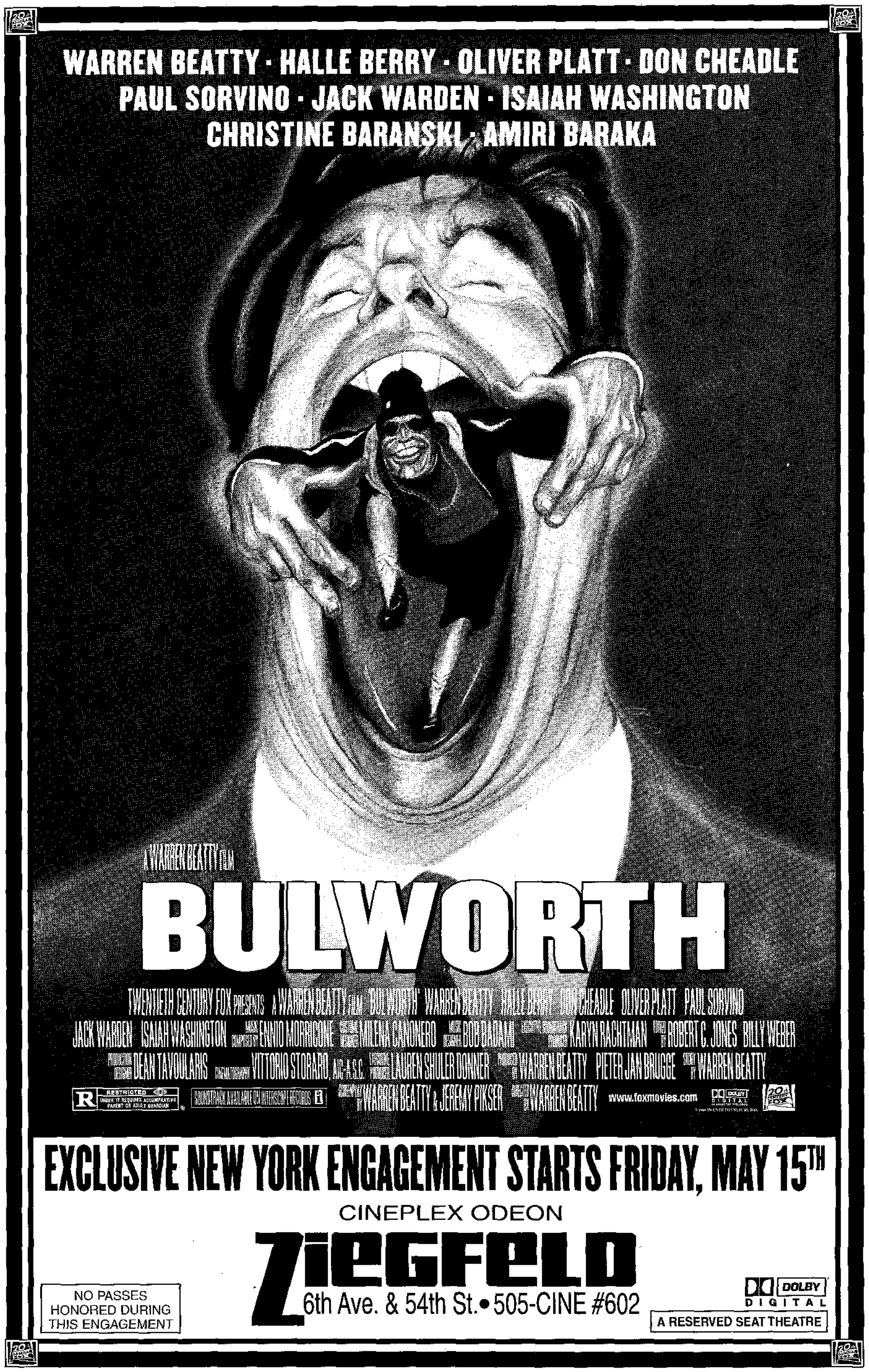
★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *New York Twin.*

Grease—The reissue of the 1978 musical. Starring Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Grey Gardens—The 1976 Maysles documentary of a branch of the Bouvier family (specifically, Jackie O's aunt "Big Edith" and cousin "Little Edie") that lived in squalor in East Hampton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Hanging Garden—A gay man returns home after a ten-year absence and reconciles his past with his present. Starring Sarah Polley, Kerry Fox, Peter MacNeil, and Chris Leavins. Directed by Thom Fitzgerald. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Opens Friday at the Angelika; Lincoln Plaza.*

★**He Got Game**—Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington), a man serving time for murder, receives a weeklong leave to persuade his own son—the hottest prospect in the country—to accept an athletic scholarship from the alma mater of the governor. If he is successful, his prison time may be shortened. The kid's name is Jesus Shuttlesworth (Spike Lee trained Ray Allen, the 22-year-old Milwaukee Bucks guard, to take on the role) and the problem is that Jesus hates Jake, a good athlete who failed to make the pros and, in the middle of a heated argument, killed Jesus's mother. The father-son relationship—the missing connection in black life—has a slightly corny feeling here but at least it's strongly acted and brilliantly staged. Around this drama, Lee arrays the spectacle of enormous success in a poor and depressed neighborhood. Jake's son, a presumptive basketball millionaire, is leaving home, and people want to grab a piece of him—or pull him down. In the real world, removed from the idealism of lonely shoot-



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ers, basketball is drenched in money, envy, and betrayal. The movie is a volatile combination of ambitious mythmaking and nasty reality, and like most of Spike Lee's work, it is also an inextricable combination of good and bad. (Denby; 5/11/98) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Centre Sunnyside.*

One-Shot Women, Scorned

As a child, director Kenji Mizoguchi watched his sister being sold into a life as a geisha. Stricken by the scene throughout adulthood, Mizoguchi explored women's second-class status in Japan in most of his 80 films. His 1954 tragedy 'Saga of the Crucified Lovers' (below) follows a young servant who dooms herself by falling in love with her master's husband. At the YWCA CineClub, May 16–17. See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.

The Horse Whisperer—After a young girl's life is shattered in a horseback-riding accident, a Montana man helps cure the girl, her horse, and her mother. Starring Robert Redford and Kristin Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG–13) *Opens Friday.*

I Think I Do—Five years after graduation, six college friends reunite to attend a classmate's wedding. With Alexis Arquette, Maddie Corman, and Guillermo Diaz. Directed by Brian Sloan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**L.A. Confidential**—The best American movie of 1997. Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Kim Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

La Vie de Jésus—A small-town slacker with not much going on but his girlfriend tries to fend off her potential suitor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at Cinema Village.*

Les Misérables—See Denby, pg. 52. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; Gemini; UA East; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside.*

Little Men—The screen version of Louisa May Alcott's book. Starring Mariel Hemingway and Chris Sarandon. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG) *Gemini.*

Lost in Space—The sixties television show comes to the screen with William Hurt, Matt LeBlanc, Gary Oldman, Heather Graham, and Mimi Rogers. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Lincoln Square; Movieworld.*

★**Love and Death on Long Island**—A crusty English writer, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), falls in love with an image—the face of an American actor, a teen idol named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). De'Ath is a London widower, a creature of routine who regards the world outside with hauteur and fear. One day he wanders into the wrong auditorium at the multiplex—the one playing "Hotpants College 2"—and is about to leave when Ronnie Bostock appears. De'Ath's astonished face, caught in the reflected light of the screen, suggests a man ravished from soul to bowels by an emotion he has never experienced before. The joke, of course, is that Jason Priestley—sideburns, full wavy hair, rotten-angel smile—looks like a second-rate teen fave from about 1954. But De'Ath becomes obsessed, rushing to eastern Long Island, where Ronnie lives with his girlfriend (Fiona Leowi), and turns himself into a seducer of considerable guile. Writer-director Richard Kwietniowski's debut effort is a triumph, a buoyant and elegant achievement—romantic and ruminative yet always precise, a comedy of longing propelled by a strong current of satirical observation. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Marius and Jeannette—A working-class love story between a cement-factory guard and a vivacious supermarket cashier. Starring Ariane Ascaride (winner of the 1998 César for best actress) and Gérard Meylan. Opens Friday at Lincoln Plaza and Quad Cinemas. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Men With Guns—On the eve of his retirement, a Latin American doctor sets off to visit the students he trained for village medicine and discovers the political persecution that lies beyond the city. Starring Federico Luppi, Mandy Patinkin, and Kathryn Grody. Directed by John Sayles. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Mercury Rising—When an autistic child accidentally breaks the national-security code in a puzzle-book contest, Bruce Willis is the FBI agent who protects him. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Midaq Alley—The award-winning story of various characters living in the same poor Mexico City neighborhood, as told in four *Short Cuts*-like episodes. Starring Salma Hayek, Ernesto Gómez Cruz, and María Rojo. Directed by Jorge Fons. Based on the novel by Egyptian Nobel Prize winner Naguib Mahfouz. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Odd Couple II—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau are Felix and Oscar again in Neil Simon's new chapter on the cranky couple. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *59th Street East.*

Parallel Sons—An small-town guy connects with a city boy who has escaped from the local prison. Starring Gabriel Mann and Laurence Mason. Directed by John G. Young. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Paulie—When a talking parrot talks too much to his little-girl owner, he gets thrown out of the house and has to make his way cross-country to find her again. With Gena Rowlands, Tony Shalhoub, Cheech Marin, and Buddy Hackett. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Players Club—A young mother putting herself through college by stripping finds it's not so easy to separate herself from the sleaze. Starring Bernie Mac and Monica Calhoun. Written and directed by Ice Cube. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.; Criterion Center.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *New York Twin.*

★**Primary Colors**—This entertaining but rather peculiar movie (adapted from Joe Klein's novel by Mike Nichols and his longtime collaborator, Elaine May) asks extraordinary questions, and I wish it were better equipped to give the answers. The narrator is a rather bland African-American political operative—Henry Burton, the grandson of a civil-rights leader. Burton, played by Adrian Lester, is forever worrying about the governor's honor. The president-to-be and his circle are portrayed as foul-mouthed and sexually active. The candidate and his wife, Susan (Emma Thompson), are not exactly cooing lovebirds—their relationship is scandalously funny, at times pathetic, at times noble. Physically, Thompson is hard and linear, while Travolta is all rolling ease, his body swiveling, rocking—he seems to carry ball bearings in every joint. Billy Bob Thornton is entertaining as Richard Jemmons, the James Carville stand-in; Kathy Bates, as the Betsey Wright figure Libby Holden, is like a pile driver with superb timing—she's mesmerizing. It's Libby's job to cover the governor's tracks (one gets the impression she's kicked a ton of dirt). But is the portrait accurate? Though I enjoyed all the smart talk and profane irreverence, I didn't take the picture all that seriously. That is, I took it not as reality but as an entertaining convention, a movieish fantasy of what political life is like—quarrelsome, colorful as hell, unburdened by drudgery and nagging detail. (Denby; 3/23/98) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) *Coronet; Ziegfeld.*

Shooting Fish—Two con men meet a pretty medical student who helps them into—and out of—trouble. Starring Dan Futterman, Kate Beckinsale, and Stuart Townsend. Directed by Stefan Schwartz. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG–13) *Village East; Coronet; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shopping for Fangs—A mix of stories about pretty, young, sexually active Asian-Americans. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Sliding Doors—Gwyneth Paltrow is a London girl who gets to answer the eternal question (What if?) when her life heads down two different paths at the same time. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe and the trap has been set. Mamet has made Rebecca Pidgeon (his wife) quite extraordinarily dislikable as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera

Photograph from New Line Cinema.

more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species II—An American spaceship returns from Mars carrying an alien species intent on taking over the earth. Starring Natasha Henstridge. Directed by Peter Medac. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Tarzan and the Lost City—Casper Van Diem is Tarzan and Jane March is Jane, in the continuing story of the man raised by apes. (1 hr. 15 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center; Pavilion Theatre.*

***The Kingdom* Part 2**—The much-awaited sequel to Lars Van Trier's surreal (and super-long) soap opera about the goings on in a Copenhagen hospital. Shown in two parts. (2 hrs. 30 mins each; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Object of My Affection—Stephen McCauley's novel has been adapted for the movies with disastrous panache by playwright Wendy Wasserstein and director Nicholas Hytner. Jennifer Aniston plays Nina, a snippy-snappy young social worker in Brooklyn who takes as a roommate a lovable gay teacher, George (Paul Rudd). When Nina is made pregnant by her overbearing and unsuitable boyfriend (John Pankow), she asks George to raise the child with her. But Nina wants George's sexual love as well, and although George is willing to be daddy, he cannot be lover. Poor Nina is left with nothing to do but throw fits and turn her back in sorrow and furiously wash the dishes. This film is one of those cases, I think, in which the audience is so frustrated by an untenable situation onscreen that it shuts down on the movie: Paul Rudd is charming, and some of the scenes are intelligently written and played, but dramatically, the film has nowhere to go. (Denby; 4/27/98) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel-baron heir from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Movieworld.*

★**The Truce**—In Francesco Rosi's awkward but moving epic about the chaotic aftermath of World War II, Primo Levi (John Turturro), a young Italian chemist, has been left behind in Auschwitz by the Germans. Through sheer luck, Levi has survived. He is later to become a superb writer—the outstanding memoirist of the Holocaust—but in the winter and spring of 1945, he cannot make his way home from Poland. He travels with Italian and Greek fellow survivors—a ragtag group of the larcenous and the merely fortunate—through a European civilization that has simply disappeared. The survivors reacquaint themselves with food and sleep (but never a sleep without nightmare—Levi committed suicide 42 years later, in 1987); then they take up sensual pleasures of every kind. Turturro gives a sincere, entirely committed performance as Levi, but one feels he is attempting to hold our attention by sheer force of will, by an exercise of high-mindedness rather than imagination. *The Truce* is not as exciting as other epics, but it preserves the memory of a man who discovered himself at the moment of Europe's dissolution and in his quiet way triumphed over the worst the century had to offer. (Denby; 5/4/98) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Opening
The Great Healer

**n *The Horse Whisperer,* Robert Redford is a Mon-
ana man with a gift for calming horses and high-
;trung New Yorkers in ho-hum marriages (like
(ristin Scott Thomas). The cleaned up, highbrow
nterpretation of the schmaltzy, successful novel
›pens Friday, May 15.**

hotograph by Elliot Marks/Touchstone Pictures.

Two Girls and a Guy—Two young women (Heather Graham and Natasha Gregson Wagner) think they are the girlfriend of the actor Blake (Robert Downey Jr.), and each has been lied to. The two women break into Blake's loft and wait for him. James Toback shot the movie very cheaply and quickly (in eleven days), and he's moved in a little too close to his actresses and forced them to run through their lines under great pressure. But when Downey enters, the camera backs off, and Downey fills the loft with his personality. He sits down at the piano and sings a torch song. The women come out of hiding, jump all over him, and he lies and retreats. His defense is that he's telling an actor's truth in sexual relationships—he can be whatever he needs to be; therefore, he means what he says when he tells each woman that he loves her. This is nonsense, of course, but it's very revealing of Downey himself. *Two Girls and a Guy* isn't a satisfying movie, but Downey is alarmingly brilliant in it—a man locked in torment who can't find the way out. Let's pray this isn't one of his last performances. (Denby; 5/4/98) (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**Wild Man Blues**—Woody Allen travels from around Europe, playing concerts at night while residing with Soon-Yi Previn in hotels filed with marble and burnished wood, and everything has to be just so. In each hotel, the couple takes a suite so Woody has at his disposal a separate bathroom in which to perform unknown rituals and ablutions. Crowds wait outside his window, as if he were a royal personage. It's the hard easy life. *Wild Man Blues*, directed by Barbara Kopple, is a portrait of a man caught out of his milieu—out of New York, where Woody can work and rest exactly the same way every day. He has plenty of helpers—his sister is along for the ride, and Jean Doumanian, his producer, shows up now and then. Of those present, Soon-Yi Previn is actually the toughest on him. She's a strong-willed young woman, but she doesn't have a lot to say—as far as we can see, conversation between Woody and Soon-Yi centers on his moods, his reputation, his comforts. He plays the neurotic to entertain us, but he's also genuinely cut off and self-protecting, and there isn't much sign here that he sees anything the slightest bit wrong with his situation. (Denby; 4/27/98) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Wild Things—It is my dreary duty to report that this film lacks fantasy and flamboyance, that it lacks, precisely, wild things, and that most of it is just flat. Matt Dillon plays a guidance counselor at what appears to be a very backward high school at the edge of the swamp. The boys are louts, and literally every girl in the school makes eyes at Mr. Dillon. One of them (Denise Richards, of the big pouty lips) accuses him of rape. Is he a louse who sleeps with students? An honorable guy framed by an imaginative teen? Or is there some larger game at stake? And the druggy girl with short dark hair (Neve Campbell), a dropout who sits in a bungalow reading Céline—obviously she's up to no good. The movie's most prominent feature is a series of sudden plot twists. The press has been sternly advised not to give any of these developments away, and I shall obey, though I can't help pointing out that the twists are so abrupt and mechanical, and so little related to character, that they may very well have been devised by a dirty-minded 10-year-old diddling an interactive video game before nodding off to sleep. (Denby; 4/6/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Main Street Cinemas.*

Wilde—Stephen Fry is the Irish playwright in this exploration of his life and his passionate affair with the young, handsome Lord Alfred Douglas (Jude Law). Also starring Jennifer Ehle, Vanessa Redgrave, and Tom Wilkinson. Directed by Brian Gilbert. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Paris Theatre.*

Woo—On the advice of her psychic friend, a woman agrees to a blind date with a Virgo. Starring Jada Pinkett Smith, David Chappelle, L.L. Cool J, Tommy Davidson, and Foxy Brown. Directed by Daisy v.S. Mayer (*Party Girl*). (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova.*

Manhattan
Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Artemisia; The Butcher Boy; Chinese Box; Gummo; The Spanish Prisoner; Two Girls and a Guy; Wild Man Blues; The Hanging Garden.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Black Dog; Love and Death on Long Is-*

land.

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Didn't Do It for Love; Midaq Alley; The Players Club.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fireworks (Hana-Bi); Grey Gardens; The Kingdom Part 2.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Déjà Vu; A Friend of the Deceased; I Think I Do; Marius and Jeannette; Wilde.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Parallel Sons.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Big One; He Got Game; Les Misérables; Shooting Fish; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection; The Truce.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Big Hit; The Big Lebowski; City of Angels; Homegrown; Lost In Space; Paulie; Titanic; Woo.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Deep Impact.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; Lost in Space; Woo.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; Les Misérables.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Black Dog; City of Angels; He Got Game; Paulie; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Les Misérables.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *City of Angels; He Got Game; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Odd Couple II.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Deep Impact.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Artemisia; The Truce; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Primary Colors; Shooting Fish.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Homegrown; Les Misérables; Mercury Rising; The Players Club; Species II; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Wild Things.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Sliding Doors.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Chinese Box.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *He Got Game.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *He Got Game.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Paulie.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Wilde.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Woo.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *He Got Game; Woo.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Apostle; As Good As It Gets; Dark City; Grease; L.A. Confidential; Men With Guns.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Primary Colors.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *City of Angels.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Black Dog; The Object of My Affection.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Butcher Boy.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Black Dog; Deep Impact; Paulie; Scream 2; The Spanish Prisoner; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *The Big Hit; Les Misérables; Little Men.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Good Will Hunting; A Price Above Rubies.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *The Big Hit; City of Angels; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Woo.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Les Misérables.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Character.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Got Game.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Chinese Box; A Friend of the Deceased; Marius and Jeannette; Shooting Fish; The Spanish Prisoner; Wild Man Blues; The Hanging Garden.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Black Dog; The Butcher Boy; City of Angels; Homegrown; Les Misérables; Lost In Space; Paulie; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection; Titanic; Two Girls and a Guy; Woo.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Everest; Into the Deep; Four Million House Guests; Les Misérables; L5–First City in Space.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *The Big Hit; The Big Lebowski.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Titanic.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Deep Impact; He Got Game; Woo.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Deep Impact; The Object of My Affection.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Go Now.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Lost in Space; The Players Club; Species II; Woo.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Barney's Great Adventure; Lost In Space; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Barney's Great Adventure City of Angels; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iro Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; My Giant; Th Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals Wild Things.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Deep Impact; Les Misérables; Paulie Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700 *Deep Impact; He Got Game; Woo.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels He Got Game; Woo.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Go Game; Woo.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Barney's Great Adventure; Deep Impact; Primary Colors.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave U (777-FILM#579) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; H Got Game; Paulie; The Players Club; Woo.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave (777-FILM#577) *Black Dog; City of Angels; Dee*

Talent
Oliver's Story

Preparing for the role of a senator's spin doctor wasn't so hard for Oliver Platt, the blustery actor who plays Warren Beatty's right-hand man in the much-talked-about *Bulworth* (opening Friday; see Denby, page 51). "It was amazing how much research material was kind of *right there*, " he says. "The Dick Morris thing was going on, Ed Rollins's biography was in the bookstores . . ." And then there was the sage advice of director Beatty. "My research, together with Warren's political background," Platt says, "made me feel pretty safe." It may have also helped that his first role was the son of an ambassador: As a kid, he watched his father exercise diplomacy in D.C., Hong Kong, China, Japan, and Taiwan. Platt—who's gained a following by playing the shifty (*Indecent Proposal*) and the heroic (*Executive Decision*) with equal charm—spends this movie trying to catch up to (and cover up for) his boss, the suicidal Senator Bulworth. He frantically follows the senator into a politician's great unknown (nightclubs in Compton, homes in Watts), all the while trying to weave Bulworth's shocking ramblings into some sort of coherent campaign theme for the press corps. The 38-year-old actor will be seen soon as a villain in *Doctor Dolittle* and as a nice guy this fall in Stanley Tucci's *The Imposters,* but right now he's luxuriating in the warm buzz of his latest project. "You see so many scripts where it's all connect-the-dots. This was completely about working with Warren and the exciting, risky material," he says. "What more could you ask for?"

PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph by Sidney Baldwin/Twentieth Century Fox

Impact; Les Misérables; The Object of My Affection.

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Deep Impact; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Barney's Great Adventure; Black Dog; The Butcher Boy; Chinese Box; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Les Misérables; Tarzan and the Lost City; The Object of My Affection; Two Girls and a Guy.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Black Dog; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Titanic; Woo.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Les Misérables; Lost in Space; Paulie; The Object of My Affection.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; Deep Impact; He Got Game; The Object of My Affection; Woo.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Big Hit; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; He Got Game; Lost in Space; The Odd Couple II; The Spanish Prisoner.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Paulie.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *The Big Hit; He Got Game; Paulie; Woo.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Chinese Box; Deep Impact; Paulie; The Spanish Prisoner; Titanic.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Black Dog; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *He Got Game; Woo.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; Deep Impact; Lost in Space; The Players Club; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Woo.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *City of Angels; Les Misérables.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Black Dog; Deep Impact; Les Misérables; Sliding Doors; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *The Big Hit; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Barney's Great Adventure; Deep Impact; Les Misérables; Paulie; Wild Things.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Lost in Space; Paulie; The Object of My Affection; Titanic.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Price Above Rubies.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Deep Impact; Paulie.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Deep Impact; Les Misérables; Paulie; The Object of My Affection.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Odd Couple II.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Les Misérables; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; Scream 2; The Object of My Affection.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Black Dog; City of Angels; Deep Impact; Paulie; The Object of My Affection.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Big Hit; Black Dog; City of Angels; Deep Impact; He Got Game; Les Misérables; Lost in Space; The Odd Couple II; Paulie; Sliding Doors; The Spanish Prisoner; The Object of My Affection; Woo.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 6/28: "Indie New York." 5/16–5/17: *Chelsea Girls* (1966). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $16 nonmembers; $8 members.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 5/14: *Underground* (1995). 5/14–5/17, 5/20–5/24: *Lou Reed: Rock and Roll Heart* (1998). "Quay Brothers Retrospective." 5/15–5/17: Program 1. 5/18–5/22: Program 2. 5/16: *The Blue Angel* (1930). 5/18–5/22: *This Dream People Call Life* (1995). 5/19: *Fear of Heights* (1992). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Different Light—5/17: *Walk on the Wild Side* (1962). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"A Passage to Argentina." 5/12: *Beyond Oblivion* (1956) and *Rosaura at Ten O'Clock* (1958). 5/13–5/14: *Martin Fierro* (1968), *Heartbreak Tango* (1974), and *The Knight of the Sword* (1970). 5/15–5/16: *Moebius* (1996). 5/15 and 5/17: *The Angry Toy* (1997) and *Facundo, The Shadow of the Tiger* (1995). 5/16: *Buenos Aires Vice Versa* (1996). 5/19–5/20: *Under the Same Skin* (1997). 5/19–5/20: *The Boss* (1958). "Movies for Kids." 5/16–5/17: *Chasing the Kidneystone* (1996). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"Ciné-club." 5/12: *Trois Vies et une Seule Mort* (1996). 5/19: *Entrée des Artistes* (1938). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, festival tickets $8.

Guggenheim Museum—"Dawn: Early Chinese Cinema." 5/13 and 5/15: *Street Angel* (1937) and *Family* (1941). 5/14: *Spring River Flows East* (1947) and *Spring in the Small Town* (1949). 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3587).

Museum of Modern Art—"Coming Apart: Films from 1968 and Thereabouts." 5/12 and 5/14: *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967). 5/14: *Rosemary's Baby* (1968). 5/15: *Easy Rider* (1969), *I Was 19* (1968), and *Point Blank* (1967). 5/18–5/19: *My Night at Maud's* (1969). 5/19: *Lucia* (1969). "Baby It's Cold Outside: Films From Finland." 5/15: *One Man's War* (1973). 5/15–5/16: *Hulda from Juurako* (1937). 5/16: *Substitute Husband* (1936), *Restaurant Patrons Seen Through the Eyes of a Camera* (1930), *When Father Has a Toothache* (1923), and *The Village Shoemakers* (1923). 5/17: *Blue Week* (1954) and *Evacuated* (1956). 5/18: *Eight Deadly Shots* (1972). "Robin Hood Weekend." 5/16–5/17: *Robin Hood* (1922) and *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938). "New Documentaries." 5/14–5/15: *TropiCola* (1997). 5/8: *Gratian* (1995). "The Unknown Alain Delon." 5/12: *The Swimming Pool* (1969). "Big as Life: An American History of 8mm Films." 5/14: Films by Berry, Adkins, Murray, Barrie, and Avery. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of May: *Skokie* (1978). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

Symphony Space—"The Envelope Please: 50 Years of Foreign Film and the Academy Awards." 5/12: *Z* (1969) and *The Battle of Algiers* (1967). 5/19: *Mon Oncle* (1958) and *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—Weekends at midnight: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). Sunday brunch: *Valley of the Dolls* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 5/16–5/17: *The Crucified Lovers* (1934). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Sales *continued from page 45*

lethal diss of venerable rap veteran L. L. Cool J. "It's *hot*," Cipha insists.

"Mm, I don't know . . . ," Flex says. In the single, Canibus takes L.L. to task for how success has supposedly made him soft—a sitcom star, a pretty boy ("You walkin' around showin' off your body 'cause it sells, plus to avoid the fact that you ain't got skills!"). Hearing the song feels like what it would be to watch a minor mayor from upstate get on television and call Mayor Giuliani a fascist, a creep.

"I don't *know* . . . ," says Flex. L.L. is a friend. On top of which, Flex knows, giving this thing play could start an all-out war. But listening to the lines—"If you really wanna show off, we can get it on, live in front of the cameras on your own sitcom"—Flex starts to giggle a little. "Let's play it once and see what happens," he says finally.

The phones light up before the track is over. The faxes come whirring in: "Yo Flex Play That Canibus Shit Again!" Flex sighs. His face seems to say, "L.L. isn't gonna like *this*." In fact, the rapper didn't at all, responding with an anti-Canibus single of his own; Flex plays it on air regularly these days. Canibus, meanwhile, has a top-ten rap hit. The war is on. It started, as it only could, on Flex's show.

"It's hot, it's hot," says Cipha, listening.

"As fish grease!" says Flex.

AT THE SONY AFTER-GRAMMY PARty at the Hammerstein Ballroom, Will Smith and Jada Pinkett are holding hands. Celine Dion is conversing with Gloria Estefan (*so* much in common). Bob Dylan—both irritated and comatose-looking after the "Soy Bomb" incident—is scowling. The party's in full swing.

In a booth high above the Nobu sushi and floating trays of Campagna hors d'oeuvre, Flex peers down over the sea of tuxes and Audrey Hepburn–in–*Breakfast at Tiffany's* hairdos. He's making some calculations. "Corporate heads, not real heads," he murmurs. This is an industry party. "I think this is a little stuffy," he says. But not for long. Flex starts tossing on the Marvin Gaye, the Earth, Wind and Fire, and Temptations—old-school tunes for an old-school crowd—mixing it all up with his favorite rappers. "Give it up for Biggie!" he orders the room. Hands wave high. Then the bow ties are twisting off, the hairdos flying apart greasily. Beefy-faced men are getting down like it's a high-school dance. Flex gazes out at the crowd going wild. "I like taking people up and down and up and down. It excites me."

He looks satisfied. "It's funny, what music can do to somebody," he says. ■

theater

Peter Falk Is Mr. Peters...Craig Lucas

Broadway

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh, the 28-year-old Anglo-Irish playwright with the precociously long résumé, made his American debut with this drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. It was a huge hit at the Atlantic this spring; it now runs through 7/5 on Broadway. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

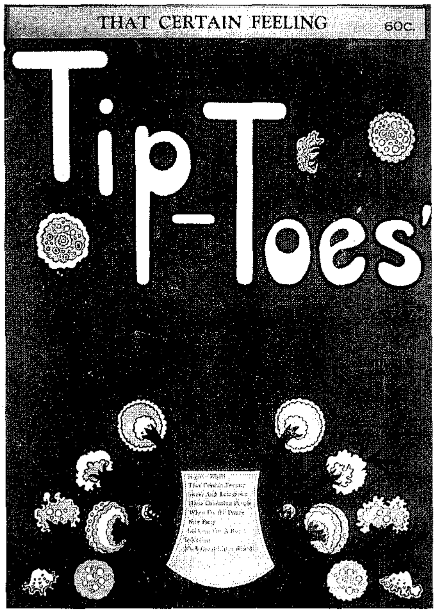
Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Chairs—This tragic Ionesco farce concerns a nonagenarian couple, caretakers of an abandoned tower on an isolated island surrounded by stagnant water. They are ready to die, and have invited everyone conceivable to hear the Old Man's testament, which he, unskilled with words, has hired the Orator to deliver for him. The guests—all invisible presences—start coming. The Old Man chats them up while the Old Woman knocks herself out dragging in seating for them. The stage fills up with more and more empty chairs. Geraldine McEwan's old woman may be a bit too singsongy, but Richard Briers's would-be debonair, self-satisfied yet insecure dotard could not be more appropriately laughable or pitiful. I disapprove of the gratuitous final transformation by the Orator; otherwise this production incises itself indelibly on those privileged to view it. (Simon: 4/20/98.) $35–$60. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Through 6/13. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Onstage Second Bananas

With no Encores! left in the cupboard, it's time to sample *Tip-Toes*, a production from Carnegie Hall's version of the popular musical-revival series. The show, created by the brothers Gershwin in 1925, pits a trio of down-at-the-heels vaudevillians against a bunch of well-heeled Yanks; not surprisingly, a marriage results. Performances run from Wednesday, May 13, through Sunday, May 17, at Weill Recital Hall. For tickets ($45) and more information, call 247-7800.



Photograph courtesy of the Ira and Lenore Gershwin Trusts.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Deep Blue Sea—He, sadly, is best known these days as the smirking pitchman for Dodge minivans, and she as Gwyneth Paltrow's mother. But with any luck, Edward Herrmann and Blythe Danner will reestablish themselves as sovereigns of the New York stage in this 1952 Terence Rattigan drama about a woman who leaves a dependable husband for an undependable lover. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 5/17. *Roundabout Theatre Company Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 6, and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Marquis Theatre, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—After returning to his Chinese hamlet from a business trip, Eng Tieng-Bin, the protagonist of this new memory play, proudly presents his three wives with a new waffle iron, a cuckoo clock, and a phonograph. But his less tangible acquisitions—a new faith, a changed outlook on education, and an overpowering desire to unbind his daughter's feet—do not blend so seamlessly into his traditional home. Directed by James Lapine; written by David Henry Hwang, author of *M. Butterfly.* $30–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/2/98. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Honour—As the former chairwoman of the National Endowment for the Arts, Jane Alexander must have had her share of unpleasant media moments. But at no time, one suspects, did any journalist treat her as disrespectfully as the fictional one in this drama starring Robert Foxworth, Laura Linney, and the former Clinton appointee. Here, the bottom-feeding scribe shows up at Alexander's house to do a profile of her husband—and winds up having an affair with him instead. Written by Joanna Murray-Smith; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/26/98. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44 St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. $15–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
Guise and Dolls

Theodora Skipitares's 'A Harlot's Progress,' based on William Hogarth's engraving series of the same name, follows the rise and fall of Moll Hackabout, a woman determined to resist a life of prostitution in eighteenth-century London. Skipitares, who made more than 50 life-size figures for the occasion, created the piece with composer Barry Greenhut. Performances run May 14 through May 31 at the Performing Garage. For tickets ($15) and more information, call 966-3651.

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Robert Duvall and Lee Remick starred in the original Broadway version; Leonard Foglia *(Master Class)* directs the revival. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/5/98. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway
Previews and Openings

Aunt Chooch's Birthday—It was only a matter of time before the *Tony 'n' Tina* people came out with a

Photograph by Marianne Courville.

sequel, and a birthday party seems as reasonable a premise as any. $65; dinner and dancing included. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. Opens 5/11. *Vegas Room, 221 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Dying Gaul—A new play about sexuality, loss, the Internet, and, because it's by Craig Lucas, the fantasy of living beyond the grave. Directed by Mark Brokaw. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 5/12 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney revisits John, the main character in *The Cocktail Hour,* in his new play about the obscenities of show business. Directed by Jack O'Brien. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Previews begin 5/14 for a 6/1 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mr. Peter's Connections—Peter Falk returns to the New York stage for the first time in 27 years to do this original Arthur Miller play, which the playwright completed this season as Signature Theatre's artist-in-residence. Garry Hynes, the force behind *The Beauty Queen of Leenane,* directs. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/17 opening at 7:15. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

Nasty Little Secrets—A return engagement of Lanie Robertson's drama about Joe Orton, the latter-day Molière who died at the hands of his lover and mentor. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 5/20 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

A New Brain—Shortly after winning a pair of Tonys for *Falsettos,* William Finn was rushed to the hospital for emergency brain surgery and told that his songwriting ability might be forever compromised. This new musical, which he also created with James Lapine, is an autobiographical account of the anguished and introspective period Finn spent in a hospital bed, contemplating the possibility of a limited future. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 5/14 for a 6/18 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Once in a Lifetime—Atlantic Theater Company presents the Kaufman and Hart comedy about a trio of vaudevillians who storm-troop a Hollywood studio. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 5/16 for a 5/31 opening. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 5/21 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

The Seagull—As rendered by Blue Light Theater Company and translated by Tom Stoppard. Directed by Austin Pendleton; starring Angie Phillips, Maria Tucci, Mark Blum, and Greg Naughton. $18–$37.50. Fri. at 4, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 5/27 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Aloha Las Vegas—Edward Sakamoto's new comedy about the allure of Sin City. Presented by Pan Asian Rep. as the final installment of the multicultural *Three by 3* series. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 5/16. *St. Clement's Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. (245-2660).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw. Starring Bo Foxworth and Kristine Nielsen. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bob—A love letter from one avant-garde director, Anne Bogart, to another, Bob Wilson. Performed by Will Bond. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Boom: The Lost Generation—A play based on influential literary figures from the twenties, like Dorothy Parker, F. Scott Fitzgerald, H. L. Mencken, and Ernest Hemingway. Presented by Little Eyases Ensemble Theatre. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (279-4200).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver!,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 6/21. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 6/6. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

The Empty Beach—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre presents Jamie Salom's play about an older woman, her young lover, and a young lady whom they have both rescued. $20. English performances on Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Spanish performances on Sat. at 2 and 8 and Sun. at 2 and 6:30. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Fastest Clock in the Universe—This scabrous comedy by Philip Ridley, the capstone production of the New Group's fourth season, concerns Cougar, a 30-year-old with a pathological fear of growing old. Every year, he throws a 19th-birthday party for himself and invites someone younger and more beautiful to seduce—until this year, when all his plans go awry. $15. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree,

Opening
Cyber Heaven

Is it a coincidence? Or has the Internet, and our perception of it, recently acquired a more religious character? A North Dakota man just confessed to a murder in the chilly mists of AOL; a prominent essay in the spring issue of *The American Scholar,* "The Talmud and the Internet," compares the helter-skelter fragments of Jewish lore, history, and doctrine—recorded at different times and also sometimes likened to a "sea"—with the ocean of helter-skelter intelligence one surfs in cyberspace. In *The Dying Gaul,* opening at the Vineyard this Tuesday, Craig Lucas makes the Internet a zone of restless—and possibly even dead—souls. Linda Emond, an earthy actress if there ever was one, is the prime mover in this borderless, bodiless world; her scenes, in which she consoles a grieving man by appearing online as his departed lover, totally mesmerize. To prepare for the role, says Emond, she moved stealthily through gay chat rooms and asked the same question her character asks in the play: "Anyone here ever lost a friend or a lover?" The response stunned her: Two men answered *yes* the very first time she asked, and the screen soon filled with details, as if it were a gabbling and open wound. "I was curious about how willing people would be to talk about anything," she says. "More curious about that, in fact, than the lewd element, because that was easy." The versatile 38-year-old Californian—who amused in *Baby Anger,* charmed in *1776,* and transformed before our eyes in *Nine Armenians*—didn't necessarily relish her adventure; she felt guilty for being an impostor. She stumbled upon some irritating people. And she feared that she might run into someone she knew—a justifiable concern, as it turned out. "I recently told an old colleague from *1776* what I'd been up to," she says. "And he told me, 'Oh, my God. You'll have to tell me what your screen name is so I don't have to cruise you.' "

Jennifer Senior

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Opening

Columbo Returns

'Mr. Peters' Connections,' a new drama by an older and dreamier Arthur Miller, stars an older and dreamier Peter Falk and concludes the Signature Theatre's all-Miller season. Opens Sunday, May 17.

died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Jails, Hospitals, & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch, the *bandit-tel* from Queens, plays twelve urban misfits, then spews buckets of vitriol at Jerry Seinfeld. $10–$25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. Through 6/27. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Jodie's Body—A one-woman play about art, the body, and the fall of apartheid. Written and performed by the Uganda-raised actress Aviva Jane Carlin. $18. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Mon. at 8. *Gene Frankel Theatre, 24 Bond St. (279-4200).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Miss Julie—Strindberg's classic about the romance between a highborn woman and low-stationed man. $24–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 5/17. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

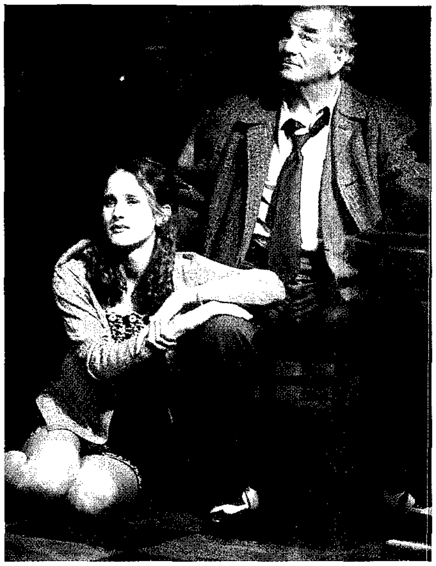
Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (1-800-MURDERINC).*

Never the Sinner—A drama about Leopold and Loeb, two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim. $25–$45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, and trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Big Top at Battery Park City. (1-800-678-5440).*



R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (1-888-MOB-BOYS).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Uncle Philip's Coat—A one-man show about an actor haunted by memories of his uncle, a survivor of the pogroms. Written by Matty Selman; performed by Larry Block. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *American Jewish Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

The Wizard of Oz—A revival of last year's revival. As the Wicked Witch of the West, Eartha Kitt finds herself in a role that (a) suits her vampy, campy talents and (b) plays to a more appreciative audience than reluctant taxicab passengers. Have a purrrrrrrfect evening. Rrrrreeow! $19–$59. Call for showtimes. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 32nd St. (307-4111).*

Photograph by Susan Johann.

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art

Roy Newell...Alex Katz

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Diane Andrews Hall—Paintings that incorporate elements of architecture and Baroque sculpture; 5/14–6/26. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

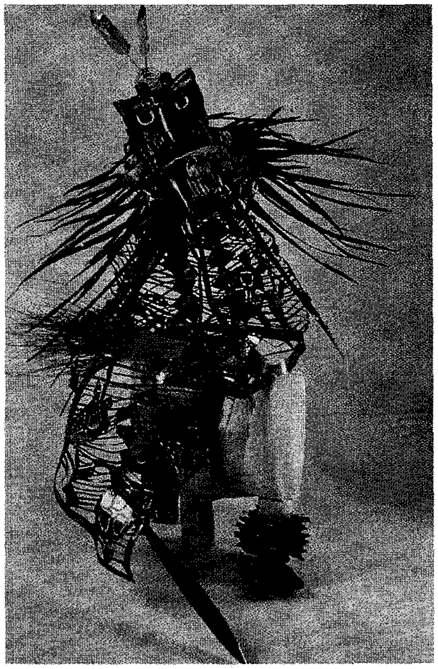
Howard Hodgkin—New paintings that hover between abstraction and figuration and make subtle references to the artist's travels and friendships; through 6/13. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Paul Jenkins—Recent paintings that combine the flowing color of the artist's earlier work with gestural abstraction; through 6/16. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (924-0858).

Per Kirkeby—Bronze models and works on paper; through 5/30. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

John La Farge—Paintings made while the artist was traveling in the Pacific in the late 1800s; through 6/8. Jordan, 958 Madison Ave. (570-9500).

Albert Marquet—Paintings by the French artist (1875–1947), who was involved in the Fauve movement and exhibited at the Salon d'Automne in 1905, including figures, interiors, and scenes from his journeys through Europe and North Africa; through 5/23. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).



Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural Histor

Nicholas de Stael—Drawings made between 1945 and 1955; through 6/20. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

Guy Pené du Bois—Works from the thirties and forties, including paintings and studies for WPA murals; through 6/13. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Joan Snyder—Recent paintings that draw on the artist's early "stroke" paintings and on her autobiographical works of the eighties; through 6/12. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Frank Stella—Prints, paper collages, wall reliefs, and sculpture from the nineties; through 6/26. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Albert York—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings; through 6/12. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

57th Street Area

Claudio Bravo/Richard Diebenkorn—New paintings by the Chilean artist, including classical still lifes, portraits, and interiors/A survey of prints, from the artist's figurative works of the early sixties to his abstract works of the eighties. Through 5/30. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Paul Cadmus—Drawings from 1909 to 1998, including male and female nudes, portraits, self-portraits, still lifes, and studies for paintings and prints; through 6/19. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Gordon Cook—A survey of prints and paintings of atmospheric landscapes and seascapes by the San Francisco artist (1927–1985); through 5/29. Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Jane Freilicher—Recent paintings of views seen from the artist's Greenwich Village studio windows and of the countryside surrounding her studio in Water Mill, Long Island; through 5/29. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Luke Gray—New abstract paintings; through 6/6. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Marsden Hartley—An exhibition of 25 paintings executed between 1907 and 1942 that focuses on the artist's search for spiritual subject matter; through 6/20. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Installation

Spirit Catchers

Sokari Douglas Camp, a London-based Nigerian artist, takes her inspiration for her large steel sculptures from a water-spirit masquerade of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta in which the men, disguised in masks and costumes, invite the spirits to possess them. The American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th Street; through October 12.

Alfredo Jaar—A sculptural and architectural environment and a series of photographs with accompanying text from the artist's "Rwanda Project 1994–1980"; through 6/13. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Josef Albers—Reductive geometric paintings and drawings from the artist's "Homage to the Square" series; through 5/30. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

Polly Kraft/Warren Brandt—Recent paintings and watercolors of still life and landscapes/Ink drawings and pastels of the female nude; through 5/30. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Leslie Lerner—Paintings of phantasmagorical narratives that seem to be drawn from folk tales; through 6/11. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Howard Lerner—Paintings by a former student o Philip Guston, and a selection of works by Guston from the seventies; through 6/20. Whalen, 24 W 57th St. (397-9700).

Reginald Marsh—A survey of paintings and print celebrating the centennial of the artist's birth through 5/30. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Alfred H. Maurer/Dorothy Dehner—Paintings of head that were made during the twenties and show the artist's experiments with Cubism/A survey of the artist's landscapes from the thirties through the eighties. Through 6/6. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave (307-5730).

Roy Newell—Geometric abstract paintings by an 84-year-old artist who was a founder of the Eightl Street Artists' Club; through 6/6. McGrath, 20 W 57th St. (956-3366).

Isamu Noguchi—A selection of basalt and granite sculptures and fountains that were made by the artist in the eighties at his studio on the Japanese island of Shikoku, many of which have not beer exhibited outside of Japan; through 6/26 PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Yoko Ono—Installations of some of the artist's best-known works, such as the *Blue Room*, *Play It b Trust*, and the *Yes Painting*, plus recent works and room of drawings (a new installation by Ono is also on view at Deitch Projects, 76 Greene St. through May 30); through 5/30. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Paul Klee—Paintings, drawings, an prints from all periods of the artist's career; through 7/23. Krugier, 41 E. 57t St. (755-7288).

Tom Shannon—Recent sculptures tha combine stone, metals, permanent magnets, and other natural materials and ar conceived to have minimal contact wit their supporting surfaces; through 6/13 Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Jose Maria Sicilia—Recent beeswa paintings that reference the spiritu writings of the Koran; 5/13–6/20. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Theodore Wores—Plein-air landscapes c Japan and California from the 188 through the 1920s by the San Francisc artist (1859–11939); through 6/1 Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Chantal Akerman—The Belgian filmmaker's firs show in a gallery, a six-part film installation title *Selfportrait/Autobiography: a work in progress*; throug 6/13. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405)

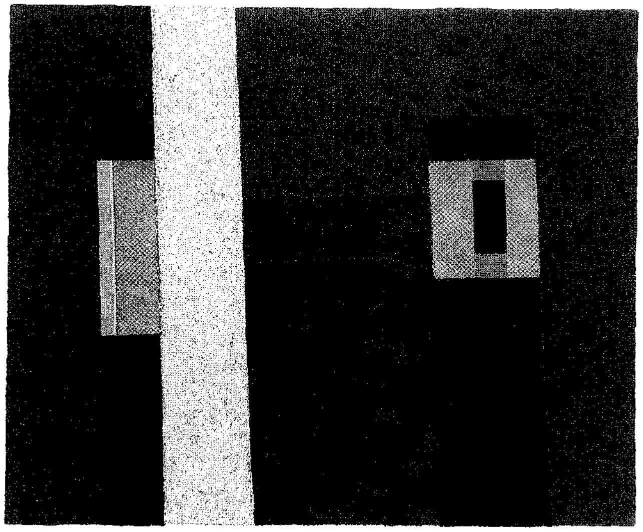
Jean-Michel Basquiat—A selection of the late artist paintings from the eighties; through 5/30. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Mel Bochner—Drawings between 1966 and 197 that depict verbal constructions, arrangements c numerals, geometric diagrams, and plans for installations; through 6/6. Markey, 55 Vandam S (627-4446).

Christopher Brown—Recent paintings; through 6/1 Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

On View

Make It Newell



If there are any references to the real world in Roy Newell's abstract paintings, the 84-year-old artist prefers to keep them private. There's no point in mentioning, for instance, that the views of Chelsea from the windows of his anonymous high-rise building bear more than a passing resemblance to the geometric compositions and colors in his paintings. "I don't see any green buildings out there," Newell protests (there are, however, rectangular planted areas of grass). And no, Mondrian was not an influence. "Mondrian hated green. He was anti-nature. I'm anti-module. There's a geometry in nature; it's not a tightly wrapped package." Newell, who was a founding member of the 8th Street Artists' Club and began exhibiting his paintings in 1951 (at Charles Egan, Gallery 99, and other avant-garde venues of the period), and whose work was admired by de Kooning and Guston, is typical of a generation of New York artists who believed in doing the work and not talking about it. What is uncommon are Newell's working methods: Several of his small panels have as many as 30 paintings layered underneath, and he has often spent more than twenty years on a painting. And there are several discernible rules that have persisted throughout his career; for example, none of his arrangements are symmetrical and his surfaces are deliberately painterly—more likely to evoke Courbet or Rembrandt than any of the American geometric abstractionists. Newell's eighth one-person show, at Earl McGrath Gallery (20 West 57th Street; through June 6), is a rare chance to see much of the life's work of this uncompromising artist. And don't ask questions, says Newell. "My paintings do the talking." EDITH NEWHALL

Reg Butler—Unique painted figurative bronze sculptures that were executed by the British artist (1913–1981) between 1963 and 1973 and were last exhibited in the United States at Pierre Matisse Gallery in 1973; through 6/20. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Robert Colescott—Recent paintings by the artist known for his satirical allegories on race and gender; through 5/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Lisa Corinne Davis—Paintings that depict layers of symbols; through 5/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Helmut Federle—Recent large-scale abstract paintings; through 5/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Vernon Fisher—Recent paintings and installations; through 5/30. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Robert Heckes—Paintings constructed from the backs of playing cards; through 5/31. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Robert Irwin—Early abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties and acrylic discs from the sixties by this California artist, who turned away from painting in 1969 to become one of the creators of pure perceptual art and whose latest installation is currently on view at the Dia Center for the Arts (see "Museums"); through 6/19. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Wolfgang Laib—An installation of ziggurat-like forms of beeswax that fills the gallery from floor to ceiling and conceals various architectural details, and a seven-foot-long marble sculpture in the shape of a house surrounded by mounds of white rice; through 6/6. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Hector Leonardi—Recent abstract paintings; through 5/29. Steele, 420 W. Broadway (941-8388).

Lisa Ruyter—Recent paintings based on photographs of cities in New Jersey, at Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758), through 6/6, and at Rove/Schachter, 508 W. 26th St. (807-6669).

Sam Messer—New paintings that continue the artist's exploration of figurative portraiture, including a series of symbolic self-portraits; through 6/13. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Yong Soon Min—Sculpture and photographs by a California-based artist that continue her exploration of the ongoing conflict and division in her native Korea; through 6/27. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Izhar Patkin—New large-scale works on paper that depict three successive generations of the Mendelssohn family of Berlin, who were victims of King Frederick II's plan in 1769 to fund his inferior porcelain company by forcing Jews to buy its low-quality products, and stenciled imagery of porcelain objects; through 6/13. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

John Roloff—A site-specific installation of photographic paper hanging from the ceiling and draped across the floor; through 6/6. Fung, 537 Broadway (334-6242).

Doug and Mike Starn—Photo collages in illuminated vitrines, video sculptures, and a sound-installation collaboration with the New York City music house Tom and Andy; through 6/6. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

David Stern—Gestural abstract paintings; through 5/30. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Jessica Stockholder—New works on paper from the artist's "Turning Paper" series that were produced at Two Palms Press in New York; through 6/5. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Judith Streeter—Mixed-media tableaux that use photographic plates as a base; through 6/9. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

John Thomson—Photographs of China and the Far East by the nineteenth-century Scottish photographer and writer; through 6/13. Westwood, 578 Broadway (925-5700).

Alan Van Every—Expressionistic impasto paintings; through 5/30. Lee, 377 Broome St. (343-3950).

William Willis—Abstract paintings whose simple compositions of shapes suggest still lifes; through 6/6. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Robert Yarber—Computer-assisted paintings of figures in eerily lit landscapes; through 6/3. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Edwin Zwakman—Large-format photographs of constructed maquettes; through 6/11. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Chelsea

Polly Apfelbaum—A large-scale floor work of pieces of fabric arranged in the form of a figure; through 6/6. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Alice Aycock/Robin Tewes—Four new sculptures that incorporate amusement park or circus imagery and a selection of drawings of large-scale projects/A series of small-scale paintings of interiors of houses. Through 5/30. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Liesbeth Bik and Jos van der Pol—An installation by two Dutch artists that is a re-creation of the theory section of the ICA bookshop in London; through 6/30. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Olafur Eliasson—A site-specific installation and photographs that refer to the landscape of the artist's native Iceland; through 5/30. Bonakdar, 521 W. 21st St. (414-4144).

Pamela Harris—Paintings of mysteriously mundane landscapes that draw on real-estate guides, cinematic stills, TV, and personal memories; through 6/6. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven recent paintings on shaped canvases, each painted in a single color, through 6/20, at Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200), and his 104-part anodized-aluminum piece from 1957, *Sculpture for a Large Wall, 1957*, through 6/20, at Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Greg Kessler—New paintings based on New York City vogue balls; through 6/20. Billis, 526 W. 26th St. (645-2621).

Judy Moonelis—Arrangements of sculpted ceramic body fragments that the artist calls "memory portraits"; through 6/20. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Ree Morton—Works and drawings that were made by the artist (1936–1977) between 1974 and 1977 and focus on her interest in subjects related to nature and her use of celastic, a plasticlike material that can be molded into shapes; through 6/6. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Dennis Oppenheim—Recent installations and models; through 5/30. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Tom Palmore—Paintings of stuffed animals in natural settings; through 6/4. Cacciola, 501 W. 23rd St. (462-4646).

Greg Parker—Minimal abstract paintings; through 6/4. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

Alan Rath—Electronic sculptures; through 6/6. Dorfman Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (352-2272).

Other

Gerardo Dottori—The first United States exhibition of the Italian Futurist's paintings; through 5/31. Casa Italiana Zerilli-Marimò, 24 W. 12th St. (998-6844).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Crosscurrents," contemporary paintings from Panama; 5/15-6/19.

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "For Beauty and For Truth," five decades of still lifes collected by William and Abigail Gerdts, with a selection of

Photograph courtesy of the Earl McGrath Gallery.

works by nineteenth century woman artists; through 6/26.

CDS—76 E. 79th St. (772-9555). Paintings and drawings by first- and second-generation Latin American artists, including Berni, Battle-Planas, Fonseca, Figari, others; through 7/31.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; through 6/20.

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0100). Paintings by the sixteenth-century Italian masters Artemisia Gentileschi, Orazio Gentileschi, and Agostino Tassi; through 6/13.

Gray—1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787). "Painting and Sculpture in the Post War Period"; through 5/30.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Eccentric Orbits," with works by Hayter, Howard, Merrild, Sage; through 5/29.

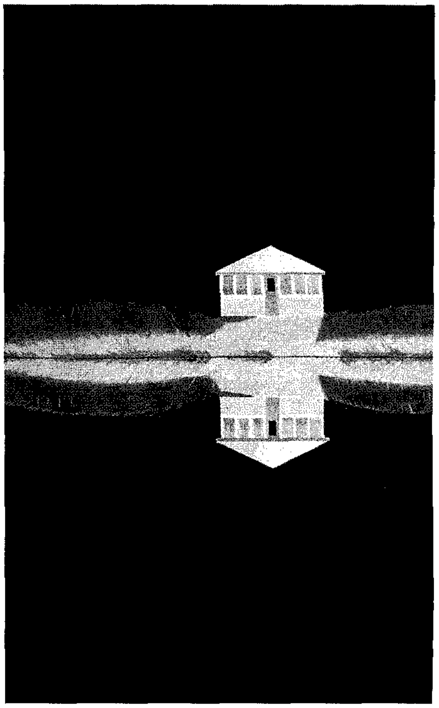
Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). "Here and Now," an exhibition of emerging artists with works by Beech, Grotepass, Harle, and Kotik; through 5/30.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Earthly Delights," with works by Johnson, Miles, Slonem, Waitzkin; through 5/31.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). "Mexico Reconfigured," with works by Castillo, Elizondo, Galan, Hernandez, Jusidman, Smith, and Toledo; through 6/12.

Retrospective The first survey of Alex Katz's landscapes, "Under the Stars: American Landscapes 1951–1995," features paintings, drawings, and collages whose stylishly austere imagery ranges from the woods and beaches of Maine to romantic rooftop panoramas of New York City. At P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22–25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; through June 21.



Photograph courtesy of P. S. 1 Contemporary Art Center.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Ceramic art works by Casanovas, Manz, Nolen; through 6/6.

Findlay—41 E. 57th St. (486-7660). "Against All Odds: American Abstraction in the 1930s and early 1940s," with works by Ferren, Gallatin, Morris, Shaw, others; through 6/14.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "World Port New York: Celebrating 30 Years of the South Street Seaport Museum," artifacts and historic photographs from the Fulton Street Fish Market; through 5/26.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Defining the Edge: Early American Abstraction," with works by Bengelsdorf, Browne, Drewes, Glarner, others; through 5/30.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "TABOO: Sex and Sin in Modern Art," with works by Attie, Coe, Dix, Heckel, others; through 5/30.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). American watercolor paintings from the past 125 years, with works by Burchfield, Cropsey, Demuth, Hassam, others; through 5/30.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). "Smart," paintings by Geiger, Harris, Hull, McCleary, Priestley, Weinman; through 5/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). Paintings by Cecily Brown; drawings incised on leather by Michelle Lopez; an installation by Yoko Ono (Ono's work is also on view at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St., through 5/30); through 5/30.

Dieu Donné Papermill—433 Broome St. (226-0573). "Paper +," with works by Amoros, Anastasi, Antonakos, Artschwager; through 5/29.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (966-6170). "Drawing the Question," part two of an exhibition intended to present the seminal role of drawing in the creative process and expression of vision, with works by Asher, Hesse, Morton, LeWitt, Pepe and Tuttle; through 6/20.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Transmissions," an exhibition of videos by curators and critics exploring their absorption and expression of cultural information; through 6/27.

Feature Inc.—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Paintings by Alix Brown, photographs by Justen Ladda, and a selection of contemporary Indian Tantric paintings on paper; through 6/6.

Inglett—100 Wooster St. (343-0573). "The Information Age," curated by David Platzker, an attempt to refresh our sensibilities in an age of third- and fourth-generation conceptual art; through 6/27.

PPOW—476 Broome St. (941-8642). "Rights of Spring," with works by Adkins, Curtis, Cross, Heffernan, others; through 5/30.

Woodward—476 Broome St. (966-3411). "Wax," featuring recent encaustic paintings by Johnson and Robinson; through 5/30.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). "Micro Organism," contemporary jewelry from Germany, with works by Atrops, Betz, Dittlmann, Fritsch, others; through 5/30.

Chelsea

Audiello Fine Art—526 W. 26th St. (675-9082). "The Innocent," with works by Collins, Guerin, Schanck, and Sue Hoy; through 5/30.

Cheim & Reid—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). "Three Catholics: Warhol, Ruscha & Mapplethorpe," paintings, photography and sculpture; through 6/27.

Cooper—534 W. 21st St. (255-1105). "Travel & Leisure," with paintings, works on paper, sculpture and photography by 30 artists, including Kelly, Oldenburg, Piper, Zittel; through 6/30.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (929-0500). "Exploiting the Abstract," with works by Chang, Cooper, Craven, Dolla, others; through 6/13.

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767). "Inventors + Alchemists," an exhibition of surreal and conceptual photographs, objects, and paintings with works by Beube, Diaz, Estabrook, Hajdu; through 6/14.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450) and Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). "Disappearing Act," with works by Byars, Roth, Warhol, Weiner, others; through 8/1.

Other

BWAC—141 Beard St. Red Hook, Brooklyn (718-596-2507). "Pier Show 6," with painting, photography, sculpture, installation, and performances; weekends through 6/6.

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave. (620-2398). The Chateau de Balleroy as interpreted by 22 artists, including Aspevig, Blossom, French, Montgomery, others; through 6/27.

Photography

Lois Conner/Ed Burtynsky—A survey of the photographer's platinum panoramics of China/Color photographs made at mineral-tailing sites and industrial recycling plants in Ontario. Through 5/30. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Motherhood," with images that pay homage to motherhood by Dahl-Wolfe, Kasebier, Newman, Weegee, White, others; through 6/6.

Rena Bass Forman—Photographs of landscapes in Bali; through 5/30. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Emmet Gowin—Recent prints from the artist's ongoing series of aerial landscapes; through 6/13. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (voluntary contribution 6–8), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 students and seniors. "Micha Bar-Am: An Israeli Photobiography." Images of life in Israel by its premier photojournalist; through 5/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary donation), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4. "Robert Capa/Photographs." A retrospective of the legendary photojournalist (1913–1954) known for his images of the Spanish Civil War, the North African and European battles of WWII, the Israeli War for Independence, and the end of the French Indochina War, and for his portraits of artists and writers; through 6/7.

Leica—670 Broadway (777-3051). Photographs by Mayor Rudolph Giuliani to benefit New Yorkers for Children, and vintage prints of New York City by Abbott, Bourke-White, Cartier-Bresson, others; through 6/13.

David Malin—Images of deep-space objects by an astronomical photographer; through 6/20. Schickler, 560 Broadway (431-6363).

Micheal McLaughlin—Recent photographs of American roadside attractions; through 6/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Michael Prince—Black-and-white images whose imagery suggests dreams and memories; through 6/13. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Bastienne Schmidt—Photographic installations of images from the artist's photographic essay-book *American Dreams*; through 6/6. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Antonio Turok—Photographs recording the artist's experiences in the Mexican state of Chiapas, from the new book, *Chiapas: The End of Silence* (Aperture; $40); through 6/21. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Don Voisine—Abstract paintings in which colored borders surround a dark interior central field; through 5/30. Thatcher Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Bernard Voïta—Black-and-white photographs of the artist's found-object maquettes; through 6/6. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Dan Weiner—Photographs that depict America's emerging middle classes of the fifties; through 6/13. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Leigh Wiener—Photographs of baseball figures and celebrities of the sixties; through 6/13. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History—"Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "Kings, Chiefs, Women of Power, Nigeria: Photographs by Phyllis Galembo." Large-format color portraits of the women and men of the Benin and Yoruba kingdoms and the Western Igbo in southern Nigeria; through 6/28. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 6/14. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. . . . "Rimer Cardillo: Araucaria"; through 8/23. . . . "1898: Artists Respond"; through 6/21. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Training an Artist: Alexandre Cabanel and the Academic Process in Nineteenth-Century France." Paintings and drawings by the nineteenth-century French artist; through 6/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin." Part one of a two-part site-specific installation; through 6/14. . . . "Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling.*" A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses.*" Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

The Drawing Center—"Shadows of a Hand: The Drawings of Victor Hugo." The first exhibition in the United States devoted to the drawings of the nineteenth-century French writer (1802–1885), addressing his prescient relationship to art movements of the twentieth century; through 6/13. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 works in a variety of media produced in China between 3500 B.C. and 1911; through 6/3 (portions of the exhibition will close starting 5/25). . . . "Visions of Paris: Robert Delauney's Series." An exhibition focusing on the artist's series paintings of Saint-Séverin, the Eiffel Tower, and Paris as seen through his window; through 5/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; through 5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; 5/19–9/6. . . . "Paul Strand circa 1916." An exhibition of 50 rare prints tracing the artist's transition from soft-focus pictorial style to modernism; through 5/31. . . . "Augustin Pajou, Royal Sculptor." The first comprehensive exhibition of the work of the eighteenth-century French sculptor; through 5/24. . . . "Pierre-Paul Prud'hon." The first American retrospective of the works of the eighteenth-century French court painter and draftsman; through 6/7. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "When Silk Was Gold: Central Asian and Chinese Textiles in the Metropolitan and Cleveland Museums of Art"; through 5/17. . . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Self-Taught Artists of the 20th Century: Perspectives on Patterning." A survey of works by five self-taught artists whose oeuvres are characterized by a consistent use of overall patterning, including Morris Hirshfeld, Leroy Person, Martin Ramirez, Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, and Joseph Yoakum; through 6/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Chuck Close." A retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by the American artist known for his monumental, psychologically charged portraits of artists and anonymous sitters; through 5/26. . . . "Alvar Aalto: Between Humanism and Materialism." The first United States retrospective of the works of the renowned Finnish architect, designer, and town planner, including sketches and competition drawings, models, new and archival photographs, and examples of furniture and glass; through 5/19. . . . "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . . "Maria Magdalena Campos-Pons: Spoken Softly With Mama." A site-specific installation exploring the artist's African-Cuban roots; through 5/26. . . . "Garry Winogrand: Selections From a Major Acquisition." Twenty-six photographs from a collection of 200 prints ranging in date from the fifties through the seventies that were acquired by the museum from the New York collector; through 5/31. . . . "Projects 63: Karin Davie, Udomsak Krisanamis, Bruce Pearson, Fred Tomaselli; 5/14–6/30. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties which was funded by the Federal Art Project of the W.P.A. and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Whistler: Impressions of an American Abroad—Etchings and Lithographs From the Carnegie Museum of Art." A survey of prints by the American expatriate James McNeil Whistler (1834–1903), drawn from the collection of and organized by the Carnegie Museum of Art; through 6/26. . . . "All Things Bright and Beautiful: California Impressionist Paintings From the Irvine Museum"; through 7/5. . . . "California Impressionism: The Stiles and the Bagley Collections""; through 7/5. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Doris Salcedo." New sculpture by the Colombian artist; through 5/31. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"; through 6/27. . . . "A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs, certificates, and advertisements; through 7/5. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, photographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War ma-

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terials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." An exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Alex Katz—Under the Stars: American Landscapes 1951–1995." The first retrospective of the artist's landscape works; through 6/21. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool' "; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation"; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Gardens—"Sitting in Style: Fancy Chairs and Other Highlights From the Permanent Collection." Selections of nineteenth-century chairs and silver from the museum's collection; through 7/31. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878), Tues.–Sun. 11–4 (Tues. evening to 9 in June and July); $3, $2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Lee Mingwei's 'Way Stations.' " Two interactive installations, *The Dining Project* and *The Letter-writing Project*; through 7/19. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Who What When Where: An Installation by Carrie Mae Weems"; through 7/10. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 5/13 at 10 and 2: "20th-Century Art." On view from 5/7. 5/14 at 10: "Tribal Art." On view from 5/9.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 5/19 at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 5/15.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 5/13 at 10: "Important English and Continental Furniture and Decorations." On view from 5/9. 5/18 at 1: "American Indian Art." On view from 5/16.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 5/13 at 7: "Silver." On view from 5/2. 5/13 at 7 and 5/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist and Modern Art." On view from 5/2. 5/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Contemporary Art." On view from 5/9. 5/19 at 10:15, 2, and 5:30: "American Indian." On view from 5/16.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 5/14 at 10:30 and 2: "Works of Art on Paper." On view from 5/9.

restaurants

Soup and Sandwich...Merlot...Juniper

Manhattan

Lower New York

on on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out oom with blue banquettes and tender lighting. erfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes ure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. 727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ua—Traditional Northern Italian fare—think omemade pastas, octopus salad, Venetian shellfish oup—served in a dining room that is as spare and legant as downtown gets. Owner Leo Pulito has n impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been ishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighorhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs prouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Baard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

nterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, nis TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a rand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, nd anything he does with truffles in season. Wife aren runs the front room with class and warmth. *Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle ouse that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) E, MC, V.*

la—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnaon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted ouscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at ranklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

attone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey estination restaurants, this affordable Italian place a great, dependable alternative. Try the brickven pizza or house specialties like penne alla odka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, nd vitello saltimbocca. *413 Greenwich St. 43-0030). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

trachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now as five places in New York, including obu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and ribeca Grill, and another in San Francis. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, nd one of the first truly great restaurants lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—nd dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) E only.*

ton's of Chicago—The second New York cation of the national steakhouse chain. ortions are huge, quality is consistent, and, case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 est St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

u—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, e's young, good-looking, and incredibly p—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New orkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking e this—unless, of course, they've visited latsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson . (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all ver again with this TriBeCa institution. he bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and e dining room gets everyone from the nker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering metatraditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tasting At Verbena Foods, the wholesome new takeout annex of her Irving Place restaurant, chef Diane Forley concocts homemade sodas from a veritable apothecary of putatively health-inducing herbal extracts. Ginger, sassafras, nettle, elderflower, and the namesake lemon verbena are infused with honey or sugar, reduced to a decidedly un-cola syrup, and blended with sparkling mineral water—a sort of Perrier with a Thoreau complex. (125½ East 17th Street; 260-0900.)

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ograph by Michael Grimm.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish or beef. Perfect for pre- or post-Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

53 Grove Street Cafe—This American bistro on a charming Village side street has the requisite exposed brick walls and outdoor patio (in warm weather). There's a raw bar from which one—actually, two—could order the plateau fruits de mer, which comes with vodka or champagne. Or try the sesame-crusted tuna with lemongrass marinade, the filet mignon in bourbon sauce, or the salmon en papillote with oranges. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village resta rant situated within an eighteenth-century c riage house previously owned by Aaron Bu Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhanc fine menu of American specialties like b Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, C DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Aral restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone fers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, i cluding kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogu and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian optio Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (7 0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, t namesake of this sleek spot invented by Char Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but t food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shri cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an citing cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-439 (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spo to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. W his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione m the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park A at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern- vored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weat holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Fl neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds y of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay tu out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushroo with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella w curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the whi peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) DC, DS, MC, V.*

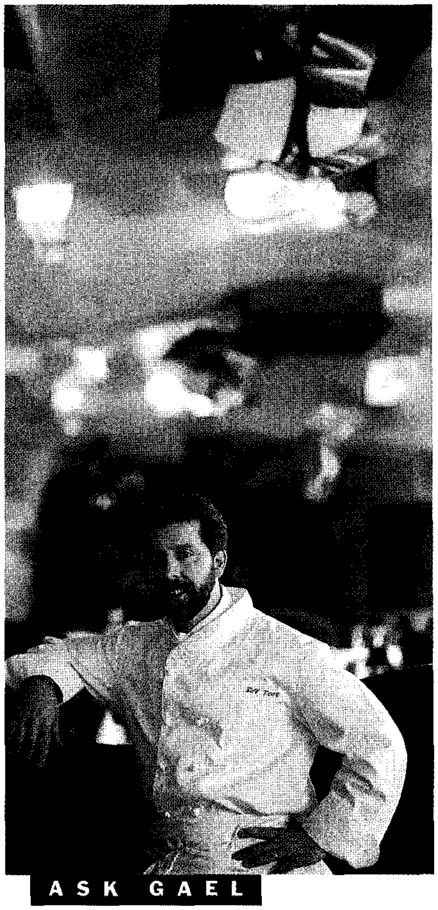
Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger jo gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. G beer selection, and the always hospitable longti owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in desert above 14th Street. A new attraction i weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish mu and fifteen versions of that most archetypi brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one ta Time Warner honchos are at another, and i that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having beco Media Central, this smart little trattoria se some of the most satisfying Italian food in M hattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for di es like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mu rooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with be *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, M*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexi restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, pendable establishment is known for its enorm selection of premium tequilas and traditional d es like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck w cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Mey much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flati American standout doesn't disappoint. The m dining room manages to be both impressive cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicch food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower b gets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is eq ly delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese co and sample the varied selection of wines by glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub wit lively outdoor café and a menu as American a Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accomp your choice of microbrew with comfort f like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potat stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juni berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burg The beer-weary can sample from the ci largest selection of tequilas and single- scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) DC, MC, TM, V.*



ASK GAEL

I hear the Lutèce flame glows on West 63rd Street.

As soon as you bite into those buttery carrot rounds, taste-memory cries Lutèce. Bill Peet, longtime sous chef and protégé of André Soltner, has been recruited to revive the kitchen of Merlot, formerly the unloved Iridium. Last spotted cooking his heart out in small-town Westfield, N.J., Peet flaunts his classic heritage here in butter, cream, and black truffles. His lump crabcakes are boldly pure, but the heady wallop of cream in his seafood tagliatelle evokes nostalgia for an innocent past. The chef does a tangy cabbage chiffonade with sliced lamb porterhouse, and rich leek fondue with monkfish. And the cellar has riches to match. But overcooked scallops, listless desserts, ragtag service, lofty prices, and a dispirited feel in what remains of the room's *Fantasia* design could defeat a revival. Meanwhile, jazz at Iridium draws crowds downstairs. (48 West 63rd Street; 363-7568.)

Photograph by Joe Fornal

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mad 28—This stylishly streamlined trattoria serves homemade pasta, risotti, and thin-crust pizzas that emerge from a wood-burning oven built into a spectacular flagstone wall. The soaring space's other focal point is the large-screen TV, which is regularly tuned to European soccer broadcasts. *72 Madison Ave., nr. 28th St. (689-2828). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

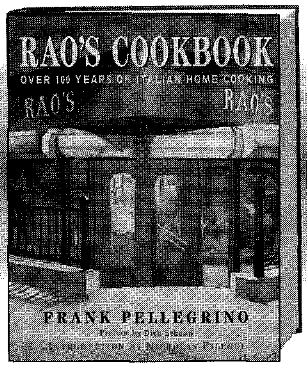
The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-*

It's hard to get a table at the restaurant.

It's easy to bring the restaurant to your table.



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2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Chef Kurt Gutenbrunner left David Bouley's kitchen to man the stoves at midtown's elegantly reconstructed Monkey Bar. His refined style—deliberately devoid of most butter, cream, and rich sauces—is evident in chestnut soup with Armagnac prunes, yellowfin-tuna tartar, venison stew with herb spaetzle, and scallops with vanilla endive and tropical fruits. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Plaza attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

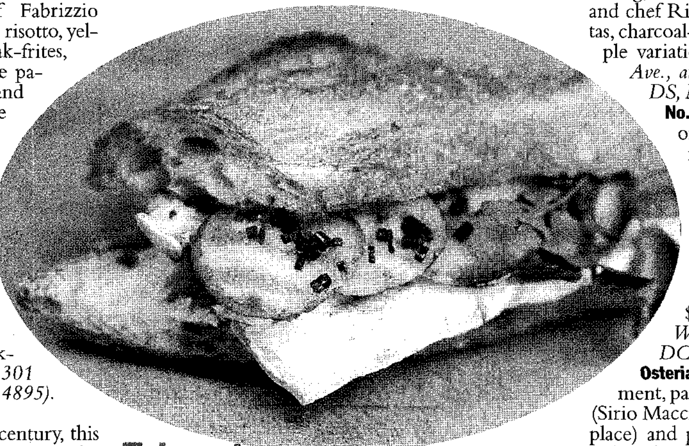
Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwest-



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Takeout

Not By Soup Alone

Soup-presario Johannes Sanzin proves that in the hands of a great chef, even the lowly sandwich can be a culinary adventure. At his two Souperman locations in the financial district, sandwiches have been added to his menu of soup, fruit salad, and French chocolate, including this wonderful brie, Bosc pear, and sharp watercress on French country bread. (77 Pearl Street, 269-5777; 55 Liberty Street, 240-9177.) PETER KAMINSKY ern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meatlovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Toscanaccio—Done up to resemble a Tuscan farmhouse, this Italian restaurant is renowned for its antipasto table and the chef's unfettered use of herbs. Representative dishes include melted caciotta cheese with herbs and crushed red pepper, and fish of the day with stewed garlic, tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili pepper. *7 E. 59th St. (935-3535). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

es Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

he Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, Mauritius-style lamb, and grouper in banana leaf "papillote." *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has a loyal neighborhood following that partakes of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers dishes like mango-glazed tuna steak and tortilla-crusted grouper. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

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Opening
Juniper Jr.

The versatile Darrin Amellio hopes his new Juniper Cafe will do for TriBeCa family life what his artsy bOb bar did for Lower East Side nightlife. Open continuously from morning cappuccino and Swedish pancakes to evening wine and tapas, Juniper aspires to be all things to all people, even parents. Infants can enjoy fresh meat and vegetable purées while their caretakers dine on eclectic sandwiches (from Cuban to croque monsieur), snapper tacos, or clay-pot-roasted brisket marinated with rosemary, thyme, nutmeg, and the house berries. (185 Duane Street; 965-1201.)

know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mendy's West—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak fo four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, a Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole i great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooke pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the wee and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's alway worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as the queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offering look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St. at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded a New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens join draws fans from much farther than across the Eas River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-1 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($)*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that peopl travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try th chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 Whit Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to thi charming bistro and garden that serves inventive bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis o handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Roseban (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Robert Wright

nightlife

Dirty Three...Gregory Tardy

Concerts

'Art Around the Park"—The East Village's annual outdoor paint-a-thon (at which a sectioned canvas stretches 700 feet around Tompkins Square Park, and is duly adorned by locals of varying talent) gets an appropriately trendy soundtrack from neighborhood stalwarts Jonathan Fire Eater, Firewater, Congo Norvell, Pee Shy, Princess Superstar, and King Missile. 5/30 at 2:30 P.M. *Tompkins Square Park, near 7th St., bet. Aves. A and B.*

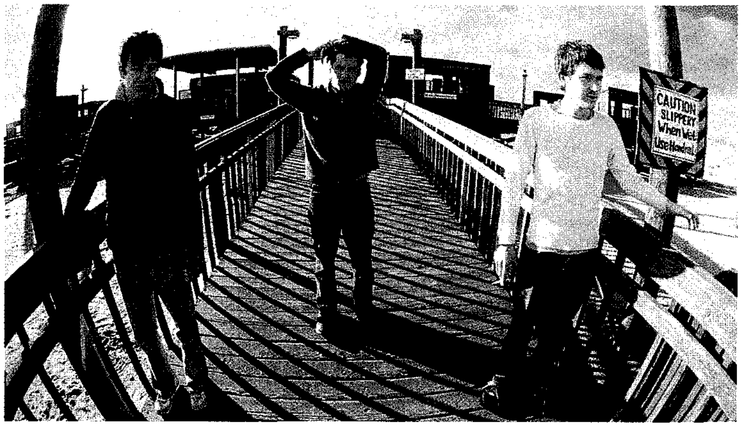
jörk—Iceland's most charismatic and bizarre cultural export, the mononomic electro-popper is as fiery as her homeland's volcanoes—and occasionally as frosty and distant as its glaciers. At last year's Tibetan Freedom Concert, she stole the show with her blend of hip-hop-inflected beats and lushly orchestrated string parts. 5/11–5/12 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Talent

Drinking and Driving

Just when the Seattle scene was starting to resemble a grunge petting zoo, travel-minded Modest Mouse has put the city back on the indie-rock road map. With the release of its second album, *The Lonesome Crowded West,* this precocious three-piece has entranced coolsters and critics alike with the haunting riffs and unexpected refrains of songs such as "Trucker's Atlas." Led by faintly lisping 23-year-old singer-guitarist Isaac Brock, this band of mice doesn't hesitate to roar. The harbingers of future ghost towns and drunken distances come to Tramps, May 10, to give the guided tour.

HUNTER KENNEDY



ill Cosby—The whimsical Überparent and popsicle pitchman, in a rare stand-up appearance. 5/15 at 7 P.M. and 9:30 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, One Center St., Newark (307-7171). $25–$48.*

ah Wobble—The erstwhile P.I.L. bassist gets in touch with his spiritual side at the debut of his new piece, "Invaders of the Heart." 5/16 at 8 P.M. *Jivamukti Yoga Center, 404 Lafayette St. (353-0214). $25–$29.*

arry Ridley & the Jazz Legacy Ensemble—The distinctive and smooth bassist, in a quintet featuring Abraham Burton, Jimmy Greene, Bobby Rutledge, and Richard Wyands. With Carla White. 5/15 at 8 P.M. *Jazz Café, Flushing Town Hall, 137–35 Northern Blvd. (718-463-7700). $20.*

Marsalis/Stravinsky"—A joint project of Jazz at Lincoln Center and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, featuring David Schifrin (clarinet), Milan Turkovic (bassoon), Wynton Marsalis (trumpet), David Taylor (trombone), Ida Kavafian (violin), Edgar Meyer (bass), Stefon Harris (vibraphone), and Andre de Shields (narrator). 5/12 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (721-6500). $37.50.*

ew Jakarta Ensemble—The recent reissue of Alan Lomax's fascinating gamelan recordings should whet appetites for this hybrid-happy West Sumatran outfit, which successfully integrates Eastern and Western, traditional and modern influences in its improvisatory work. Leader Tony Prabowo's latest composition, *Empty Tradition/City of Peonies,* features an array of Indonesian percussion players, and some bonus choreography by dancer Yin Mei. 5/21 at 8 P.M. *Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA). $20.*

Oliver Lake—Best-known as one fourth of the legendary World Saxophone Quartet, Lake puts on his hourlong music-cum-theater opus "The Matador of First & First." 5/17 at 8 P.M. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793). $12.*

Rhino Musical Aptitude Test—To crown the "Geekus Musicus Maximus," America's premier reissue label offers the grueling RMAT, in which music nerds compete for prizes. Don't be fooled by the exam's open-book format: It's crammed with enough doozies to make memories of the SAT seem pleasant. 5/17 at noon. *Tower Records 1961 Broadway, at 66th St. (1-888-846-3848). Free.*

George and Ira Gershwin's *Tip Toes*—The first revival in nineteen years of the songsmiths' blockbuster 1925 musical. 5/13–5/17 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $45.*

Julie Wilson—The diva takes a break from her longstanding run at Michael's Pub (see Cabaret listings) to perform in a benefit for the Colleagues Theatre Company. 5/18 at 8 P.M. *Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $20–$100.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, cleaned up, and—thanks to former Maxwell's booker Todd Abramson—become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and up-and-comers alike. 5/13: Holy Modal Rounders, with Peter Stampfel; Baby Grant. 5/15: Swinging Neckbreakers; Master Plan, featuring members of the Fleshtones and Dictators; Johnny Chan & the New Dynasty Six; Defilers. 5/16: Fragglerock's tribute to Heart. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 5/13: Joseph Arthur. 5/14: Babe the Blue Ox; Beekeeper. 5/15: Altra; Skyrocket; Paris Hampton. 5/18: Hamell on Trial. 5/20: John S. Hall; Larry Loftin. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 5/12: Ringo Starr. 5/16: Buster Poindexter & His Spanish Rocketship Band. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—An avowed disciple of Big Star frontman Alex Chilton, Tommy Keene began cranking out his toothsome, winning power-pop back in the early eighties, to modest (if heartfelt) acclaim. His recent *Isolation Party* finds the singer-guitarist in fine form. He plays 5/14. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 5/16: Lunachicks; Unsane. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 5/12: Scarlett Moore. 5/14: Ernie Williams & the Wildcats. 5/15: Hubert Sumlin. 5/16: Detroit's Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Williams is an American treasure—a master of lascivious innuendo. His classics like "Jailbait" and "Bacon Fat" put the raunch in rock and roll. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—North Carolina's Trans Am play one of strangest hybrids in rock history. A multi-instrumentalist trio in which each member takes turns on guitar, bass, drums, and keyboards, Trans Am crank out a a mixture of fluttery electronica and unreconstructed arena-rock—all of it without pesky, distracting vocals. The group's latest disc, *Surveillance,* uses dark overtones to effect abstract meditations on paranoia, panopticism, and other postmodern obsessions. They're in 5/15. 5/16: Rock-and-roll dance-party extraordinaire "Greendoornyc" returns, bringing with it such boogie-down faves as Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz" and Iggy Pop's "I Wanna Be Your Dog." Shake that tail, baby! *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith

hotograph by Pat Graham.

Talent

Tardy: Right on Time

Tenorman Gregory Tardy brings his big sound, deep-seated feel for the blues, and cerebral avant-garde chops—all honed during a three-year stint with Elvin Jones's Jazz Machine—to the Jazz Standard, May 12 through 16.

photo. 5/14: 360. 5/15: Rocket T & IRT Express; Judah Eskender Tafari; Jah Warrior. 5/16: Fathead; SweetnMeaty; Baby Floyd. 5/20: At the monthly "Mutiny" party, D.J.'s Rekha and Siraiki mix South Asian sonics with drum-and-bass and other dance styles. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Wednesday's "Stella" offers some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. Every Sunday, gender illusionist Sequida Ryzell puts on "A Woman With a Secret." 5/12: The Nudes; Ké & the Plants. 5/13: Jonathan Ames presents "Hairy: My Life Story, From Late Puberty to Early Fatherhood." 5/15: Marc Ribot; Lazy Boy. 5/16: Brenda Bergman; Sam Bisbee. 5/18: The Drennans; Henry Sugar. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 5/13: *Ally McBeal* soundtrack chanteuse Vonda Shepard; Willy Porter. 5/14: Holly Cole; Chris Stills. 5/15: Bad Religion; Squatweiler. 5/16: The Suicide Machines; Mephiskapheles. 5/17: The Jesus Lizard; Stanford Prison Experiment. 5/18: Long Beach Allstars; Lordz of Brooklyn. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the subbasement Old Office lounge. 5/12: Arab on Radar. 5/13: Trio Clusone. 5/14: "Improv With Zorn," featuring Ikue Mori, Erik Friedlander, Joey Baron, Marc Ribot, and John Zorn himself. 5/17: Bang on a Can All-Stars. 5/18: "Daxophones Meet Saxophones." Mark Stewart, Evan Ziporyn, Dan Plonsey, and Bob Schwimmer; Digg. 5/19: Czech violinist Iva Bittová; Sportsguitar; Edith Frost. 5/20: John Zorn, Fred Frith, and others play a benefit for the family of Tom Cora. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. 5/13: Electric Frankenstein; L.E.S. Stitches. 5/20: The Donnas; the Toilet Boys. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Louisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. Saturdays, octogenarian swing survivors the Harlem Jazz Legends play sets at 8 and 9:45 P.M. 5/16: Bill Sims. 5/18: The Flipped Fedoras. 5/19: Neal Sugarman 3. 5/20: Full Swing. *622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker. (460-9633).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 5/15–5/16: Howard & the Whiteboys. 5/18: Walter Trout. 5/20: A.J. Croce. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 5/12: Royal Fingerbowl. 5/13: Grant Lee Buffalo. 5/16: Heather Eatman. 5/18: The Good; Stratotanker; Double Dong. 5/19: Katell Keineg. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 5/13: Bill Kirchen. 5/14: Five Chinese Brothers. 5/15: The Hangdogs. 5/16: Chris McDermott & the Wild Things; the Polish Hillbillies. 5/20: Bill Kirchen. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. Chris Combette performs every Friday at 11 P.M. 5/12: At the "First International Soundclash Competition," dub-reggae-sound-system owners go head to head for sonic dominance. 5/13–5/14: Tania Maria. 5/15: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 5/16: Juliana Aquino. 5/18: Frankie Negron. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—After a brief flirtation with arena-size success, Minneapolis's rootsy Soul Asylum has been humbled back to club-level touring, returning here, 5/15. Probably a good thing for band and fans alike. These guys were never made for Madison Square Garden. 5/12: The Family Stand; Corey Glover. 5/16: The Dirty Three (see box, page 97). 5/20: Kenny Wayne Shepherd; Todd Snider. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—The Sugar Hill Gang, rap's first hitmakers, turned the world on to hip-hop in 1980 with "Rapper's Delight." Unfortunately for the Jersey trio, it's basically been downhill from there, with a string of so-so non-hits. Still, there's an undeniable appeal to their goofy rhymes about food, partying, and gettin' paid. They're in 5/13, with Grandmaster Melle Mel, the erstwhile voice of Grandmaster Flash & His Furious Five, and D.J. Caz. 5/15: As the bassist of the Minutemen, Mike Watt was the linchpin of arguably the greatest, smartest punk band of the eighties. Since the band's guitarist, D. Boon, died in a van wreck in 1985, Watt has casted about for a proper setting to showcase his muscular, funky riffing and taste for skittish, jazzy beats. His latest outfit, the Black Gang Crew, has turned its attention to jazz-rock-opera writing, and performs *Contemplating the Engine Room* (an hour-long ode to deep-sea fishing) live. With Wank. 5/16: Jono Manson. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra blows the roof off the joint. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra (conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington) delves into the late, great bandleader's songbook. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 5/13: Mike Pohjola Quartet. 5/14–5/16: Bud Shank Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 5/12–5/17: Toots Thielmans Quartet. 5/18: Mordy Ferber. *31 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. 5/15–5/16: Reuben Wilson Quartet. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 5/12–5/17: For his new album, *A Go Go*, guitarist John Scofield teamed up with New York's premier avant-funksters, organ trio Medeski, Martin & Wood. The result is tasty but a little unsatisfying. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. 5/12–5/16 Gregory Tardy Quintet. 5/15: Joe Temperley. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576 2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start a 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Set at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. a 12:30 A.M. 5/12–5/17: Charles Davis–Barry Harris Quintet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242 1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrough restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster o stars. $5 cover; no minimum. 5/12–5/16: Mike Pohjola Trio. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200)*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, thi dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M 5/12–5/17: Bassist Buster Williams's chops are enough to recommend him (as anyone who caught his recent, swinging gig with supergroup

Photograph by Ta

Sphere can attest). But with his regular sidepeople—understated vibesman Stefon Harris, peerless pianist Geri Allen, and drummer Lenny White—he's unstoppable. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

inno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 5/12–5/16: Bill Charlap, Kenny Washington, and Peter Washington. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

arolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 5/13: "Phat Comedy Night," with Dr. Dre and Ed Lover. 5/15–5/17: The Amazing Jonathan. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

atch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor-rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

hicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe, performing their latest, "@ChicagoCityLimits.comedy." Wed.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30 P.M. $20 cover. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).*

omedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 5/11–5/17: Colin Quinn; Mitch Fatel; Gregg Rogell; Greer Barnes; Tina Giorgi; Andre Fernandez. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 5/11–5/17: Nancy Redman; Quentin Heggs; Lenny Varnedoe. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

otham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M., and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 5/15–5/16: J. R. Havlan; Jim Gaffigan. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," members of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post–Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the *Krofft Superstars* show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

Talent

Playing Dirty

Weary of guitar-feedback squalls, trite lyrics, and other tired rock-and-roll trappings, but still jonesing for a hefty sound you can crank to 11? Redemption is at hand, in the unlikely form of the Dirty Three, an Australian guitar-drums-violin outfit that eschews vocals (clichéd or otherwise) and guitar solos, while steering well clear of the New Age wussiness that frequently afflicts classical-crossover endeavors. Powered by Warren Ellis's charging, dramatic fiddling—a style shaped, he says, by a childhood spent playing bluegrass, followed by several years with itinerant folkies in Ireland, Scotland, Hungary, and Germany—the group has released four albums of ever more beautiful music. The band formed after Ellis (pictured, left) returned to Melbourne in 1993, but it's recently scattered, its members striking out variously for Paris, Chicago, and the addressless existence of a touring musician. (They still regroup to record and tour; judging from their latest CD, *Ocean Songs* [Touch and Go], the space has served only to heighten intra-band chemistry.) Unreconstructed romantics all, the Dirty Three favor ascots, red wine (drunk straight from the bottle, natch), and delirious, crescendo-filled tunes that build from quiet, contemplative riffs into surging sonic maelstroms. In concert, Ellis sometimes seems to put even more effort into his free-associative between-song banter than he does into the music. A typical Ellis monologue purports to describe what the next song is "about," touches on long-forgotten film stars, and winds up with images of violence, alienation, and loss. At their next New York date (Tramps, May 16), the violinist may or may not treat the audience to his stream-of-consciousness rants. "I know people find it amusing," he says of the talk. "But I never wanted it to become something significant. At some point, I got really self-conscious about it, and it maybe lost some of its spontaneity." Ellis briefly took a vow of onstage silence but admits that in recent shows, "I've actually started rambling on again."

ETHAN SMITH

hotograph by Brad Miller.

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 5/15–5/16: Kevin Brennan; Al Lubell; Ric Crom; Brian McFadden; Eric Kornfeld. 5/18: Joan Jaffe and her Evening of All-Star Comedy. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Back for his annual spring run, pianist-raconteur Bobby Short warms up the room with his perennial charm. Tues.–Sat. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. Saturdays in May, Baby Jane Dexter continues her latest red-hot standards-'n'-pop revue "The Real Thing." 5/16 at 11 P.M.: MAC award-winner Charles Cermele. $15, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Through 5/23: Jane A. Johnston, with Billy Barnes. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $40 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show at the recently relocated boîte has been extended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $50 cover. Rosemary Clooney returns, 5/12, to celebrate her 70th birthday. The brassy diva slow-cooks standards and spices them with improbable anecdotes about her storied career, the Pope, and the occasional points at which the two meet. (5/12–5/14 at 8:30 P.M.; 5/15–5/16 8:30 and 11 P.M.) *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Spy Bar—Every Sunday night, this scarily trendy SoHo snuggery hosts "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment. 5/17: "Super-Caligula!" puts a new twist on that most revered form of debauchery, the toga-party. Films: *Caligula, Ben Hur,* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* $5 cover. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

Wilson's Bar & Grill—The Upper West Side's finest jazz- and torch-singer bar. Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Thursdays: Eric. Saturdays: The Judy Barnett Quartet. Sundays: Jazz brunch with Gerard Capelli. 5/12: Abram Wilson. 5/19: David Nichtern. *201 W. 79th St. (769-0100).*

Bars

9C—The unassuming neighborhood hang has buckled under the weight of Alphabet City saloon-naming standards, changing its name from "Barcode" to the more efficient, if less imaginative, intersection-handle. Fortunately, all its charms are still intact: fire-breathing bartenders, bluegrass, tipsy Pratt students, and—Monday nights—gritty electro-country star Greg Garing, who hosts a stomping bluegrass hoedown. *700 E. 9th St. (no phone). $.*

kids

Ellington...Huckleberry

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Duking It Out—After months of rehearsals, the free, daylong Essentially Ellington: High School Jazz Band Competition and Festival at **AVERY FISHER HALL** promises to be an electrifying event (5/16 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; see photo). Audience members are welcome to come and go between bands. Tickets for the 7:30 evening concert, with Wynton Marsalis sitting in with the three top-placing bands and then leading an all-Ellington set played by the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, are only $5. To reserve tickets, call 875-5516. West 65th St. and Broadway.●

Moody Moon—Children who are between 5 and 10 can start thinking about what their character will be like by picking out costumes. Then, joined by an adult video artist, a choreographer, a couple of poets, and some musicians they will construct a loosely woven "happening" about the solar system. The free program all takes place 5/17; the workshop is from 2 to 4, the performance from 4 to 5. **THE KITCHEN,** 512 W. 19th St.; 255-5793. Reservations are required.●●

Going Native—Taste Native American delicacies and learn how to make panpipes, corn-husk dolls, and friendship bracelets in a children's festival at **THE SMITHSONIAN'S NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.** 5/15–5/17 from 10 to 5. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green, adjacent to Battery Park (514-3700). Admission is free.●●

Blowing It—**LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY'**s final concert of the season is "Tubby the Tuba and the Big Brass," for children 3 to 5. 5/16 at 10:30 and noon, and 5/17 at 12:30 and 2. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (704- 2100); $32. ●

Lazy Afternoon—At Prospect Park's **YOU GOTTA HAVE PARK** "Circus Days" festivities in Brooklyn this weekend, kids—who train with the New Way Circus—will get off their unicycles and pass on some skills to their contemporaries, and a quartet of dreadlocked puppet crows will sing the blues—all best taken in from a picnic blanket. Shows are at 11, 1, and 3. The location on 5/16 is the lawn near the Carousel (just in from the Flatbush Ave.–and–Empire Blvd. entrance to the park). On 5/17, shows are near the Tennis House—adjacent to the 9th St.–and–Prospect Park West entrance. Admission is free, but volunteers will invite donations. ●●

Nicky, Somewhere Else—Nicky searches through a baffling "somewhere else" in search of a twin brother. Speeltheater Holland, from that country's town of Edam—of cheese fame—is known internationally for weaving life-size puppetry, stunning sets, music, and dance into its dramatic productions. 5/8–5/17. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-2600); $10–$25.●

Open Air—Expect spontaneous "Dancing in the Streets" as well as an appearance of the dance group of the same name at th second and concluding Saturday of Red Hook Waterfront's fourth annual **YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERFORMANCE FESTIVAL.** 5/16 from noon to 5. Beard Stree Pier, 141 Beard St., Red Hook, Brooklyn. For directions and further information, call 212-989-6830.●

Snow White—Marionettist Kathy Piper gives th fourteen half-life-size characters in her company life of their own in a spell-bindin (solo) performance of the classi tale. 5/16 and 5/17 at 10:30 an noon. **LENNY SUIB PUPPET PLAY HOUSE,** Mazur Theater at Asphal Green. 555 E. 90th St. (369-8890) (Reservations not accepted fo groups smaller than ten.) Tickets ar $6 for adults, $5 for children.●

The Wizard of Oz—Mickey Roone is the Wizard, and Eartha Kitt play the Wicked Witch of the West, in 90-minute megaproduction incorporating songs from the 193 movie. Through 5/31. **THEATRE A MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** 2 Pen Plaza (307-4111); $19–$49.

Down the Mississippi—An adaptation of Mark Twain's masterpiec *Big River: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is wonderfully staged b **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER'**s cast o children and young adults Through 5/31. Thurs. and Fri. a 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Sun. at 3 Greenwich Street Theatre, 54 Greenwich St. General admissio is $12, $10 by advance payment.

Short Stand-up—Teenage radio hos Evan Roberts hosts a round-up stand-up comedians in the 8-to-15 year-old age group. 5/17 at 4. **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB,** 1626 Broadwa bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100 Tickets are $10 in addition to a on drink minimum; reservations required. (Call 877-6115 to find ou about auditioning for future shows.)

Beyond Circus—Champagne is sol along with cotton candy during intermission at **CIRQUE DU SOLEIL** idiosyncratic *Quidam*, a circus th takes the form to new levels quirky sophistication. Battery Par City. Through 6/14. Tues.–Thurs. 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 an 8:30, and Sun. at 1 and 5; call 80 678-5440. Tickets are $31.50 $59.50 for adults, $15.71–$41.7 for children (tax is included in ticket price).

Once on This Island—Based on Ros Guy's novel *My Love, My Love*, **CIT LIGHTS YOUTH THEATRE'**s productio has it all: love, music, a legend, stormy tropical island—and chea seats. Through 5/17. Hudson Guil Theater, 441 W. 26th St. (262 0200). Tickets are $5.●

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Happening

Sophisticated Babies

"I have to remind them that the kids from these other schools have been selling pies and cutting lawns to earn money just to *get* here," says Bob Stewart, band director at LaGuardia High School of Music & Art, and Performing Arts. His own students—finalists for the third year in a row at Essentially Ellington: High School Jazz Band Competition and Festival—will mostly be traveling by subway to get to Avery Fisher Hall, some even taking the A train that Ellington made famous. The efforts of Marsalis, Jazz at Lincoln Center's artistic director, to see the music recognized in school curricula as "one of the centerpieces of American culture" wouldn't seem to be needed at a school like LaGuardia. Yet Stewart, a well-known jazz-tuba player in his own right, at a school that recruits serious musicians, says his students get "tremendous excitement from being a part of this bigger thing." High-school music teachers across the country typically teach their jazz bands to pick up a TV theme song or a no-name arrangement with a catchy beat—while orchestras at the same schools cut their teeth on Mozart and Haydn. At LaGuardia, Stewart says, students weren't allowed to play anything other than classical music in the practice rooms 25 years ago. Even now, 18-year-old Lucianna Padmore—the drummer for the 23-member LaGuardia High School Concert Jazz Ensemble—who practices for about three hours a day, says "a lot of musicians at the school discredit jazz." Brandon Miller, LaGuardia's lead alto saxophonist from Brooklyn, may not have needed Marsalis to show him that jazz history is a serious field of endeavor. But playing from authentic transcriptions of Ellington's music—unobtainable until they were published for this contest—has given Miller something to savor. "When you play a song like 'Prelude to a Kiss,' " he says, "it's like doing detailed historical research—not many people get to pick up on that vibe."

The daylong festival, May 16, features all fifteen finalist school bands; after the judging, Wynton Marsalis sits in as guest soloist with the three top-ranking bands during a 7:30 P.M. concert. See "Children's Events" for further details. **BARBARA ENSOR**

themix

Touring TriBeCa...Grace Paley

Radio Highlights

asper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 5/16: Mary and Carol Higgins Clark, the best-selling author and her daughter, discuss growing up as a family; Peter Coyote, former commune member and star of *ET,* shares his thoughts on life in *Sleeping Where I Fall;* Stephen Fried, investigative journalist, on *Bitter Pills.* WOR, 710 AM.

ew York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 5/12: Ellen Schrecker on *Many Are The Crimes;* Carol Maso on *Defiance;* Lois Marie Gibbs on *Love Canal;* Roger Black, who introduced *Reader's Digest's* new borderless design. 5/13: Thomas Cahill on *The Gift of the Jews;* Robert Stone on *Damascus Gate;* Geoff Dyer on *Out of Sheer Rage.* 5/14: Richard Brookhiser gives his conservative perspective; Olivia Goldsmith on *Switcheroo;* Robert Weil and Jonathon Rosen discuss the legacy of Henry Roth; Norman Kleeblatt and Kenneth Silver, who curated the Jewish Museum's exhibition of Chaim Soutine's paintings, "An Expressionist in Paris." 5/15: Al and Larry Ubell on home repair. 5/18: Dr. Dorothy Otnow Lewis on *Guilty by Reason of Insanity;* Vera Leinsdorf on her husband Erich's legacy to the world of music; Richard Price on *Freedomland.* WNYC, 820 AM.

he Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sunday evenings at 8. 5/17: Maria Flook on her book *My Sister Life.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

he Writer's Voice Awards—5/15 at 7:30 P.M.: The six winners, William Borden, Scott Boylston, Patricia Chao, Mary Jo Firth Gillett, Debra Marquart, and Joanna C. Scott, will read from their work. The Little Theater, West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. (875-4124); $8.

anet News: A Tribute to Allen Ginsberg—5/14 at 7 P.M.: Amiri Baraka, Patti Smith, Eileen Myles, Philip Glass, Natalie Merchant, Sonia Sanchez, Steven Taylor, and other luminaries of literature and music will pay tribute to the late visionary. St. John the Divine Cathedral, 1047 Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (358-9534); free.

Great New York Writers in Great New York Places"—5/17 at 2 P.M.: Readings from the work of James Baldwin. The Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S. (360-1378); $20.

dith Baumel—5/17 at 3 P.M.: Reading new poetry from *Now.* Posman Books, 1 University Pl. (533-2665); free.

alter Mosely—5/18 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of the "Easy Rawlins" series reading from his current work. Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (399-3030); free.

atha Pollitt, Rochelle Ratner, Rika Lesser—5/15 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from recent work to benefit Planned Parenthood of N.Y.C. Ceres Gallery, 584 Broadway, Suite 306 (226-4725); $7.

Richard Price, Grace Paley, Dale Peck—5/13 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their work. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); $5.

William Zinsser—5/12 at 6:30 P.M.: A book reception on the occasion of the sixth edition of *On Writing Well.* NYU's Fales Library, 70 Washington Sq. S. (998-6844); free.

Dale Peck—5/14 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Now It's Time to Say Goodbye.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

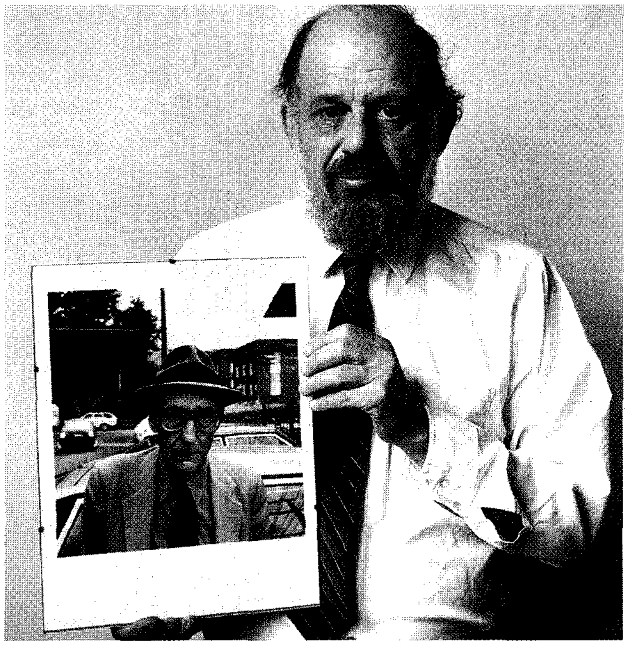
Robert Stone—5/13 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Damascus Gate.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

"Poetry in Public Places"—5/13 at 6 P.M.: Amiri Baraka, August Kleinzahler, and Claudia Rankine. Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Sq. (254-9628); free.

Arundhati Roy—5/12 at 7:30 P.M.: The Booker Prize winner reading from *The God of Small Things.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Grace Schulman and Gerald Stern—5/19 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from their *For That Day Only* and *This Time,* respectively. Carl Shurz Park, the garden end of E. 86th St. Mall off East End Ave. (431-7920); free.

Jack Agueros and Yusef Komunyakaa—5/12 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *Sonnets From the Puerto Rican* and *Thieves of Paradise,* respectively. Carl Shurz Park, the garden end of E. 86th St. Mall off East End Ave. (431-7920); free.



On View
Strike a Pose

'Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers' goes far beyond the usual author-at-his-typewriter shot. Highlights include Tony Kushner on a silk pillow portraying Karl Marx, and Luis Alarcon with his Frida Kahlo collection. Top, Allen Ginsberg; above, Harry Kondoleon.

Lectures and Panels

Lucien Stryk on Shinkichi Takahashi—5/16 at 4 P.M.: The editor and poet discusses the work of Takahashi, one of the century's foremost Zen poets. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); $7.

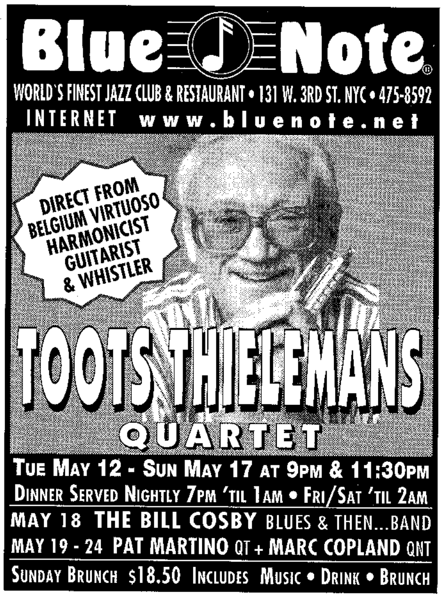
"Problems of Multiculturalism in the United States and Canada"—5/12 at 6 P.M.: This forum will contrast the two country's experiences with the M-word. With Neil Bissoondath, Peter Brimelow, and Stephen Schlesinger. Tishman Auditorium, World Policy Institute, The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5808, ext. 101); $5.

"The Glories of Chinese Art"—5/16 at 2 P.M.: A slide tour of the Met's Chinese galleries, with a survey of ancient to modern art. Jefferson Market Regional Branch Library, 452 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (243-4334); free.

"Before Seinfeld: Television's Changing New York"—5/12 at 7 P.M.: The imminent broadcast of the last episode of the most popular sitcom will be discussed by critics Howard Kissel, David Greene, James Saunders, and Grady Turner, followed by a wine-and-cheese reception. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $10.

"The Canvas and the Carcass" and other Soutine Stories—5/19 at 6:30 P.M.: Chaim Soutine's biography has been constructed from various stories told about him by artists, collectors, dealers, and critics. At issue is the interplay between artists' lives and the interpretation of their art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3271); $10.

hotographs by Robert Giard.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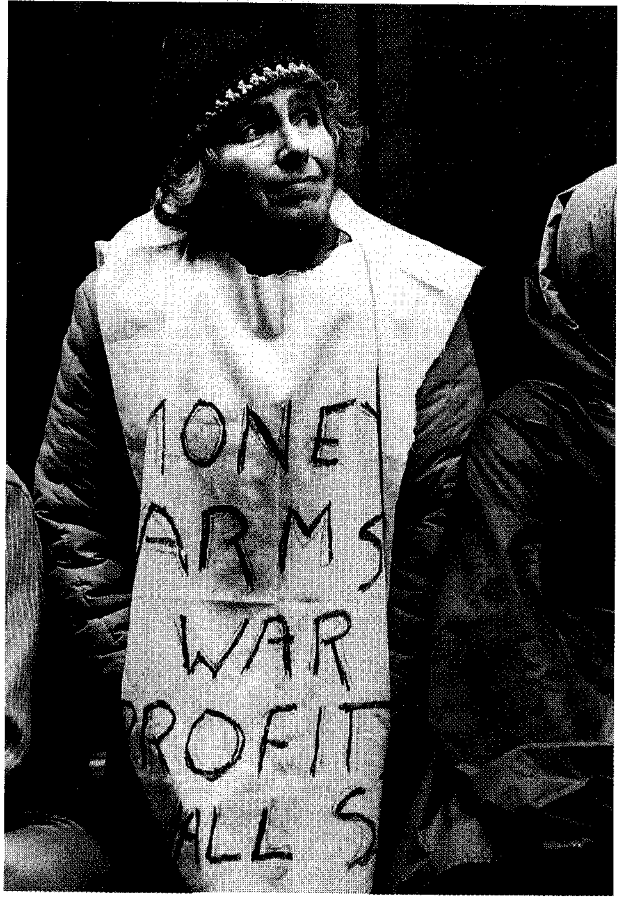
In Print

The Long-Distance Writer

Though she's witnessed everything from Black Power and Beat Poets to the age of AIDS, Grace Paley—writer, activist, and, in the words of Donald Barthelme, "troublemaker"—says, "It's all just life, it's never really any different." She has juggled her roles as a frequently anthologized author and a regularly incarcerated political agitator, but Paley has always been both. "If you think about the way the world is put together or flying apart for seventysomething years, there's no way to excise that from your writing," she explains. Paley's new collection, *Just As I Thought*—three decades' worth of articles, essays, and talks—is a testament to both her radical commitments and her eloquent humor. She revisits Karen Silkwood and the Vietnam War, claiming, "It wasn't hard to present [my work] reasonably unchanged; I haven't unsettled my views."

What has changed, for the better, in Paley's eyes, is the variety of voices in today's literature: "Some of the best work in the country right now is about illuminating—joyfully or miserably—the lives of people we haven't heard from before." She will be reading at the Drawing Center (see listing) with Dale Peck, whose latest is *Now It's Time to Say Goodbye,* a story of the sexual and racial confusion that ensues when two gay New Yorkers bail on city life and head for Kansas; and *Clockers* author Richard Price, whose new novel, *Freedomland,* explores the machinations of the police and the press after a white woman announces that a black man has stolen her car and her son. "When literature gives us cultural news, it can't help but be political," Paley says, "and of course that makes me happy."

ARIEL LEVY



Events

The Fifth Annual International Fine Art Fair—Through 5/13: Exhibitors from seven countries bring the finest paintings, drawings, and sculpture (from the Renaissance to the modern era) to the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. Call 642-8572 for hours and further information; $15.

Benefits

Poetry Calendar Gala—5/14 a 7:30 P.M.: Poets Charles Bernstein, Billy Collins, Mari Howe, Wayne Koestenbaum J. D. McClatchy, Donna Masini, Eileen Tabios, Yusef Komunyakaa, and David Lehma will be on hand, along wit wine, raffles, and hors d'oeuvre. Fordham University Lincoln Center, 113 W. 60t St., twelfth floor (260-7097 $25.

The 75th Anniversary of the Zo ta Club—5/16 at 11:30 A.M.: benefit luncheon featuring musical fashion productio showcasing spring and summer collections by Donn Karan, Liz Claiborne, and others. Sunningdale Countr Club, Scarsdale (914-963 5100); $40.

"A Family Affair"—5/27 at P.M.: A carnival-themed cele bration that includes arts an crafts, raffles, caricatures, mag cians, and 'smores, to benef Camp Homeward Bound, program of the Coalition fc the Homeless. F.A.O. Schwart 767 Fifth Ave., at 58th St. (964 5900, ext. 172); $50 for kid $100 for grown-ups.

Tours

Walks in Old Chelsea—5/16 2 P.M: A journey through th legends and lore of this eve changing neighborhood. Meet in front of th Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broad way, Fifth Ave., and W. 23rd St. (969-8262); $1

"TriBeCa: The Creative Explosion"—5/17 at 1 P.M Stroll the streets and explore everything fro wholesale butter and egg dealers to art gallerie Meet at Duane Park at the corners of Duane an Hudson Sts. (242-5762); $12.

Inside Private Homes of Park Slope—5/17 at 10 A.M

Photograph by Dorothy Marde

Developed after the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, the tree-lined streets of this neighborhood contain some of the borough's finest row houses. (996-1100); $30.

Rags to Riches: The Garment Center—5/13 at 11 A.M.: Turn-of-the-century Jewish and Italian immigrants became the engine of the Lower East Side's sweatshops. Visit the original buildings and hear the stories from industry insiders. (996-1100); $18.

Brooklyn Heights—5/17 at 2: Explore New York City's first landmarked district and its more than 600 structures built before the Civil War. Meet at the Clark St. IRT by the St. George Hotel, bet. Clark and Henry Sts. (969-8262); $10.

Art From Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4 P.M.: A museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological digs. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour; the schedule is subject to change.

The Jewish Lower East Side—5/17 at 1 P.M.: A tour of 150 years of Jewish settlement in the area. Stops include the Eldridge Street Synagogue and the Jewish Daily Forward building. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $9.

The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30 P.M.: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower East Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Happening **A welcome alternative to the dozens of walking tours clogging the streets of Ye Olde Greenwich Village, Joyce Gold's May 17 trek through TriBeCa chronicles that neighborhood's evolution from industrial center to celebrity-chef hangout. (See listings.)**

Exhibitions

"Particular Voices: Robert Giard's Portraits of Gay and Lesbian Writers"—Through 6/27: Features 110 black-and-white prints and selected manuscripts from the library's archives. New York Public Library, Center for the Humanities, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., third floor (869-8089); free.

"Opening Windows in Time"—Through 9/27: A sculptural installation featuring the faces and stories of former tenement residents including artist B. Amore's own Italian ancestors. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 66 Allen St. (431-0233); $8 museum admission.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigra-

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
CITYHAWKS						FLA MSG 7:30PM	
METROSTARS						DCU ESPN2 1PM	
YANKEES	KC MSG 7:30PM	KC MSG 7:30PM	TEX MSG 7:30PM	TEX WPIX 7:30PM	MIN MSG 7:30PM	MIN MSG 1:30PM	MIN MSG 1:30PM
METS	SD FSNY 10PM	SD FSNY 10PM	SD ESPN 10:30PM	SD WOR 5PM	SF FSNY 10:30PM	SF FSNY 4PM	SF FSNY 4PM
KNICKS		IND* MSG 8PM		IND* (TBD) 8PM			IND* NBC 8PM
	5/11	5/12	5/13	5/14	5/15	5/16	5/17

*** Eastern Conference semifinal games 5, 6, and 7 to be played only if necessary.**

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

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tion Museum, New York Harbor (363-3200); $5.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein, coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary artist and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization and also includes space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898"—Through 6/28: The show features stars, costumes, and a set of models reflecting Broadway 100 years ago. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Follow the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.NewYorkMag.com) to click on a new Website reviewed every weekday. Thi week: Play college Jeopardy online, then take i live; design your own CD compilation with MY-CD; ease your New York apartment-hunting stress on the Web; refuse green eggs and ham in Seussville; and experience the animated comix-style real-life adventures of "this dj." And while you're visiting us at www.NYMag.com check out all our Web exclusives, like daily pick of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," neighborhood guides, "First Words" fo bibliophiles, and our daily New York–trivia contest, plus like selected articles from the magazine and a searchable "Cue" section. So surf us, already.

Sports

Pedal to Nyack—5/17, 9:30 A.M. to 4 P.M: A leisurely 25-to-30-mile ride along country roads, many paralleling the Hudson, visiting crafts shops, antique stores, and other such rural diversions. Trip stops for lunch at an outdoor café. $55 with helmet and bike rental, $30 without. Includes transportation to New Jersey start site. Call the 92nd Street Y at 996-1100 for information.

Slice of Life—Don't forget, May is "National Cur Your Slice Month." The PGA of America and *Golf Digest* cooked this up to help golfers eliminate the most common problem among amateurs Pros from Florida to Alaska will offer free tenminute lessons at their facilities, and anyone who participates (and sends in the certificate found in the May issue of *Golf Digest*) gets a shot at a link tour of Ireland.

in concert

New York Festival of Song at the 92nd Street Y

Classical Music

Tuesday, May 12

rchestra of St. Luke's—Performs Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, and Shostakovich, with Virginia Shiao, piano. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $10–$50.*

ew Amsterdam Singers—Opera choruses from Purcell to Gershwin. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Wednesday, May 13

merican Symphony Orchestra—Performs a program entitled "Nadia Boulanger: Teacher of the Century," with works by Lili Boulanger, Easley Blackwood, Aaron Copland, and Igor Markevich. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $18–$45.*

atya Grineva, Piano—Performs Liszt, Schubert, Chopin, and Scriabin. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $16–$75.*

ekka Kuusisto, Violin—Performs Bach and Shostakovich sonatas with Olli Mustonen, piano. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $30.*

eague/ISCM Chamber Players—Works by Jason Eckardt, Louis Karchin, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.*

Thursday, May 14

ew York Philharmonic—Performs Zemlinsky's *Die Seejungfrau,* Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No.1, and Liszt's *Les Préludes,* with Garrick Ohlsson, piano; James Conlon, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

ew York Festival of Song—For their tenth-anniversary gala, the group (under the direction of Michael Barrett and Steven Blier) performs with a stunning array of boldface names from the classical world: sopranos Amy Buron, Harolyn Blackwell, Sylvia McNair, and Roberta Peters; mezzo-sopranos Stephanie Blythe, Susan Graham, and Joan Morris; tenors Peter Kazaras and Stanford Olson; and baritones Kurt Ollmann and William Sharp. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); at 8; $25.*

hamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs works by Michael Nathaniel Hersch, David Horne, Pierre Jalbert, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $17.*

argemusic—Quartet performances of Beethoven, Brahms, and Fauré. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Friday, May 15

New York Philharmonic—See 5/14, at 2.

Saturday, May 16

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs with choral groups. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $16–$65.*

Sunday, May 17

Olli Mustonen, Piano—Performs Bach and Shostakovich with Joshua Bell, violin. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $25.*

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra—Works by Rameau, Haydn, and Beethoven; Sir Simon Rattle, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 3; $25.*

Bargemusic—See 5/14, at 4.

Monday, May 18

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Mozart and Beethoven with choral groups; Johnathan Griffith, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$65.*

Christine Schaefer, Soprano—Performs with Warren Jones, piano. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7:30; $20.*

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra—See 5/17, at 7:30.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Puccini's *Tosca,* 5/15 and 5/16 at 7:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Elisa Monte—Performs old standards as well as two new works by Monte, *Spin* and *Tears Rolling,* and premieres by David Brown, *Senso Unico* and *Testimony,* 5/12–5/19. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

New York City Ballet—Performs 5/12–5/17. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $15–$68.*

American Ballet Theater—Performs *The Merry Widow,* 5/12–5/14, and short pieces, 5/15–5/16. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$115.*

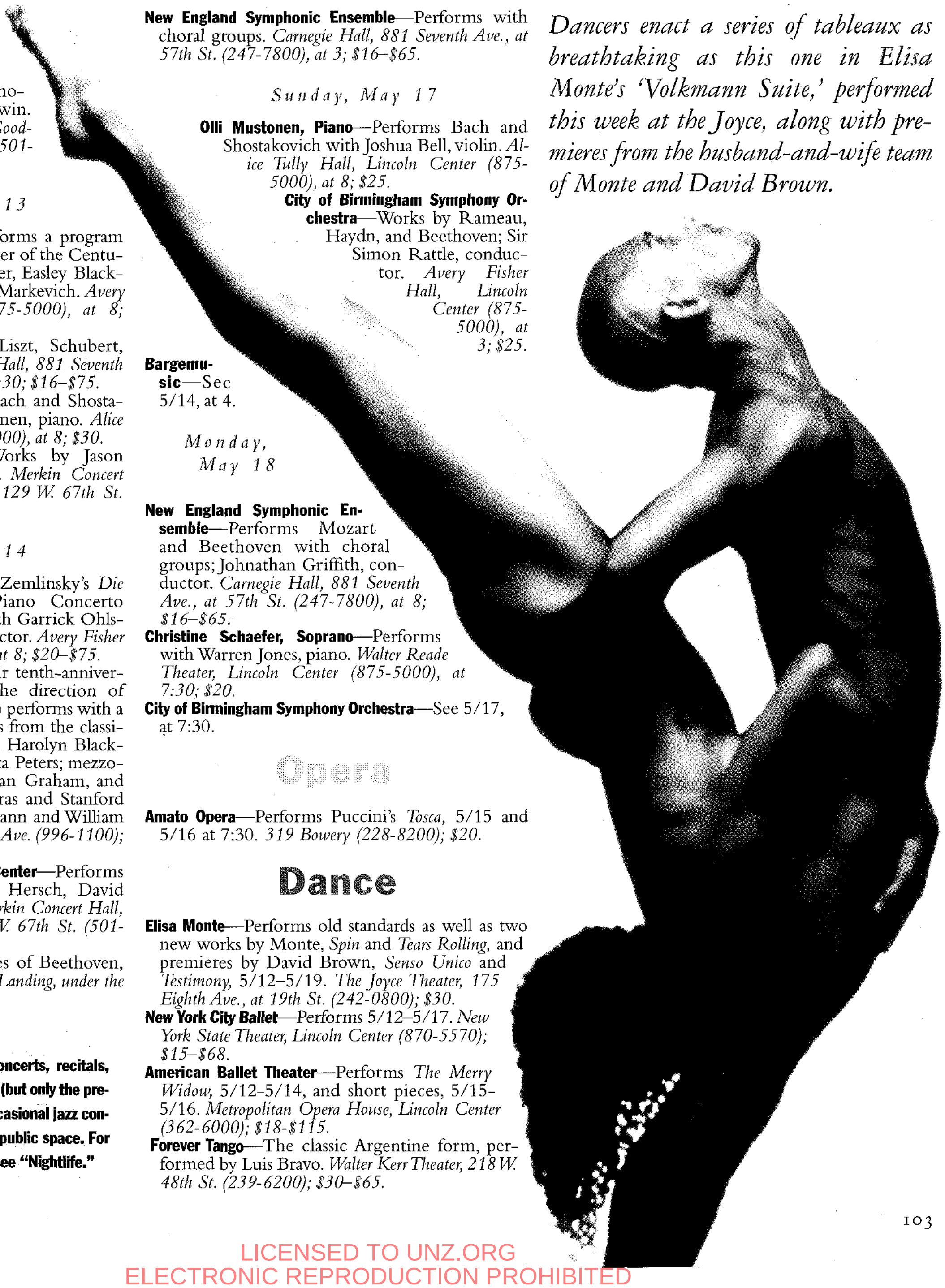
Forever Tango—The classic Argentine form, performed by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Hong Kong Ballet—Performs a full-length ballet inspired by the life of Pu Yi, the last Manchu emperor; 5/13–5/17. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $25–$45.*

Previews

Embraceable You

Dancers enact a series of tableaux as breathtaking as this one in Elisa Monte's 'Volkmann Suite,' performed this week at the Joyce, along with premieres from the husband-and-wife team of Monte and David Brown.



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Southampton—Fabulous estate, as seen in *Architectural Digest.* 4-BR/5-bth, pool, lit tennis, whirlpool, jacuzzi, b-ball, all amenities. No groups. July 32K; Aug 38K; season $70K, neg. **212-535-8700** M-F, 10-5

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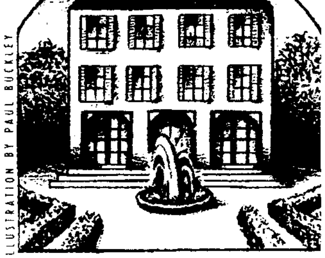

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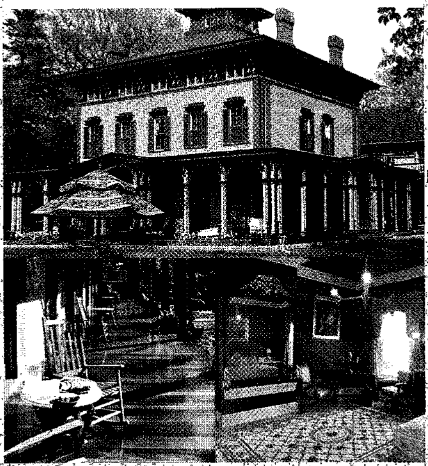

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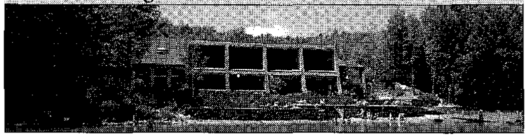

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Life Is Not A Dress Rehearsal—Actualizing this reality to its fullest extent is a crucial and creative project. I'm 47, 5'9", 173 lbs, blue eyes, very physically and emotionally fit. I'm accomplished in my profession as a therapist, financially secure, have written a book, appear extensively in the media, divorced, no children, two cats. You are physically fit, sensual, fun-loving professional woman with minimal unresolved baggage. You seek an exciting, mutually nurturing relationship. It is imperative that you appreciate east end living, as one of my passions is my East Hampton lifestyle. Picture appreciated. 3614 ✉

Totally Nonfiction!*—Let me introduce* you to my friend. She is 40-something but looks 30-something (really). She's an attractive, single, funky city girl with a good sense of humor. Marathon runner, successful exec, who is adventurous, fun, loves rock music and travel. Best of all, she has a warm heart and a generous spirit that she is willing to share. You should be a kind, fit, outgoing, successful 40-plus guy who doesn't play games. If *you fit the bill, send note/photo.* 3592 ✉

CEO, Green-Eyed GQ Type—45, 6', fit and athletic, worldly, witty and secure. I'm holding out for a smart, feisty, slim and stunning soul mate, 25-37, 5'3" plus, for romance, commitment and family. Photo a must - will exchange. 3607 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 50-65. 3588 ✉

Life Is Best Shared—Beautiful brunette CEO, 35, 5'4", 105, caring, sweet, intelligent, Kosher. Enjoys life, laughter, romance, theater, fitness. Seeking handsome, successful, well-educated, good-natured, traditional Jewish male. 3602 ✉ ☎

Me: 5'11", 160, 38, Lean—Muscular build and very strong, washboard abs, works out diligently daily, college athlete, black hair, brown eyes, Ivy-educated, MBA, former banker, now successful trader, money not problem any more, lots free time. Likes eating out/ordering in, big time skier, USTA 4.5 tennis, blading, hanging in Central Park, movies, museums/art, comedy clubs, and dance clubs. Happy in mornings and rarely unhappy, extremely *low maintenance* (but don't be fooled *into* taking for granted). Overall personality like Jerry Maguire. You: under 35, pretty woman, happy woman, weakness for athletes or look like athletes, you don't have to be skinny but be in shape (only NYC male that thought Olympic speedskaters and Tonya Harding had incredible legs and were babes), don't be moody, but you can have a personality, don't care what you do for a living or how *much you make. If you smoke you'd better* have a good handle on it and be making serious progress outgrowing it, no serious drinking. If you are a pretty woman, happy woman, athlete please write (you can be brief, no real points for eloquence, no picture necessary although I will ask you what you look like). Thanks. 3604 ✉

Beautiful, Charming, Enchanting—Jewish woman - loves travel, arts, laughter, *family, three grown children from a loving* and happy marriage - seeks distinguished, successful Jewish gentleman, CEO/PhD, 60-75. 3596 ✉

Be My Best Friend—And the love of my life. I'm an active, handsome, tall, slender professional, NJ widower, age 69, in search of my counterpart, 60-65. We're both kind, honest and loving. Photo/note/phone, please. 3562 ✉

Beautiful Bright Professional Woman 50s, 5'8", size 6, seeks emotionally and financially secure, literate man for best friend and ? To share loving and life. Phone/note/photo. 3639 ✉ ☎

Kathadin, Pinot Noir, Elgar—Barrier Reef, family/friends, yoga, Nina Simone, triathalons, indie/foreign films, BAI, tennis... 31-year-old, happy, sincere, intelligent female physician, seeking compatible, 30-40 male. 3559 ✉

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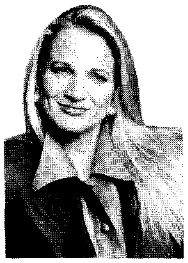

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350 NY
310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

Drop Out Of The Rat Race—And into my arms. Creative Colorado woman (48) seeks successful, happy man. 3621 ✉ ☎

Seeking Arts Lover—By bright, funny, *successful, attractive man - tall, Jewish...* Looking for attractive, fit woman, 30s-early 40s, well-educated, high-energy, who loves NY culture...for fun/serious relationship. Photo, please. 3611 ✉

A Dynamic, Creative, *Ivy* MD/PhD—An accomplished, warm, good-looking, old-fashioned romantic, multifaceted, classy, funny, 5'10", slim, 43, passion for culture, fitness, travel. Seeks sincere, empathic woman under 38 for romance, marriage. Phone/photo necessary. 3624 ✉ ☎

Stunning, Green-Eyed—Raven-haired beauty, north Italian looks, sensuous and pretty inside, seeks handsome, financially secure gentleman, connoisseur of life, to make her dreams come true. 3622 ✉

Open Heart, Inquiring Mind—Tall and energetic, family-oriented Jewish dentist, 42, with bantering wit and adventuresome spirit. Enjoys most sports, country jaunts, city strolls and the arts. Seeks a sharp, passionate and vivacious, 30ish woman to share it all. Photo appreciated. 3555 ✉ ☎

Sunset In The Hamptons—With you by my side. Extremely successful business owner, 35, seeking truly exceptional woman to share romance by the water and under the stars, for this summer and beyond. You are beautiful, classy, sweet and intelligent, with a passion for living and an appreciation for the finer things in life. I am tall, fit, good-looking and Jewish (nonreligious), with a zest for life and a desire to share it with someone truly special. Together, let us explore all that life has to offer - starting with glorious summer in the Hamptons. Note/photo. 3579 ✉

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Savvy Beauty

Imagine finding a sensitive, successful, 35 year old soulmate who is passionate and warmhearted. This 5 3" very slender, extremely beautiful brunette executive has a vibrant personality, great smile, keen intellect and wit, along with a passion for life, laughter, romance, conversation, theater, health, fitness, family and Jewish tradition. If you are a dynamic, successful, well educated, handsome, fit, traditional Jewish gentleman, possessing a good nature and sense of humor, please call for your complimentary introduction to this exceptional lady.

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212 .877 . 5167
Executive Search For Discerning Jewish Professionals

CA Transplant—Sexy, tall, blond hair, green eyes... Desires tall, sexy, sophisticated male - an established, traveling, jet-set type of guy who wants to enjoy life to the fullest in a one-on-one with me. Only commitment-minded need reply. Send photo, note and phone. 3627✉

Bright, Fun-Loving—Honest and open, slim, attractive female is a good friend and listener, emotionally/financially secure - loves you, tennis and theater. Seeks man, 55 plus. 3594 ✉

Superman Seeks Wonder Woman—Just kidding. Actually, I'm 32, 5'10", sandy hair, Christian, Ivy-educated and involved in property development. I seek a fit, attractive, upbeat, never-married woman, 25-32, sometime before the sun runs out of fuel. 3589 ✉ ☎

Travel With Me To Israel Or Vienna—This fall? White Jewish female, slim, pretty, looking to share travel and other wonderful adventures with 50ish male who has zest for life. Photo/note. 3575 ✉

Love Is In The Air!—Jewish novelist (42, 6', looks good) who enjoys laughter, conversation, tennis and fresh air, is looking for a bright, sweet, slim, 30-something Jewish woman. Photo nice. 3616 ✉ ☎

"Mr. Sulu, Warp Factor 7"—Can a sensitive but strong, slim, pretty woman, 30s, find the love of her life before the Klingons blow up her ticking biological clock? Scotty, beam me up an attractive, compassionate, monogamous man - ready for the whole shebang. No smoking on-board Enterprise. 3560 ✉ ☎

Casually Elegant—Pretty, shapely, spirited, warm, witty, professional Jewish woman seeks tall, fit, upbeat, professional nonsmoking man, 52-62. 3565 ✉

Ha Ha, Ho Ho, Hee Hee!—Laugh good. Frown bad. This guy, 35, athletic, blond hair, blue eyes, believes life is meant to be fun - so I make it that way. You: a smart, sexy woman who's not shy, likes movies, music, your career, the gym and laughing. Photo and note a must. 3582 ✉

THE SUMMER FUN DOUBLE ISSUE

Issue Date: 6/29 - 7/6
On Sale: 6/22 Ad Close: 6/16

Call for more information:
212-779-7500

Lover Boy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 49, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 3597 ✉

Works Hard, Plays Easy—Good-looking, Jewish male lawyer, prime of life, 49, 5'8", seeks companion (wife?). Photo. 3625 ✉

Handsome, Successful Professional—Jewish male, 5'9", 165 lbs, 42, seeks slender female, 28-38, into animals, travel, convertibles, acting and participating in sports. Photo, please. 3567 ✉ ☎

Park Avenue Elegance—And down-to-earth values. I offer love and friendship, tenderness and excitement to man, 60s, successful in his field, who can give and receive love. 3558 ✉

Pretty Photographer—Seeks cool guy, 37-45. I'm a downtowner, active, Jewish, gregarious, with a trace of old hippie. Ready to settle down with a smart, fun and wise soul. Photo, please. 3581 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Blue-Eyed Blond MD—5'8", 120, Jewish Manhattanite with many fine qualities - seeks a truly special man (38-58) for love and marriage. 3619 ✉ ☎

Special Guy—Good-looking, good build, 36, 5'10", brown hair, green eyes... More important: fun and responsible, thoughtful, emotionally and financially secure, good values. Must be very attractive, slim, under 32, emotionally stable, for quality relationship. Please include a recent photo with your note. 3626 ✉

Handsome, Warm, Affectionate MD—52, Jewish, loves life - seeks slim, attractive, sincere, playful, kind lady, 38-48 (Jewish, Latin, Italian), to bring out the best in each other. Photo a must. 3600 ✉

Handsome Professional, Big Heart—59, in great shape, looking for you: slim, tall, intelligent and very attractive. Do you love romance and laughter? Let's share it together. Note/phone/photo, please. 3628 ✉

Terrific Catch—Attractive, successful, romantic man, 40, 5'10" - likes sports, the arts and travel. Looking for a 27-38, smart, sexy woman for romance. Note/photo. 3609 ✉

Harrison Ford Look-Alike—Handsome, fit, funny, 40s executive, financially secure, honest, sensitive, loving, even disposition. Lives active life style, enjoys most everything. You are 35-45, very attractive, possessing similar qualities and interests. Picture required for response. 3561 ✉

Handsome White Male—41, with interests from art and music to computers, seeks attractive Asian female for mutually beneficial relationship. 3568 ✉ ☎

Witty, Attractive, Athletic—Professional, single black female seeks single male, 35 plus, who is intelligent, humorous, athletic and financially secure. Race unimportant, compatibility is. Let's get to know each other through skiing, travel, music, fine dining and some quiet evenings at home. Note/photo. 3577 ✉

Seeking Woman—Skinny frame, long hair, quick wit, quiet confidence, any race. Me: 30s, single white male, Soho musician, trim, balanced, financially secure, kind, monogamous. 3584 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Attractive Jewish Widow—50-something, professional, interesting, with sense of humor - enjoys the arts and good conversation. Seeks Jewish male, 55-65, with similar interests. 3613 ✉

Svelte Blond Senior (60s)—Feisty widow with a lust for life - enjoying the same, who wants to share a warm and wonderful relationship with a gentleman in his 60s. (516) preferred. 3585 ✉ ☎

You: Highly Successful—Generous, cultured, wouldn't want anyone to know you answered this ad, seeking young beauty for top-quality fun, first-class travel, fine dining. Me: model, 28, long legs, blond, full of passion and warmth, sexy, fun to be with, trustworthy and loyal. No smokers. 3598 ✉

Single, 38 Years Old—Looking for a committed relationship with a warm, good-natured, affectionate, attractive woman, 28-35, who enjoys life and is in good mental and physical shape. I'm a Jewish guy, nonreligious, who is a professional and an entrepreneur, handsome, 5'10", dark hair, green eyes, with a good sense of humor, who enjoys working out, travel, movies and cooking. Note, photo and phone. 3593 ✉

Sexy, Smart, Slim And Caring—Educated, petite Jewish widow, affluent businesswoman who enjoys classical music, theater, travel, seeks superior man, 55-70, to love, adore and plan future. 3638 ✉

If You're Successful—Financially secure loving, beautiful, bright, sexy, liberal physically fit, athletic and want kid (or have kids and might consider another) I may be the man for you. I'm loving exceedingly handsome, passionate, bright part-time professional and writer (n kids), early 40s, husband/dad to-be Serious early replies preferred. Photo/ note/phone. 3556 ✉

Handsome Jewish Professional—46 successful, athletic, loves Manhattan life country cycling and travel. In search o meaningful romance, warmth, family an the best in life. Photo appreciated. 3590 ✉

Naturally Pretty—Unpretentious, low key, youthful, professional woman, 41 enjoys tennis, biking, nature, seekin educated, easygoing, communicative Jewish man who finds, humorous side o life. Note/photo. 3640 ✉

Handsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure—Seeks slender, educated lady, 50s. Dance theater, travel... Photo/note. 3599 ✉

Attractive, Personable Woman—6 years, 5'7", slim, with good sense o humor, looking for good times, friendshi and relationship. 3578 ✉

andsome, Athletic Gentleman—39, '5", successful, is looking for you, 25-35, eautiful, above 6', with respect for Jewish adition. Picture. 3617 ✉

egular-Looking Lawyer—Reasonably all, moderately successful, relatively ell-adjusted, with an indomitable sense f humor - seeking a forever relationship ith a slim, well-educated Jewish woman, intage 1935-1945. Graduate degree a lus. Westchester or lower Connecticut esident preferred. 3587 ✉ ☎

ries At The Movies—(But I'll never t you see it). Handsome, athletic, 5'7", uccessful Esq./business owner, 39, hopes come home to warm, confident, funny, eautiful Jewish destiny. Photo. 3631 ✉

sian Lady—Pretty, kind, educated, eeks intelligent, successful, sincere entleman, 35-42, for forever. 3612 ✉☎

Am A Divorced—Jewish, nonreligious, '7" lady, looking for 50-60 man who njoys sports, theater, movies, good onversation/listener. Sense of humor. onsmoker. Note/photo. 3601 ✉

atin Man—Originally from Argentina, 4, 6', handsome, financially secure. Lookig for sweet Latin girl, 25-35. Escribeme. hone/photo. 3635 ✉

reative, Intelligent, Funny—Tall, nky, good-looking, nonsmoking Jewish ale, 44, software designer/musician, ith four-year-old sweetie-pie daughter oint custody), seeks brainy, beautiful, ice, stable woman (in 30s) for sharing, n and love. Note/photo, please. 3620 ✉

eautiful Brunette—Young-looking arly 40s, Jewish Manhattanite, cultured, *ophisticated, down-to-earth, shapely.* eeks good-looking, marriage-minded rofessional gentleman, up to 55, for rious romance. Kids okay. Note/photo/ one. 3571 ✉

ery Beautiful, Hip Teacher—37, assau County - intellectual, artistic, ssionate, spiritual, seeks cool guy with dictive laugh. No players. Phone/ scriptive note/photo a must. 3629 ✉

n Not The Kind Of Guy—Who'd write a em or a song, to charm you or con you string you along. A straightforward sort gent, on that you can bet. What you'd e is what you'd get. A 40-something chelor, a dreamer, not a wit. But if u're that special someone (single female, s-40s), I'm not afraid to commit. I like eater, I like film, I like music and my ke, and the Times on Sunday morning a coffee house I like. If my corny little gle has put you to sleep, then I blew it ain, and I'm up the creek. 3574 ✉

arm, Pretty, Down-To-Earth Writer—t, engaging, witty, kind, successful, uthful, seeks available, like-minded ale (43-55) for steady relationship. tter/photo. 3573 ✉

or The Culturally Adventurous—ead-turning female, 35, honey brunette, npathic, dynamic, producer, with ssion for vintage furniture and photoaphy. Seeking humorous, bright, outorsy Jewish male professional, 35-42, ho knows how to enjoy life. 3632 ✉ ☎

eking Twin Flame—Pretty woman, SW, 32, 5'5", slim - seeks kind, voted professional man for lifelong ppiness. Catholic a plus. Photo/note must. 3566 ✉ ☎

Exquisitely Sensuous—Complicated, romantic and old-fashioned, Southern black-American female, professional, intelligent, tall, 5'11", with great shape, in search of that very special man who's 6'1" plus, 35-45, black or white American, intelligent, successful, strong, healthy and secure. 3563 ✉

Miss That Loving Feeling—With intelligent man, 57-70. Me: sweet, sensuous, slim, shapely, sensitive, sophisticated, successful lady. 3569 ✉

Hugs And Happiness—Love and laughter await a bright and pretty, warm and witty, 60 plus lady who answers this ad from a slim, fit, Ivy-educated, Manhattan music and art lover with many other interests and a good life he'd like to share. Photo boosts share value. 3634 ✉

Nice Jewish Girl Seeks—Love for colder *climes (not AK but a CO ski town).* Fun-loving, fit, Ivy-educated professional woman, 35, willing to relocate, seeks nonsmoking, secure, athletic, down-to-earth, cultured male soulmate, good sense of humor, 33-43. Will visit NY soon. 3591✉☎

Normal But Not Average—Jewish guy of style and substance, 27, 5'5", Ivy, fit, attractive, witty, passionate, seeks like woman, 22-32, to share all of life's *splendor.* Note/photo. 3618 ✉

Attractive Attorney—52, widow, 5'9". Enjoys work, movies, reading, beach, travel. Seeks a male who is honest, responsible, intelligent, unpretentious, kind, considerate, financially secure, with a sense of humor - for friendship, companionship and a loving relationship. LI. 3570 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Cosmopolitan—Professional, 33-year-old, petite Asian-American woman who is down-to-earth, loves travel, tasting diverse ethnic foods and the theater, seeks a man, 31-43, also down-to-earth, honest, professional, who shares same interests. Note/photo. 3557 ✉

Tall, Handsome, High-Energy—Ivy League MBA, hedge fund manager, 33, recently relocated to NYC, seeks *attractive, slim, high-energy professional* woman, 25-31, who loves to laugh and have fun. Note/photo/phone required, please. 3615 ✉

Considering The Carolinas?—Then why not contact this cute, curvy, clever, compassionate, charitable, divorced, Jewish professional female, 44, if you're a divorced/widowed Jewish professional man, 40-55, with compatible characteristics, charisma and charm? Note/phone/photo, please. 3633 ✉

Pretty And Passionate—Sweet, fit, genuine, youthful woman, 42, seeking accomplished man possessing depth of character. Note/photo/phone. 3586 ✉☎

Handsome, Successful Investor—With house in Great Neck, LI - 6', 165 lbs, divorced, no kids, high intelligence, keen wit, eclectic interests. Seeks unencumbered, unpretentious, attractive, thin woman, 35-45. Let's share romance, friendship and more. Recent photo. 3564✉

I Need A Hero—Turkey or pastrami sounds great! But seriously, pretty Jewish professional, mid 30s, athletic and sexy, lives on LI, works in NYC, seeks dynamic Jewish man with a good sense of humor, who loves dogs and the outdoors, to make life more magical for both of us. 3595 ✉☎

RELIABLE

Since 1982,
New York's smart single
professionals have found
that *special someone* in
New York Magazine
Strictly Personals.

212-779-7500

Hi!—Attractive, energetic, Jewish male, 31, 5'9", slim, enjoys skiing, long walks, travel, every day fun things and life itself seeks an attractive, athletic woman with *similar interests.* Note/photo. 3636 ✉ ☎

Chapter II—For me and you. Accomplished entrepreneur, warm, soft, sensuous and statuesque, classy European lady with a sharp, inquisitive Ivy mind and a dynamic, upbeat personality. I am 46, 5'7", fit, and would love to create a real home with a mensch, 50-60, tall, secure, successful. 3576 ✉ ☎

Japanese, Long-Haired, Grace, Funny—Never married, model looks/smile, 5'4", self-made CEO, 39. Seek handsome, powerful yet sweet Ivy MBA/lawyer type, 32-47, well-dressed, refined, humorous. We enjoy Paris, cooking, grand piano, city life style...leading to marriage. Prefer not having children (your kids okay). 3572 ✉

Great Package—Very pretty female, late 40s, looks younger, unique, 5'6", long hair, great shape in and out, successful, caring, aware, etc. Seeks 6' plus, unusual male, very attractive, healthy, secure, very successful, humorous, nonbalding, who never reads these ads. Nonsmokers only. Photo essential for reply. 3630 ✉

Great-Looking Gentleman—5'11", 170, very fit, successful, fun, seeks great-looking lady, fit, bright, sincere, to 39, with whom I can build a partnership to create a home, family, and a wonderful life together. Note/recent photo. 3637 ✉

Striking Blond—Seeks single white gentleman who is healthy (mentally and physically), Ivy-educated, nonsmoker, established professional with good character, for elegant, sophisticated Christian lady, 5'7", early 40s, no dependents, witty Upper East Sider. 3608 ✉ ☎

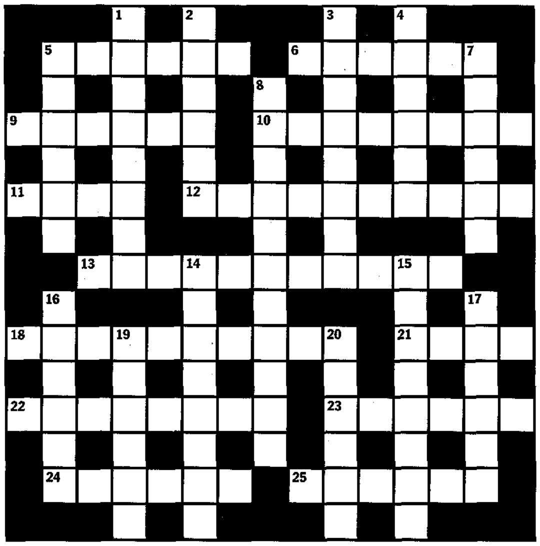
Place your ad in New York Magazine's special bannered Summer Shares and Rentals section and get the very best tenant or housemate you can find.

***The secret is out:* Our readers are interesting, funny, savvy, sophisticated, respectful, and they know that when the assignment is to bring a dozen bagels, it's really thirteen - and they almost always remember the cream cheese.**

Call Tim Hyde at 212-545-3673 and get a special rate you can't refuse, or fax your request to 212-779-7500.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
5 Good fellows left on board. (6)
6 Recommendation of American lawyer backed by deputy. (6)
9 A flask for spirit. (6)
10 Marginal changes that can be quite daunting. (8)
11 Canteen where hash is served. (4)
12 Lacking all joie-de-vivre without drink. (10)
13 The way men talk is anathema! (11)
18 Grieved to find firm politician involved in deal. (10)
21 Always staying in the very best of health. (4)
22 The average hour allowed as an interval. (8)
23 Greenhorn given sound support. (6)
24 Old city man in best possible situation. (6)
25 The French understand a person only renting property. (6)

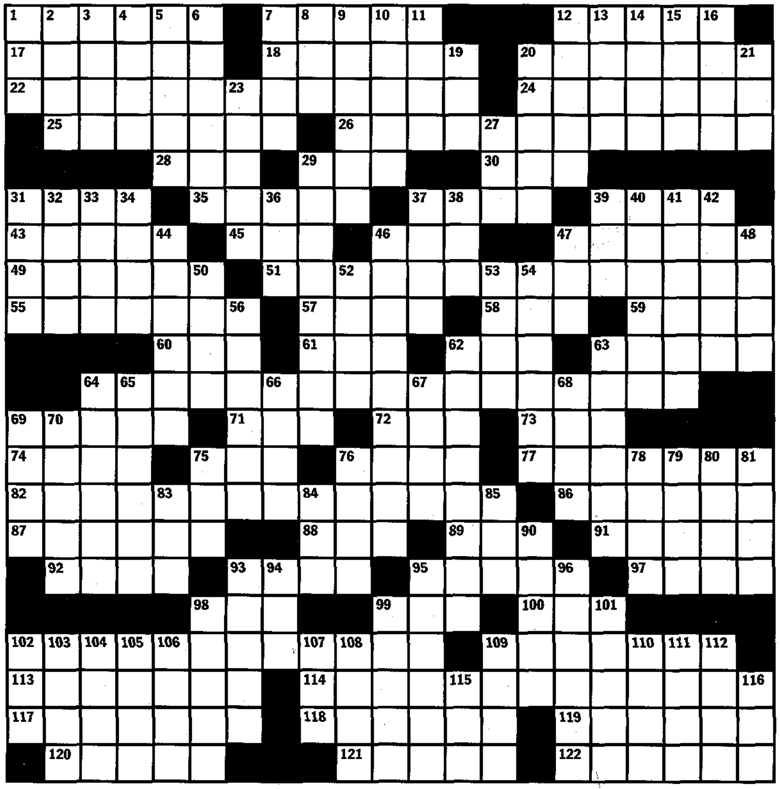


DOWN
1 Cases not used by a lady in Europe. (8)
2 Under a quarter lock, causing some anxiety. (6)
3 Thought to tip perfectionist. (8)
4 Sombre face which takes in the senior NCO. (6)
5 Cut amount due to daughter. (6)
7 He has a home with royal insigni above it. (6)
8 The broadcast praises nine capita women. (11)
14 Inspector cut-up over a man having to work underground. (8)
15 Past players may appear gloomy. (8)
16 "X" is in pocket, and that's impressive. (6)
17 21 in the London area can be hard. (6)
19 Is open for treating animals. (6)
20 Broke, so discouraged. (6)

'Skip It!': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

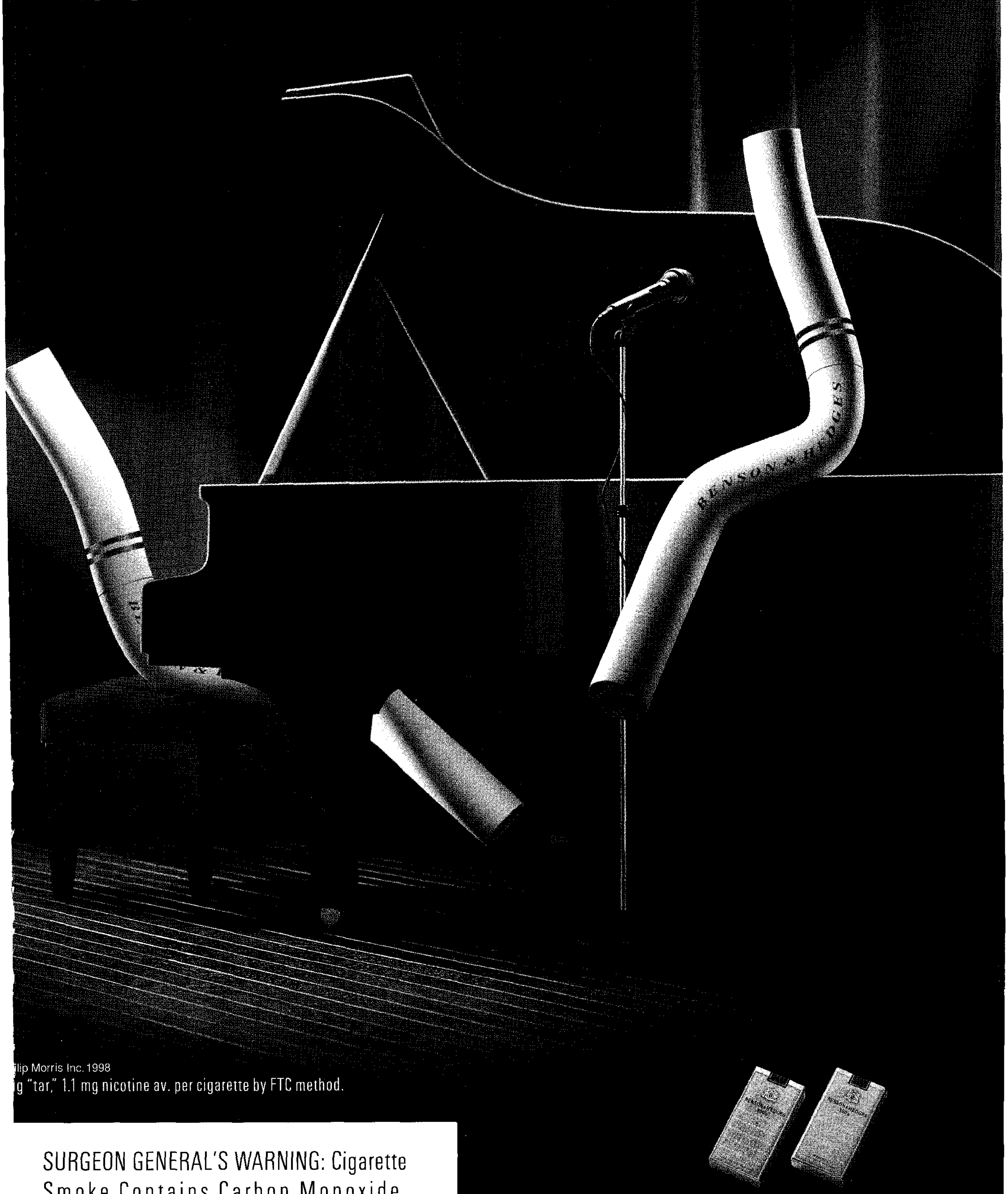
ACROSS
1 Traitorous "Lord" of WW II
7 Squelched, in a way
12 Receive the pitch
17 Microscopic animal
18 Avoids a church wedding
20 Calder artworks
22 "Leave to Beaver"
24 Former
25 Goes easier on
26 "All hell broke"
28 Domicile: abbr.
29 Take it on the —— (skip town)
30 Baseball's Durocher
31 Soho coins
35 Capital of Morocco
37 Easter bloom
39 "Diary of —— Housewife," 1970 film
43 What a heart might skip
45 Scotland's longest river
46 Solar-system hub
47 Stricken with fright
49 "McTeague" novelist
51 "The Red Badge of"
55 Ludicrous failure
57 Dissenting votes
58 Antiquated
59 Present-day Persia
60 Dance like Bojangles
61 Eternally, in odes
62 ——-Magnon
63 Explosion
64 "Much Ado About"
69 Violinist Stern
71 Haul
72 Windy City, for short
73 Bobble the ball
74 "Oz" lion
75 Countless ages
76 Card game for three
77 Go off the —— (act hysterically)
82 "The quality of is not strained"
86 Penman
87 Broadcasting
88 Crackpot
89 Gardener's earth-chopper
91 Sleep loudly
92 Asks alms
93 Hot-rodder's race
95 They're on the watch
97 Have the facts
98 Obsolete ostrich
99 Humorist's asset
100 Overhead RR's
102 "The Naked and the"
109 Act the mimic
113 Synopsis of a plan
114 "What is so rare as in June?"
117 International pact
118 Office scribe, familiarly
119 Wylie or Glyn
120 Yesterday's tomorrow
121 Incensed
122 Lady of the casa

DOWN
1 Crone
2 "Abdul the Bulbul ——"
3 Used a loom
4 German greeting
5 Mammy Yokum's boy
6 "Lohengrin" composer
7 Tennis units
8 Between pie and mode
9 Adult male kitten
10 Poppy product
11 Robin's retreat
12 African republic
13 Fratricide victim
14 Bandleader Puente
15 Award for the best commercial
16 Skirt bottoms
19 Fast Atl. plane
20 The wherewithal
21 Spectate
23 Where —— (scene of the action)
27 Ailing
29 Fail, in "Variety"
31 Desert abundance
32 Bassoon's kin
33 Action word
34 Poet Teasdale
36 Parisian shindig
37 Director Buñuel
38 Wayfarer's lodging
39 Prefix with puncture
40 Henner of "Taxi"
41 Noah's landfall
42 "Prima Ballerina" painter
44 Start of a game name
46 Type of firework
47 Topsoil
48 Car scar
50 Serb, e.g.
52 City of Normandy
53 Stalin's birthplace
54 Duplicated geneticall
56 Drama postscript
62 Small talk
63 Termites at work
64 Punjab city
65 Elongated insect
66 Ex-senator from Georgia
67 "—— she blows!"
68 Sprouted
69 "Casablanca" heroin
70 Sir, in colonial India
75 Famed Siamese twin
76 Self-satisfied
78 Nursery color
79 Kind of jacket
80 Claudius's successor
81 Pulled a gun
83 Those elected
84 She played Belle in "G.W.T.W."
85 Hither's opposite
90 Bodily fluid accumulation
93 Gift recipient
94 Joplin's music
95 Concealing
96 Does a glissade
98 Like a julep
99 Rouse from dreamland
101 No longer fresh
102 Anonymous John
103 Littlest of a litter
104 First Hapsburg
105 Stated the guilt
106 —— colada
107 Affliction at AA
108 "Do I dare to —— peach?": T. S. Eliot
109 Roisterous rock star Pop
110 Semitic-alphabet letter
111 Before Bungay, in an H. G. Wells opus
112 —— Effort
115 Neighbor of Swe.
116 Title for Angelico



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page

EBONY & IVORY
BENSON & HEDGES

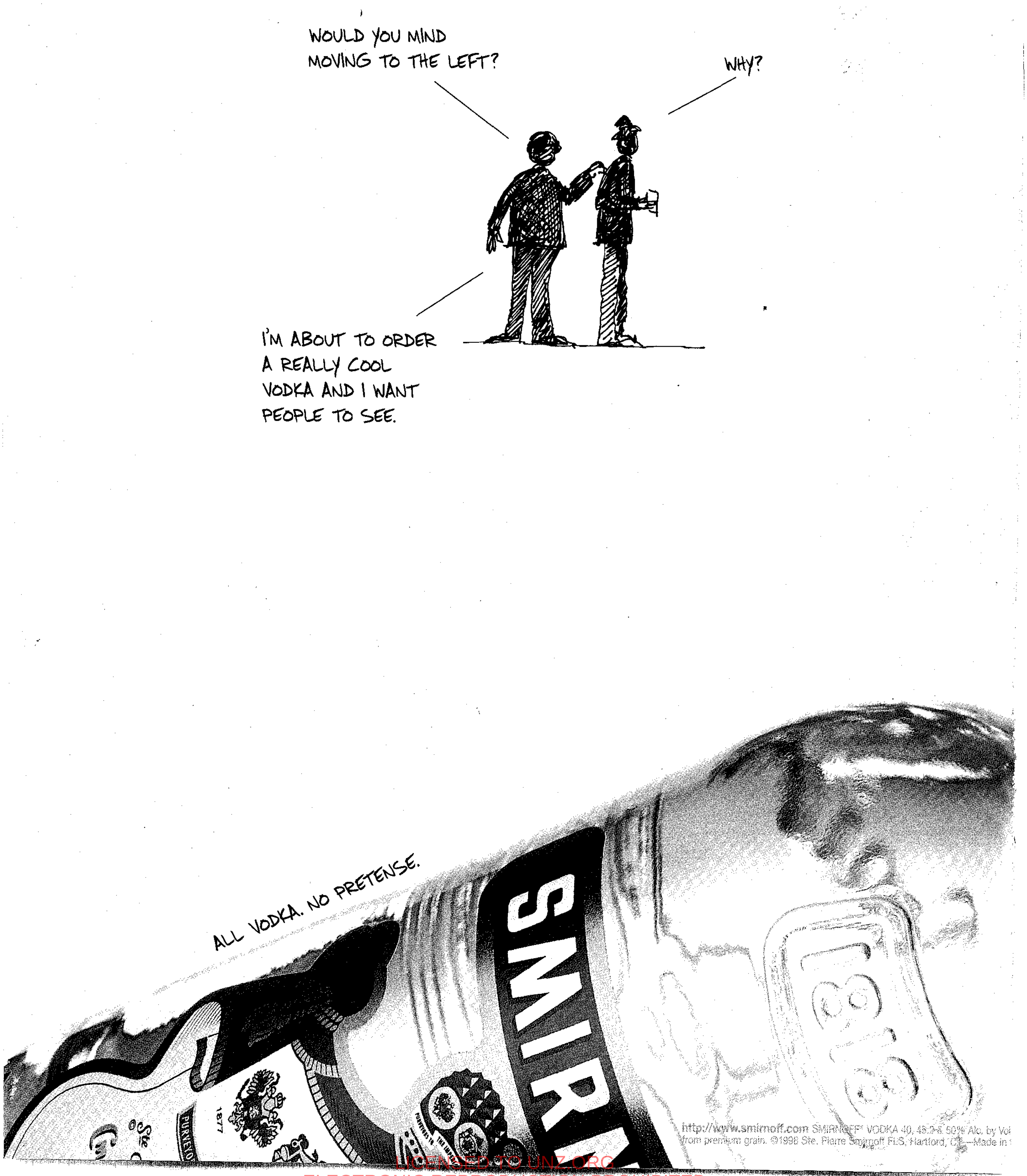


lip Morris Inc. 1998

g "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

A MOMENT OF PLEASURE
WITH THE 100MM CIGARETTE


WOULD YOU MIND MOVING TO THE LEFT?
WHY?
I'M ABOUT TO ORDER A REALLY COOL VODKA AND I WANT PEOPLE TO SEE.
ALL VODKA. NO PRETENSE.
SMIRN
1818

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